

Bay 12 Games Forum

Dwarf Fortress => DF Community Games & Stories => Topic started by: Gojira1000 on June 03, 2015, 08:51:56 pm

Title: **Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Gojira1000** on **June 03, 2015, 08:51:56 pm**

EDIT As this has now morphed into an actual succession fort, here's the basic ground-rules (And the turn one intro goes into the backstory)

Pop cap 30, child cap 10/50 Max pop 40. World is V. high savagery, V. high beasts, high pop, 2x2 embark on the ice sheet.

Ushilkegeth (Icehold) - a military outpost in the polar wastes built and manned (dwarved) by convicted felons. Their location is IMMEDIATELY next to a necromancer's tower on the frontiers of the Dwarven Kingdom - and their choice was to volunteer for a lifetime duty in Icehold or face execution. Their "migrants" are dribs and drabs of additional prisoners sent into the wastes - guards drop them off at the edge of the map and bugger off to warmer and less savage/undead climes. What you do to/with caravans - well, remember, you're a bunch of death-row criminals sent to die in a polar waste at the edge of the world. "Parole" is not an option, but dying hard is.

And thanks to Salmeuk, we now have Icehold in a single, elegant snapshot
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



It contains the Icehold triple crown - vomit, weremammoths and sacrificial victims

Have fun with it!
(I used Ironhand, but use the tileset you prefer or ascii)

Current turn Order (pm within 4 days of a turn post to confirm handover, please):
Gojira1000 - Done, 14 living, one death <http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6278504#msg6278504>
Taupe - Complete and Honeymoon lives - save is here <http://dffd.bay12games.com/file.php?id=10921>
Neblime - Complete - population explosion!
Salmeuk - Complete - WereMammoths and Vampires
Deus Asmoth - Before the bench - good luck!
uber pye
Nidilap - alive again and back in before the second-turners :)
Pearofclubs
Taupe
Gojira1000
Gwolfski
Updated as folks post interest (and if you want repeat turns, just mention that and I'll rotate you onto the roster's end)

---original ---
This is more an inquiry than anything else. I'm busy genning a world with a suitably horrible icecap, wherein dwarves are not extinct so (hopefully) I don't inherit Urist McKing - high savagery and beasts - with an eye to a fort on the ice that's intended (story-wise) as a sort of dwarven gulag. A maximum of 30 or so convicted felons (hardcap 40) given the choice of execution for their crimes, or heading north to try and carve out a military post in the glacial wastes. Something between The Thing and At The Mountains of Madness.

Caravans are obviously not a fit with that backstory. I think the easy out is not building a depot and considering the merchants to be snow-induced mirages.

Somehow I don't picture this ending well. I'd still love any ideas or input on ways to make for more thematic !FUN!

tl;dr: Making an ice fort, what'll make it creepiest?

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Nidilap** on **June 03, 2015, 09:18:04 pm**

- A. This is pretty sweet, dude. That should be a game here. It's like the Wall in A Song of Ice and Fire.
- B. Why wouldn't Caravans work? Prisons get shipments of food and tools. (Again, is often mentioned in ASOIAF)
- C. If this were to become a game, could I join? As a dwarf and next to play?

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Gojira1000** on **June 03, 2015, 09:38:14 pm**

I'm kind of picturing the dwarven kingdoms using this as an excuse to kill these buggers off, and they're waaaaay off the caravan routes, but given the neighbors I just gave them, the King might want to keep them alive for a while. I've got a start genned with the seven initial convicts and a bunch of sled-dogs standing on a 2x2 ice-sheet just south of a necro tower. I wasn't picturing a succession fort, but it would be a giggle. Yeah if a few peeps want to, I'll document year one and then make the turn roster in order of interested replies. Do a standard "acknowledge start of your turn in four days or it jumps to the next prisoner" deal and see how long it lasts.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **June 04, 2015, 12:09:10 am**

That actually sounds cool. If you turn this into a multiplayer thing, I'd like to join!

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Timeless Bob** on **June 04, 2015, 12:19:48 am**

As a community game, people can ask to be dorfed and you can make an update each season, so that the dorfed people can role-play their interactions over that season. It gets pretty wild, pretty fast.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Gojira1000** on **June 04, 2015, 08:59:43 am**

KK Turn one in progress, and I'll post it up as soon as it's all prettied up with pictures and Black Pat's first year as head convict. It has been a bloody, larcenous first year, and winter is coming (yeah, in both senses).

I'll hand off to Nidilap who'll hand off to Taupe, and we'll watch the thread to see who's next in line.

I'm enjoying the desperate vibe enough that I'll gleefully snag it back if interest wanes. One dwarf is already turning into Hannibal Lector and Riddick's lovechild.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **neblime** on **June 04, 2015, 06:02:26 pm**

Quote from: Gojira1000 on June 04, 2015, 08:59:43 am
I'll hand off to Nidilap who'll hand off to Taupe, and we'll watch the thread to see who's next in line.

appears out of nowhere
sign me up please!
I like the sound of this.. do we have any guards to watch over us or are we all exiles?

Title: **Ice Station WereZebra - Turn 1**
Post by: **Gojira1000** on **June 04, 2015, 07:44:06 pm**

Diary of Black Pat - Recovered Ushilkegeth (Icehold F.E.F.) Documents, section one.

1 Granite - Year 250.

Call me Black Pat.

I'm here because I throttled my useless husand Bolgo Threefingers for cutting me out of a deal in the Highpoint undercity. Doesn't matter, now. Now I just have to keep these other six in line and, somehow, not die in this polar waste. "The Fencedlances Expeditionary Force" they called us. Hah!

We're here because we're bad. Simple as that. It was this - build a fort and hold it just 10 miles south of Fangpoint (a creepy necromancer's tower on the edge of the ice-sheet) - or go visit the headsman. Still not sure if I picked the right option.

The guards left, and here we are. Seven felons with a wagon of second-hand goods in the middle of absolutely nothing. Before the guards were out of sight, the first blizzard hit.
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Something was circling the camp in that blizzard as we tried to find anything useful - like beer - in the wagon. Something big and white and hairy. One of the sled dogs took off after it, barking, and then the damndest howls started rolling out of the murk. Big whooping yodels that made your beard go stiff.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

The Yeti misses The Stray Dog!
The Stray Dog scratches The Yeti in the left lower arm, tearing the fat and bruising the muscle!
The Yeti has become enraged!
The Yeti attacks The Stray Dog but She jumps away!
The Yeti misses The Stray Dog!
The Stray Dog scratches The Yeti in the right lower arm, denting the skin and bruising the muscle!
The Yeti attacks The Stray Dog but She jumps away!
The Stray Dog scratches The Yeti in the right foot, denting the skin and bruising the muscle!
The Yeti misses The Stray Dog!
The Stray Dog scratches The Yeti in the right upper leg, denting the skin and bruising the muscle!
The Yeti misses The Stray Dog!
The Stray Dog scratches The Yeti in the right foot, denting the skin and bruising the muscle!
The Yeti attacks The Stray Dog but She jumps away!
The Stray Dog scratches The Yeti in the left upper arm, denting the skin and bruising the fat!
The Yeti attacks The Stray Dog but She jumps away!
The Yeti misses The Stray Dog!
The Stray Dog scratches The Yeti in the left upper arm, denting the skin and bruising the muscle!
The Yeti misses The Stray Dog!
The Stray Dog scratches The Yeti in the upper body, denting the skin and bruising the muscle!
The Yeti misses The Stray Dog!
The Yeti charges at The Stray Dog!
The Stray Dog jumps away!
The Yeti misses The Stray Dog!
The Stray Dog scratches The Yeti in the lower body, denting the skin and bruising the muscle!
The Yeti gives in to pain.
The Yeti falls over.
→The Stray Dog scratches The Yeti in the head, tearing the skin and bruising the muscle!

The dog was doing all right, but I was worried about the noise attracting more of the hairy bastards, so I had Zane grab the hammer from the wagon. He was in stir for killing his uncle with a hammer, and it turns out he's pretty good with one.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Page 1/1

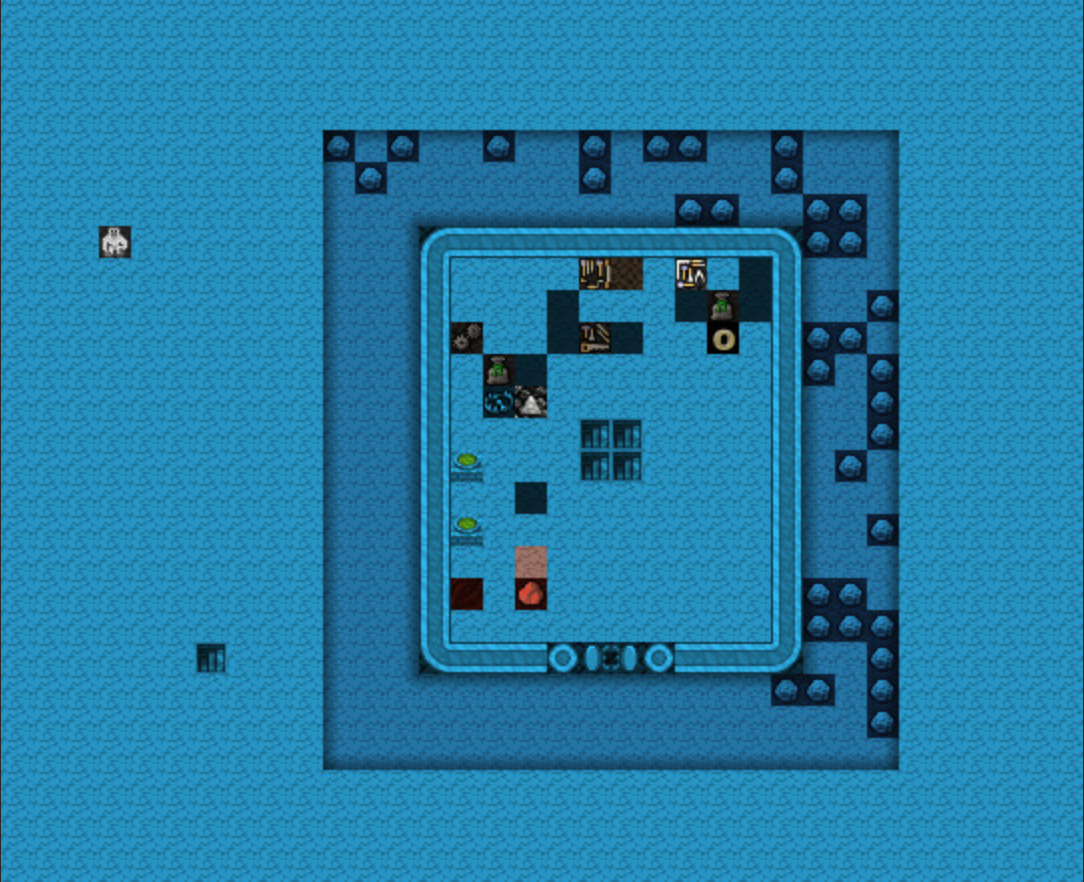
FPS: 100 <49>

The militia commander bashes The Yeti in the head with his <copper war hammer>, bruising the muscle and chipping the skull!
The militia commander bashes The Yeti in the head with his <copper war hammer>, bruising the muscle!
The militia commander bashes The Yeti in the head with his <copper war hammer>, bruising the muscle and fracturing the skull!
The militia commander bashes The Yeti in the head with his <copper war hammer>, bruising the muscle, fracturing the skull!
The militia commander bashes The Yeti in the head with his <copper war hammer>, bruising the muscle, fracturing the skull!
The militia commander bashes The Yeti in the head with his <copper war hammer>, bruising the muscle, fracturing the skull!
The militia commander bashes The Yeti in the head with his <copper war hammer> and the injured part is crushed!
→An artery has been opened by the attack!

His former career as a lumberjack isn't looking too useful here in the Armok-damned ice-waste, so it's nice he has other skills. He knows his anatomy. I'll make him our Doc.

There's another of the damn yeti out there, circling.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The boys are working as fast as their frozen fingers will let them to get the wall up. The miners have cut a trench that should give us some protection, and we have a bridge in place - made of ice, so if we get a thaw we're screwed. Still, with some crap engineering, we have it counterweighted and can raise it if we need to.

9 Hematite: According to the calendar it's summer. There hasn't been time to do much "dear diary" work - we've been burrowing in and walling up as fast as possible. We have the ice walls up and the drawbridge back. That's good. What's not so good is, as Rakust pointed out, this ice goes right to bedrock. We have spawn for a crop, but nowhere to plant it, and no water to work up some mud for the 'helmets - besides which it would freeze as soon as it hit. We can always eat the dogs, but there's only so many of them.

Bim and Udil have been digging for months, and they gave me some lip, but I knocked them down until they saw the wisdom of going deeper. It took a few tries. Bim has a head like a lump of gabbro.

We have to find a water source, or we're dead.

While we wait, I had Zane tear up the wagon. We had enough boards for three beds, and that'll have to do. It's tighter than a goat's ass in here. If we don't find a cavern and wall off some living space we're all going to go mad. For some of us that's going to be a short trip. I feel it, too. Sometimes I stare at the ice and wait for something to come slouching over the horizon. The others feel it, but I just tell them

they're full of elfshit and get them back to work. The last thing we need is this lot thinking.
I can't get the hammer away from Zaneg, either.

11 Malachite: Well, the Hammerer of Highpoint has a sense of humor. We get two new prisoners stumbling out of the blizzard. It's a fat cook named Rimtar and a farmer called Asmel. We got no where to grow and nothing to cook. Besides, from what Asmel says, Rimtar's here because he poisoned an old lady for her insurance. Not sure I want to try his "slightly rotten water buffalo roast". Bim and Udil are still digging - going deeper that I'd ever thought they'd need to. No sign of a cavern or water, yet. Place is a miner's dream, though. Flux stone, iron ore, everything but water and food.

26 Malachite: Bim climbed out of his hole to tell me they'd hit semi-molten rock. I told them to shut up and sink another shaft or I'd bury him and Udil in this one. The crew is restless and I'm watching the booze levels and worrying.

Later: I've pulled them off the new shaft. We have to try a third time.

12 Galena: Finally - and no wonder we missed the caverns - they're as tight as everything else around here.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



On the plus side maybe we can wall off some living space and get a farm going before anything notices we're here. I think I'll make sure Zaneg gets down there, first. He's looking a little wild around the eyes.

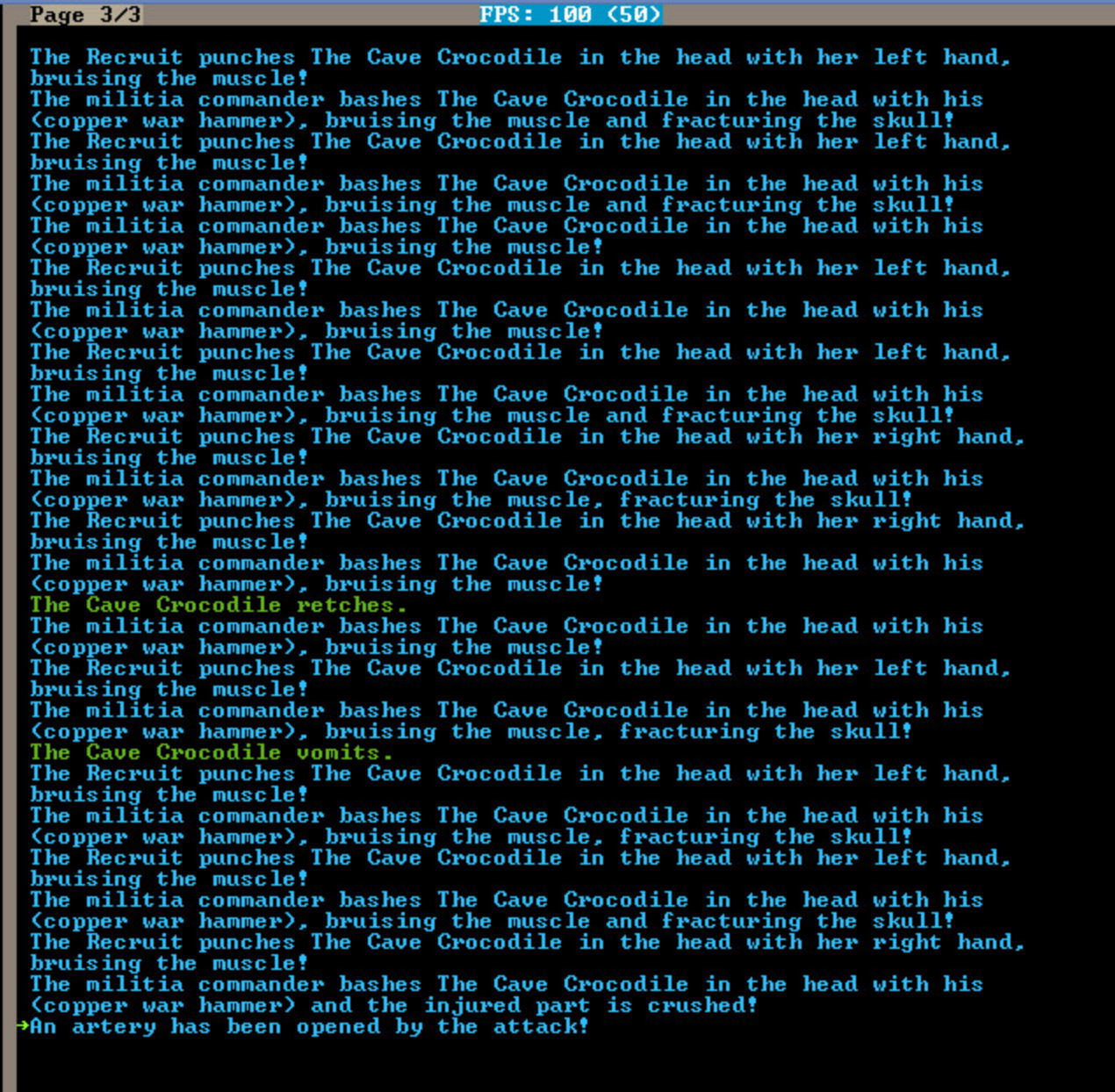
CAVE CROCODILES. Of course there are. Bim didn't even slow it down any. Now it has a title and we have a problem. Zaneg better be feeling really, really angry.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Zaneg was. Crocodile is on the menu.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Sadly, Zaneg seems to be a bleeder.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <49>The He				
46:	Status	Wounds	Treatment	History
Moderate Blood Loss				
Ability to stand lost				

We may have a problem, despite his gutting "Fissuredwindled". I'm the only one with any medical skills here, and damned if I know what to do with a psychopath missing a foot.

I've declared the reeking dormitory a temporary hispital, and Zaneg is in there bleeding all over the beds. His leg is in tatters and he needs a crutch, which may take some doing, since he's bleeding all over the only wood we had. I gave Rintar the axe and told him to go get wood.

We need a gods damned bucket or we'll lose Zaneg. If there's another crocodile, we are going to have a problem.

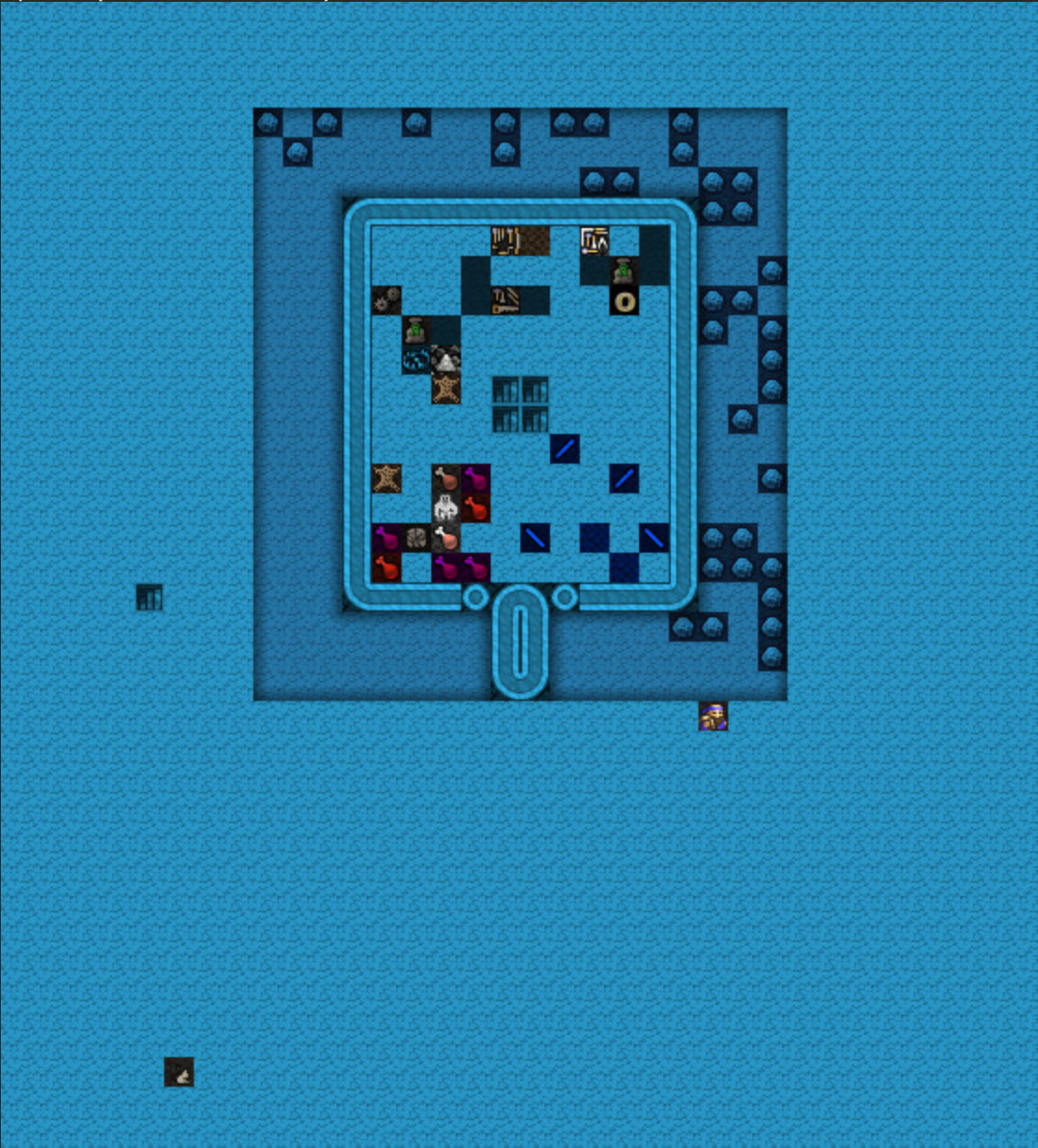
The fat-ass is taking a nap. FINE! ALL OF YOU USELESS PRICKS, WOOD DUTY!

Oh, and Autumn has arrived amidst the chaos. Lovely. I understand the foliage is quite pretty ON THE GODDAMN GLACIER.

Oh shit. Zaneg won't let go of the axe he was also carrying in his coma. Damn it, man. Someone get some wood, because otherwise you're fighting the next cave crocodile and you all know you don't want that job.

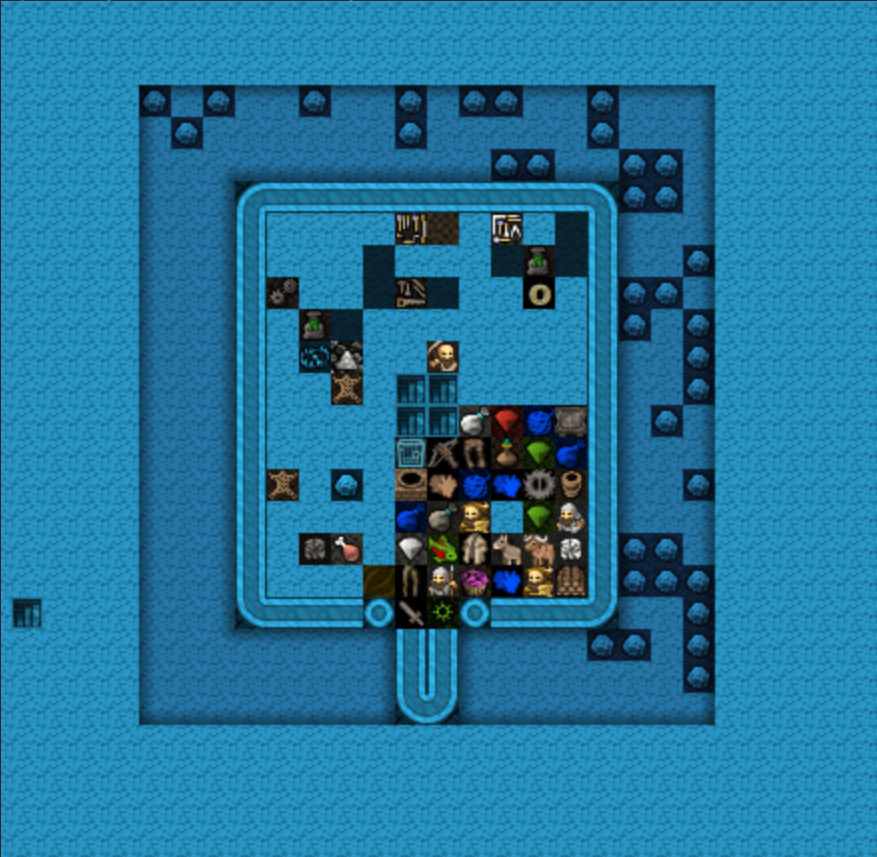
Ahh, the goatbuggering King sent a diplomat and a few mules of crap - perfect. No food, our only fighter bleeding out. We have a Yeti scaring off the builders and mangling the butcher shop, too.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



We don't have the money or the manners to do this the polite way. We'll just take everything they have and apologize later, if there is a later. Hang on, Zaneg, we need a live psychopath, not another corpse.

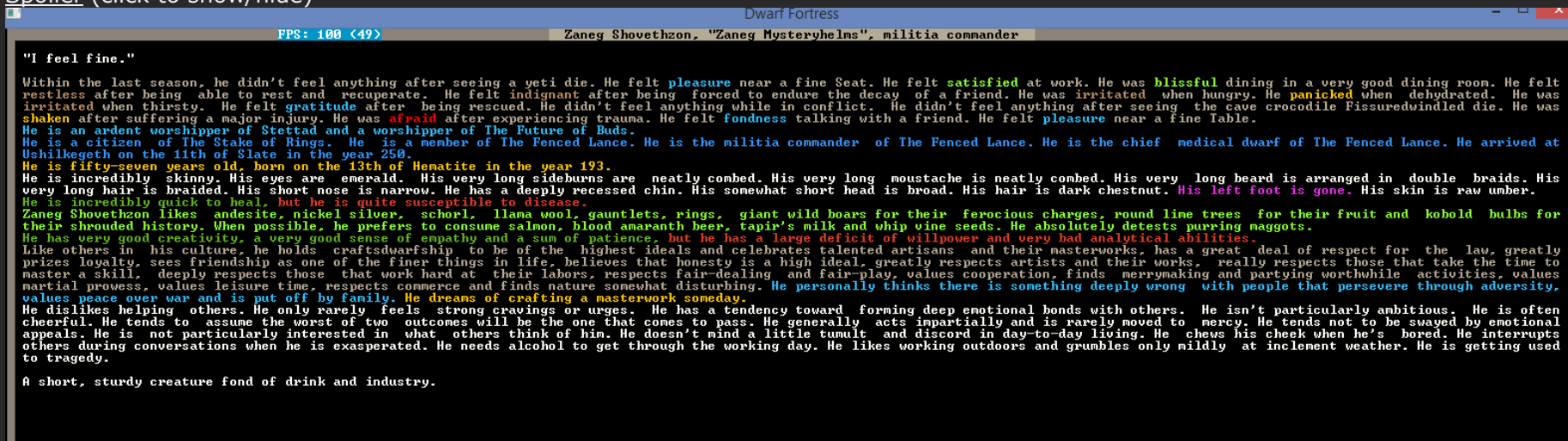
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



21 Sandstone: The merchants left in a huff, but Zaneg is now stumping around on his crutch, with his new nickname - Mysteryhelms (no, I don't get it, either, but he likes it) with no left foot and his favorite hammer. Damn but he heals fast. We managed to get a well in place

just before he expired of dehydration, but he insists he's "fine".

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



He's now sparring with a youngster that wound up here after gutting his brother in a knife-fight. Kid's name is Rovod. He'll fit right in. I set up two of our precious beds and their training ground deep down, near the farm in the cavern.

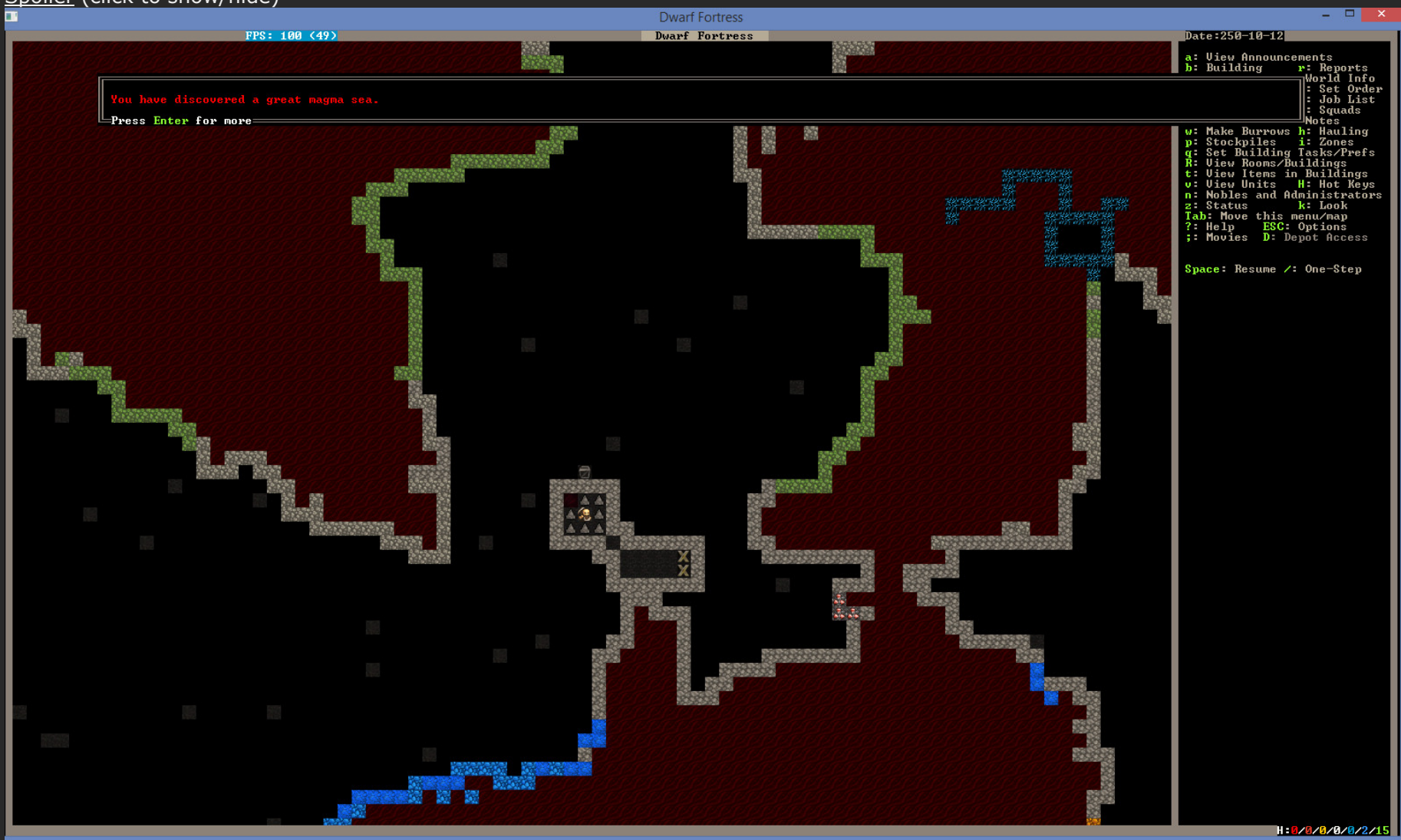
I forgot to mention that, in the midst of the whole mess, another handful of prisoners arrived. Rovod was one of them. No one else worth a damn, but they might train up? A pair of them are fishermen from Slough. Tulom and Oddom. I handed them picks and put them on the line. This place is too damn small for the bodies we have, as is.

Now if we can just get the last of the caverns sealed off...

Moonstone 1: Winter arrives - but who the hell can tell, other than the sun never comes up? The cavern section we control is sealed. I think. I worry about the well, but we've already needed it once. We're growing food and have a still up. The metal industry is still non-existent, and we're gonna need armor, but the theft industry is doing OK. The loot we took from the caravan saved us. See? People are good-hearted, you just gotta ask, and ye shall receive, like my ma always said.

Moonstone 12: We have magma, and we have adamantine. We are officially the richest deathrow inmates in the gods-damned Kingdom.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



I'm going to try to get the smelters and smithy set up. I'm worried about those sounds off the ice. The lookouts keep telling stories about moans, and with the darkness, the sounds are getting closer. We've killed a few more yetis, and I'm used to their yodelling, now. That's not what we're hearing.

We used most of the ice-blocks we had, built a tower overlooking the gate and stuck Rimtar in it. He's good with a bow. The forge and smelter are in place, though we have yet to really start carving out a livable fort - everything is crammed in willy-nilly due to the constant attacks and general incompetence.

I haven't forgotten the croc that Zaneg killed, or the possibility of there being other things down there. We've built a rough and ready drawbridge to seal off the lower level if need be - though doing that will also seal off the farm. Both the levers are in the ice level above the mess that's our stockpiles and sock-reeking living quarters.

I also had the boys start digging out some better living quarters, though with the wood issues we'll have to reopen the caverns fully to cut enough for beds. As is, we have 14 living here now, in a space that would fit about 5. On the plus side, though, I have the smelter running and we're forging our very first gear - a couple of copper shields and a silver mace - and Udil just let me know he'd hit hematite on the living quarters dig.

1 Granite, Year 251 - It's the first day of Spring, and the wind is kicking snow straight across the ice at a speed that'll take your skin off. Still, it could be worse.

I could still be married to Bolgo.

End of Turn One save - <http://dff.d.bay12games.com/file.php?id=10904>

(Well, the place looks like it was designed by a madman, as I was building in panicked spurts between dealing with a variety of end-to-end emergencies. I guess, on the plus side, that means it does look like a bunch of incompetent felons built it in a shrieking panic while beset by yeti and cave crocodiles. Zaneg is going to be a crutch-fighting machine, I have no doubt. Or be summarily eaten. I put notes on the two whole levers I have in place for the upper and lower drawbridges, everything else is a right mess, but there's just a chance the

undead won't be able to get in. Good luck, Nidilap.)

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **CaptainLambcake** on **June 04, 2015, 09:19:24 pm**

why dont the convicts all take the stuff and move somewhere safer :P

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Salmeuk** on **June 04, 2015, 10:59:46 pm**

Nice first update! I really didn't expect Zaneg to kill that croc, they usually wipe my starting seven should I be unlucky enough to encounter them that early. Like that one time at Doomforests. . .

If you don't mind throwing me on that there list I'd love to give this story a go. I promise not to do anything rash, like abandoning everybody else's work for my hastily designed subfortress which just ends up causing a bunch of lag and is promptly moved out of the following turn. Ahem.

Quote
Caravans are obviously not a fit with that backstory. I think the easy out is not building a depot and considering the merchants to be snow-induced mirages.

Did you forget this or was it really getting that desperate out there?

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **June 05, 2015, 02:27:11 am**

Quote
Like that one time at Doomforests. . .
That's a quote that never bodes well.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Gojira1000** on **June 05, 2015, 09:13:03 am**

Salmeuk added to the list - I guess sentencing went poorly at his trial. (And yeah, I figured the croc was going to force me to restart the starting turn. Zaneg is a lunatic)

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **leonheart11** on **June 05, 2015, 10:35:24 am**

Here to show interest.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Salmeuk** on **June 08, 2015, 06:39:47 pm**

I am excited for your turn, Nidilap. Assuming you're alive :P

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Gojira1000** on **June 08, 2015, 07:03:42 pm**

Nidi never got back to me, and we're on day 4 so bumping to Taupe and Nidi will slide down to the end spot.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **June 09, 2015, 01:30:25 pm**

Alrighty then. I'm working on some updates for Whisperwhip right now and I have something planed with friends after, but I'll try to grab this thing tonight. Should be cleared by like, thursday.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Gojira1000** on **June 09, 2015, 02:27:14 pm**

All good - it's in your worthy hands. Good luck with the mess I left *hides*

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **June 09, 2015, 04:31:47 pm**

Not gonna start the turn proper now, but the save seems to work. I've tweaked the pop and migrant caps to match the OP requirements. Some questions before i begin this evening:
1-Which texture pack were you using?
2-Is the no caravan thing still rolling? I take it that I should avoid building a depot?

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Gojira1000** on **June 09, 2015, 05:52:58 pm**

I was in Ironhand, I believe. On Caravans, I went and robbed the first one in a towering panic while I tried to keep Zaneg alive, so I figure "desperate outlaws in a waste" rules - do as you think best and have fun with it.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **June 09, 2015, 06:18:18 pm**

Quote from: Gojira1000 on June 09, 2015, 05:52:58 pm
I was in Ironhand, I believe. On Caravans, I went and robbed the first one in a towering panic while I tried to keep Zaneg alive, so I figure "desperate outlaws in a waste" rules - do as you think best and have fun with it.

So a weremammoth army is a yes, right?

Sidenote, things are not as awesome and simple as I wished they would be. I've played a month so far and depending on a lever push we may or may not be all mega-boned. This is Doomforests all over again.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 09, 2015, 06:40:45 pm**

This seems interesting. Sign me up for a turn, please.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Salmeuk** on **June 09, 2015, 08:27:28 pm**

Quote from: Taupe on June 09, 2015, 06:18:18 pm
This is Doomforests all over again.

It was towards the end of Doomforests second year when things really went south, so technically this has turned out even worse if you're already scrambling for levers.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Gojira1000** on **June 09, 2015, 09:28:11 pm**

John Carpenter's "The Fort" - also Deus, you're on the list.

Levers. Levers are always a bad thing.
Edit - Having just read Taupe's first bits of the saga: This fort is already exceeding expectations *awed, slow clap* (I doubt the "neighbors" are bringing cookies as a welcome, sadly)

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **June 10, 2015, 12:55:16 am**

A honeymoon with death, part 1 -- Spring

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 (50) 'Honeymoon' Ibrukcatten, "Honeymoon' Ashenchannel", Wax Worker

She is embarrassed after sleeping without a proper room. Within the last season, she felt pleasure near a fine Seat. She felt pleasure near a fine Seat. She felt pleasure near a fine Table. She felt pleasure near a fine Seat. She felt fondness after making a friend. She felt satisfied at work. She was blissful dining in a great dining room. She didn't feel anything after seeing the cave crocodile Fissuredwindled die. She didn't feel anything after seeing a yeti die. She was blissful dining in a very good dining room.

She is the daughter of ðrith Sacklove and Kogsak Helmachines.

She is a citizen of The Stake of Rings. She is a member of The Fenced Lance. She is a former member of The Paddles of Brushing. She arrived at Ushilkegeth on the 6th of Sandstone in the year 250.

She is eighteen years old, born on the 25th of Galena in the year 233.

She is corpulent. She has very low cheekbones. Her hair is clean-shaven. Her slightly large-irised heliotrope eyes are narrow. Her ears have small lobes. Her hair is dark brown. Her skin is raw umber.

She is almost never sick, quite durable and very slow to tire, but she is slow to heal.

'Honeymoon' Ibrukcatten likes satinspar, iron, fire opal, sand pear wood wood, sheep horn, amber, bolts, windows, rings, catapult parts and yaks for their shaggy hair. When possible, she prefers to consume tiger shark, herring and perry. She absolutely detests hawk scorpions.

She has a great affinity for language, a great kinesthetic sense, an iron will, a very good feel for social relationships, a very good sense of empathy, a sun of patience, good creativity and good intuition, but she has an iffy sense of music and quite poor focus.

Like others in her culture, she has a great deal of respect for the law, greatly prizes loyalty, values family greatly, sees friendship as one of the finer things in life, believes that honesty is a high ideal, greatly respects artists and their works, really respects those that take the time to master a skill, deeply respects those that work hard at their labors, respects fair-dealing and fair-play, values cooperation, finds merrymaking and partying worthwhile activities, values martial prowess, values leisure time, respects commerce and finds nature somewhat disturbing. She personally values decorum, dignity and proper behavior and values good crafts-dwarfs-hip. She dreams of creating a great work of art.

She is utterly fearless when confronted with danger, to the point of lacking common sense. She is always tense and jittery. She has an overinflated sense of self-worth. She tends to hang on to grievances. She can handle stress. She lives a fast-paced life. She is quick to anger. She is generally quite confident of her abilities when undertaking specific ventures. She is quite comfortable with others that have a different appearance or culture. She often snaps her fingers when she's nervous. She needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

'Honeymoon' Ibrukcatten, Wax
"Honeymoon' Ashenchannel"
♀

Sleep
Dabbling Carpenter
Dabbling Engraver
Dabbling Mason
Novice Fish Dissector (Rusty)
Novice Fish Cleaner (Rusty)
Novice Fisher-dwarf (Rusty)
Adequate Wax Worker (Rusty)
Dabbling Persuader
Dabbling Negotiator
Dabbling Judge of Intent

c: Combat b: Labor m: Misc

My name is Honeymoon, or at least that's what they started calling me a few years ago. For 5 years, I'd been running the greatest honey cartel in the history of dwarf-kind. Also most likely the only one. My official profession as a wax-worker was merely a front, meant to disguise my illicit activities. Bee kidnapping, honey extortion, destruction of rival flower fields, and setting fire to disrespectful or cocky bee-keepers' boxes, nothing was out of our league. Those who opposed us soon found themselves wearing a pair of wax sleepers. Then we bludgeoned them to death because wax doesn't actually sink.

But like with any criminal operation, someone had to open their big fat mouth. When we stole too much royal syrup, the king put a bounty, and that damn Urist spilled the beans. Now I've been sent to this hellhole, as my punishment. Execution, rather. Everyone assumes I'll be dead within the month. I've heard the stories about this place. Icehold is a terrible place, forsaken by caravans and nature alike. Everyone expects me to die here.

I will prove them wrong.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Relationships of the manager 'Honeymoon' Ibrukcatten

ðrith Fathaval	Mother
Kogsak Zonstâkud	Father
Sigun Udzaneg	Older Sister
Kûbuk âbirmeng	Older Sister
Mebzuth Delethvabôk	Maternal Grandmother
Unib Arrosher	Maternal Grandfather
Kivish Uruskonos	Aunt
Kosoth Oggeztulon	Aunt
Urvad Idenmîshos	Uncle
êzum Gimstinthäd	Uncle
Lolor Lolummuz	Nephew
Obok Arannil	Nephew
Tosid Asthisól	Nephew
Catten Lameskel	Cousin
Geshud Sôdmafol	Cousin
Dodók Dîshmabmigrur	Cousin

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Relationships of the manager 'Honeymoon' Ibruk		
Limul Bidokgoden	Cousin	
Aban Arroszuntîr	Cousin	
Mafol Oslanatêk, Boar <Iame>	Pet	
Abel Kelenam, Dwarven Child	Friend	
ushrir Tathtaksazir, Dwarven Child	Friendly Terms	
onul Nefastamost, Dwarven Child	Friendly Terms	
Lorbam Ustuthtoral, Miner	Friendly Terms	
Asmel Libadtobul, Farmer	Friendly Terms	
Olin Dodóksákrith, Mason	Friendly Terms	
Tulon Sosadnokim, Miner	Friendly Terms	
Rimtar Mebzuthberdan, Cook	Friendly Terms	
Udil Dakostudesh, Miner	Friendly Terms	
'Black Pat' Kanzuditeb, expedition leader	Friendly Terms	
Rakust Nilbuzat, Farmer	Friendly Terms	
Udil Unâlstâkud, Dwarven Child	Friendly Terms	
Oddom Dodókilrom, Miner	Friendly Terms	
z: Zoom	v: View	ESC: Done
8293: Scroll		Shift+ESC: Back to Main

I have no family or relatives here. Everyone i knew is back at home, either denying anything or suffering some time of their own. Maybe I'll see some of my cousins in a few season. Hopefully I won't. This place is a frozen turd. Thankfully, my years managing a criminal organisation, no matter how underwhelming it,s goods may have been, have given me some good social skills, and within a few months of being here, I've made quite a few friends. And I'm not talking about my pet boar, regardless of how awesome Mafol is.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

expedition leader	'Black Pat' Kanzuditeb, expedi	[REQUIRE][DEMAND][MANDATE]
militia commander	Zaneg Shovethzon, militia comm	[REQUIRE][DEMAND][MANDATE]
sheriff	UACANT	
hammerer	UACANT	
manager	'Honeymoon' Ibrukcatten, Wax W	[REQUIRE][DEMAND][MANDATE]
chief medical dwarf	Zaneg Shovethzon, militia comm	[REQUIRE][DEMAND][MANDATE]
broker	'Black Pat' Kanzuditeb, expedi	[REQUIRE][DEMAND][MANDATE]
bookkeeper	'Honeymoon' Ibrukcatten, Wax W	[REQUIRE][DEMAND][MANDATE]
militia captain	Rimtar Gikuttirist, militia ca	[REQUIRE][DEMAND][MANDATE]
militia captain	NEW	

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



a: Assign Chair
f: Free Chair
r: Resize Room

Current Owner:
'Honeymoon' Ibrukcatten, man

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <50>

bookkeeper Settings

Lowest Precision	77 -> 80	777 -> 800	7777 -> 8000	77777 -> 80000
Low Precision	77 -> 77	777 -> 780	7777 -> 7800	77777 -> 78000
Medium Precision	77 -> 77	777 -> 777	7777 -> 7780	77777 -> 77800
High Precision	77 -> 77	777 -> 777	7777 -> 7777	77777 -> 77780
Highest Precision	All counts accurate			

Your bookkeeper needs to work in an office to improve precision.

I've been here since the end of last autumn. My charisma and ability to manage crap has not gone unnoticed, so one morning, the expedition leader comes to me with a proposition i cannot refuse. (i mean, hey, it's not like I can rely on my waxworking skills as a job in this place anyway).

"It's very simple, missy. I need someone here who can sort shit out. count items, keep books, deal with work orders. Most of the boys are useless bums and psychotic murderers, so you're the best thing i have that resembles a clerk."

I'm not one to refuse, especially if the alternative is working as a fucking hauler. I immediately claim a meager corner of the dinning hall as my office. It will have to do, for at least this season. Now, I gotta keep tabs of what's in this shitfest we now call a home, so let's take a look around, shall we.

Welcome to Icehold, your home, your grave.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



The place is a mess, but at least it's a simple one. There are 4 areas of interest, each separated by about a week's worth of staircase. At the bottom of the earth lies a small magma forge. I'm told we have an adamantine vein lying somewhere, but that somewhere is a magma sea full of death crabs and fiery doom, so we'll leave it alone for now. hey, I've heard the stories, those stories about nasty things happening to fortresses who grab too much of the stuff. I don,t know the details, but an awful lot of settlements in dwarven folklore disappeared after announcing they found adamantine and started mining it.

About twelve kilometers above the forge, we find a walled in section of underground cavern. It links to a small section of river. Both blessedly and sadly, the area has been efficiently walled i off. this means we cannot get anything from the river, but nothing from the river can get to us. some crazy dude with a crutch has been screaming about crocodiles lately, so i assume it's something i don't want to see

much of. We have a small farm, some plump helmets growing around, and a small wood stockpiles, from what I assumed must have been trees. there lie two beds, for some reason.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Before reaching the surface, one can find the general center of this "fortress". the main area consists of some stockpiles, a workshop or two, some dorms/hospital lacking any medicinal supplies, and a dinning room. We have no food, and a dude is sleeping on the floor next to the beds, which says a lot about the local carpenter's skill. There seems to be some general designations for stockpiles, as if someone naively assumed we'd get much of anything to store here before dying.

A few levels under the dining hall/storage lies a set of rooms which are being excavated. We have maybe ten of them for now, all of them cell-sided and terrible. No doubt, Black Pat inspired himself from the prison cells he spent much time in in the days, but somehow I'm not sure this is good for confort or morale. I tell the miners what I think of them, and quickly become their new best friend.

"So, guys, we have all the space in the world and there's 16 of us, how about we build ourselves the greatest bedrooms ever instead of reliving our soap-dropping days in the national jail?"

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



They drop their picks, and cancel their workplans. "What do you have in mind?"
-Well, before I can designate anything efficient, i need an office that isn't full of barking dogs and death-starved donkey corpses. Let's start by making something that resembles an administrator section
-The area between the current dorm and the dinning hall would be good, and it contains some nice gem clusters
-Marvelous. You guys are wonderful."

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The last, or rather first section for anyone who arrives at Icehold, is the main and only entrance. Simple, yet stylish, it was carved from pure solid ice to protect against strange creatures living on the glacier. A drawbridge that's not large enough for any caravan leads to a small plateau hosting a trade depot and some basic workshops. Obviously they would be more suited closer to out stockpiles, but I guess they were built here in a rush when the first prisoners started carving this crapfest. There is also a small barrack, which is basically a closet made of snow filled with a weapon rack, in which the crazy crutch-guy trains with sometimes one or two other dudes.

What a great place to administer. The good news about shitty places, is that there's a lot you can do to make the place (and yourself) look way cooler.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Magma Smelter

Smelt tetrahedrite Ore

Smelt hematite Ore

Smelt galena Ore

A

R

R

R

First, I need to be able to move around this place quickly. I start by designating 4 main sections for a better management of this place.

- HOTKEYS:
- F1: The surface entrance
 - F2: The main stockpiles
 - F3: The underground farms
 - F4: The magma forges

There isn't much I can do with the forges for now, because we don't have metal. yet. The forge is set to smelt tetrahedrite, but i notice we found some hematite veins while digging the shitty bedrooms. I order that smelted in priority, and also a bunch of galena. Soon enough we'll have iron, silver, copper and lead to play with.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



My future office has been excavated, but it lacks anything, including not being full of sharp dangerous rock boulders, and a door. Someone claims to be a decent engraver and terrible at everything else, so I put him and his friend on smoothing duty. Engrave some important parts of this shitnugget, guys, maybe it, ll motivate me to designate it in a less unfavorable fashion.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Created Wealth: 9444*

Weapons: None

Armor and Garb: None

Furniture: 910*

Other Objects: 4492*

Architecture: 2867*

Displayed: 1175*

Held/Worn: None

Imported Wealth: 31765*

Exported Wealth: None

Food Stores: 558

Meat 140

Fish 40

Plant 103

Seeds 121

Drink 45

Other 109

Population: 17

Miners 4

Woodworkers 1

Stoneworkers 1

Rangers 1

Metalsmiths 1

Jewelers 1

Craftsdwarves 1

Nobles/Admins 2

Peasants 1

Dwarven Childrn 4

Fishery Workers 1

Farmers 3

Engineers 1

Trained Animals A 1

Other Animals A 21

Axedwarves 1

Axe Lords 1

Swordsdwarves 1

Swordmasters 1

Macedwarves 1

Mace Lords 1

Hammerdwarves 1

Hammer Lords 1

Speardwarves 1

Spearmasters 1

Marksdwarves 1

Elite Mrksdwrvs 1

Wrestlers 1

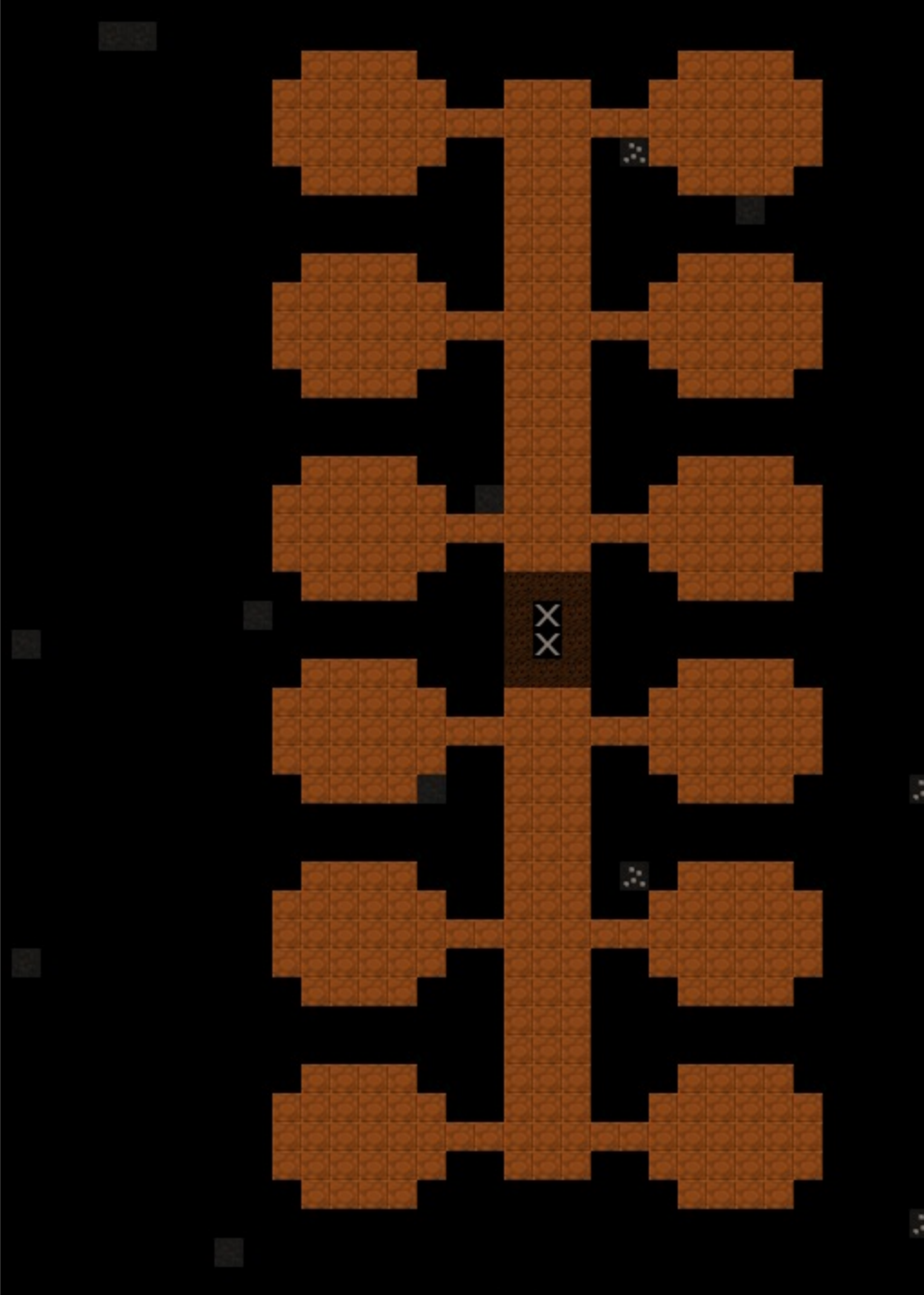
Elite Wrestlers 1

Recruit/Others 1

Next up is figuring out what the fuck we are supposed to eat. black Pat suggests that we rob nearby caravans for our main food income, but somehow I doubt this will work in the long run. Farming is good, but we have little workers, the farms are very deep underground and thus far away, and there's no safe way to fish without getting a crocodile invasion for the time being. Harvesting plants and trees is also very, very out of the question.

i spend some time keeping books and discover our exact count. 140 meat, 40 fishes, 45 drinks and a hundred of plants and others both. I dont put too much faith in those last two, as they mostly include leaves and strange things. What we need is a massive amount of food, something that is both easy to get and provide a lot of...

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



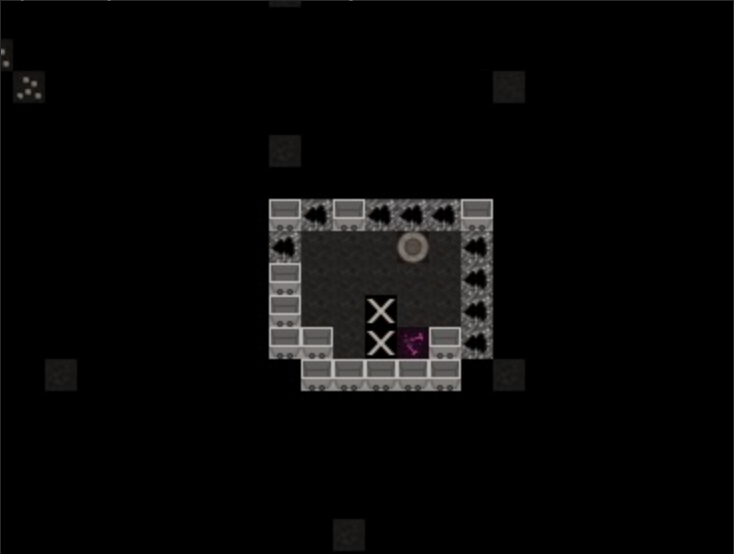
that being said, the miners did do what I asked of them, and neglecting to fullfill my part of the bargain would diminish my street cred in Icehold. As a reward, I spend some time designating some nice rooms. There are few of us and the entire glacier is ours, so nothing is too good. The miners ready their picks and begin work. This operation has an ulterior motive; I know for a fact that this diorite stone formation is rich in hematite, and hopefully digging out those rooms will simultaneously provide us with some of the ore.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Within the day, i am proven right. the miners locate some hematite formation.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Previously, they had been excavating some tetrahedrite ore down in the bottom of this place, but i think we can all agree that digging out bedrooms and getting hematite is a more rewarding endeavour.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

```
'Honeymoon' Ibrukcatten has become a manager.
You have struck cobaltite!
The Stray Donkey <Tame> has been missing for a week.
The Stray Water Buffalo Bull <Tame> has been missing for a week.
You have struck onyx!
>You have struck gypsum!
You have struck microcline!
The Stray Reindeer Bull <Tame> has been found, starved to death.
```

At this moment another donkey dies. I order a butcher shop placed on the surface, but by the time it is done, the creature is long rotten. We only have dogs, and my precious pig Mafol, and by Armok are we not eating him. Dogs are tasty, but I'd rather let them breed a bit before eating some of them. Thankfully, the ramblings of the militia tell me that there is another thing we can eat...

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



For reasons I absolutely cannot explain, our militia commander is outside the fort, fighting a fucking yeti. The drawbridge is raised, and has been for at least a season. Why is he there? Have he been outside this whole time, and if so, ihow did he survive the cold and the hunger? I guess he's thinking the same thing as I.

We are going to eat the *fuck* out of this yeti.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



Pull that lever and go help him. There is meat on the menu, and it,s not an unpastured rotting donkey! we'll need to get the fucking commander inside anyway, so there's that.

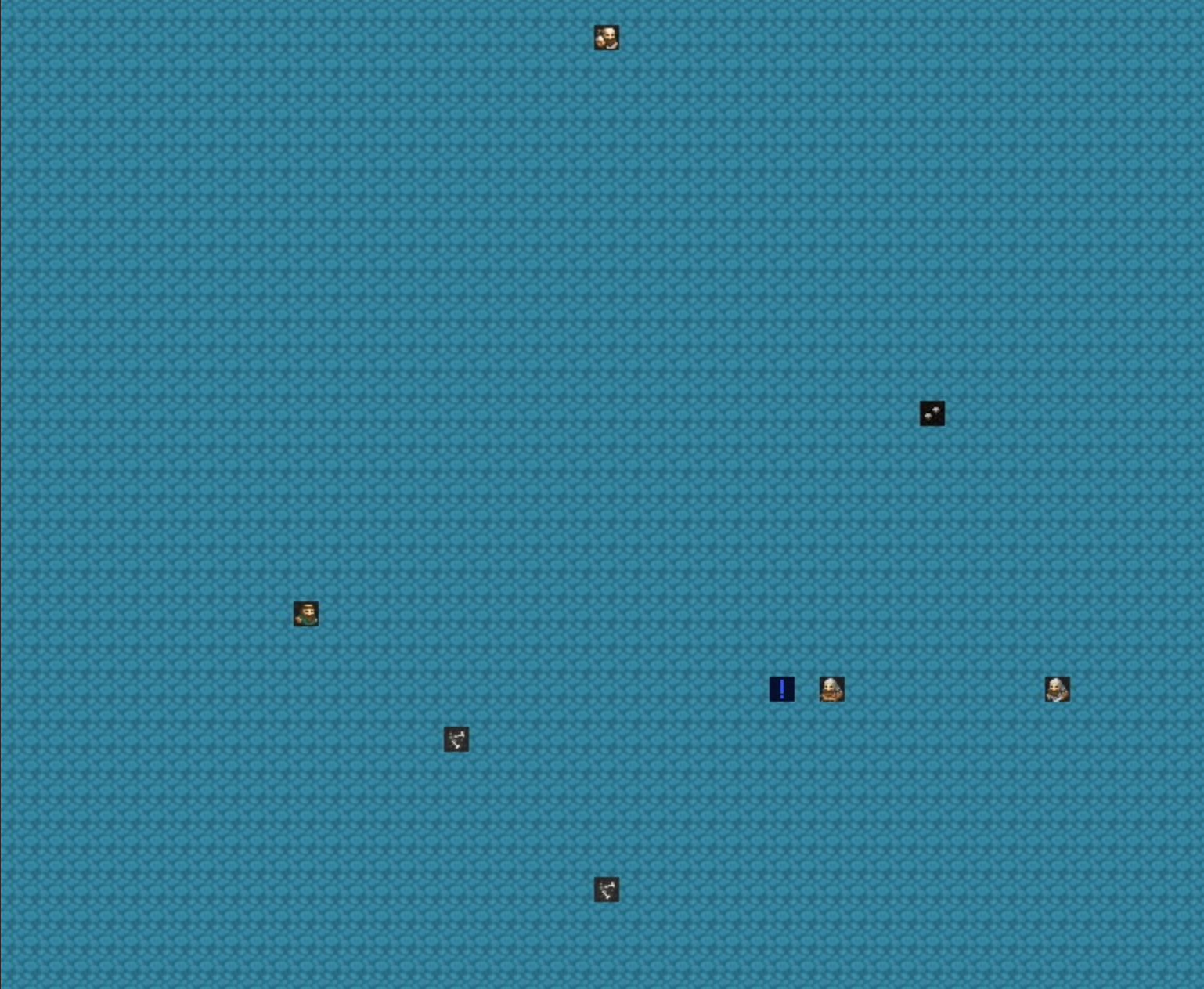
[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



the soldiers, the whole three of them, grab their weapons and go assist the commander. Soon enough, a yeti corpse is being hauled toward the butcher shop. Yummy! Yetis will provide us with large chunks of meat. there are many of them, and few of us. It should be sufficient.

My real concern is to get barrels, in order to store the food. We have a limited supply of wood, which we'll need for beds. Thankfully, copper makes an affordable material wich can be smelted into containers. Glass and pottery would be ideal materials, were it not for our absolute lack of bags to store the raw goods in. Yes, copper is heavy, but it's better than letting our food rot.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



While picking up some leftover items on the glacier, the dwarves meet another yeti, whom the militia quickly dispatch. More meat.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

```
The Swordsdwart stabs the Yeti in the left lower arm with her <bronze
spear>, chipping the bone and fracturing the left elbow's bone!
A motor nerve has been severed, a ligament has been torn and a tendon has
been torn!
A ligament in the left elbow has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Swordsdwart stabs The Yeti in the head with her <bronze spear>,
tearing the muscle and chipping the skull!
A tendon in the skull has been torn!
The <bronze spear> has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Swordsdwart pulls on the embedded <bronze spear>.
The Swordsdwart stabs The Yeti in the head with her <bronze spear>,
tearing the muscle, fracturing the skull!
A tendon in the skull has been torn!
>The Swordsdwart stabs The Yeti in the head with her <bronze spear> and
the injured part is cloven asunder!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
A tendon in the skull has been torn!
The Swordsdwart stands up.
```

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

```
'Stabbin' Rovod' Cattensesh, "'Stabbin' Rovod' Channeledsocket", Swrdsdwrf
```

One of them claims to be a sworddwart, despite clearly wielding a spear. "They call me stabbin' Rovod. as long as it can stab some stuff, I'll wield it alright."

I'm not sure i stand by Stabbin' rovod's logic, but I'll stand by his killing abilities. Icehold makes for strange bedfellows.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

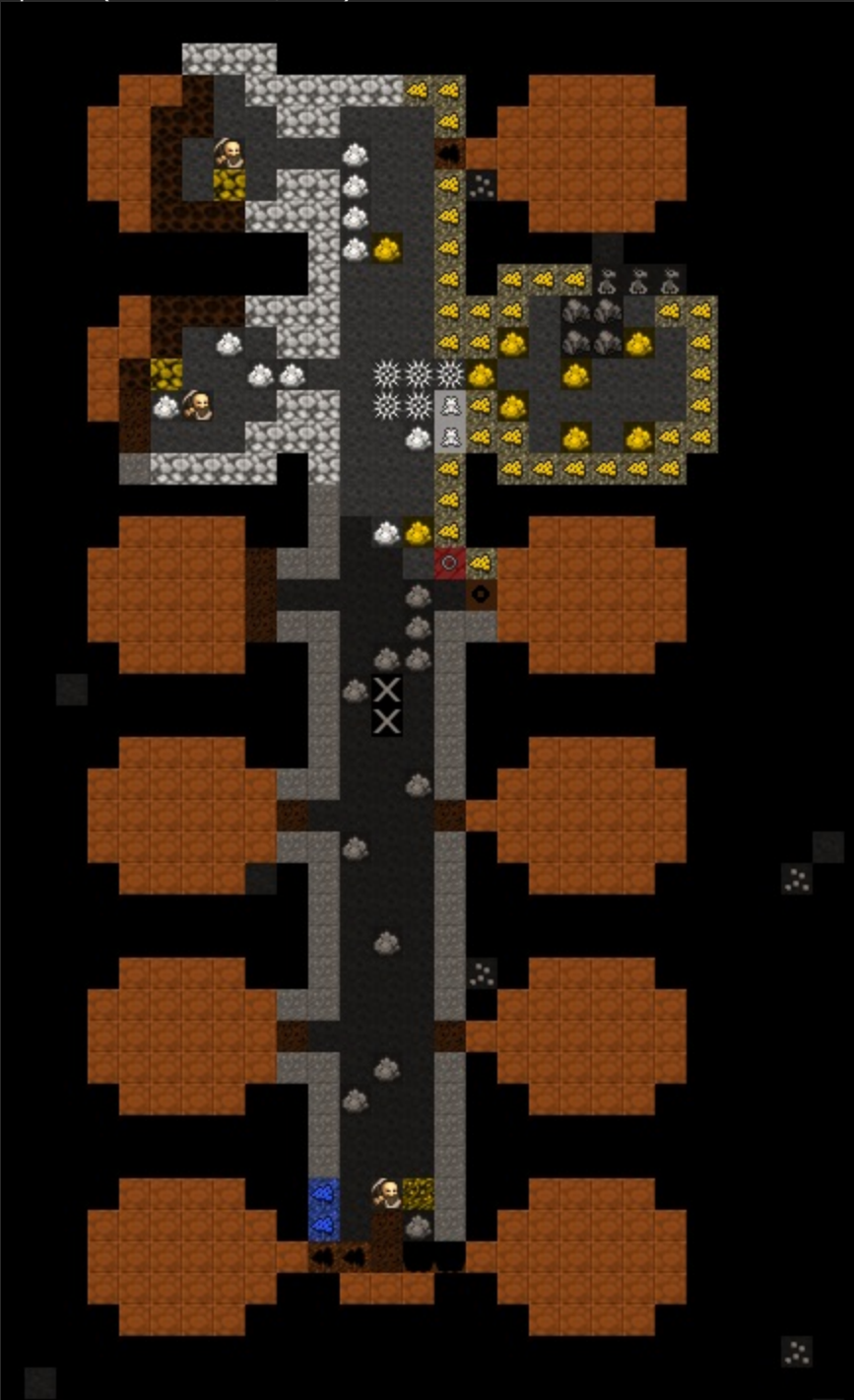
```
<garden cress leaves [5]>
<garden cress leaves [5]>
<quarry bush leaves [5]>
<quarry bush leaves [5]>
quarry bush leaf
<cranberries [5]>
<cranberries [5]>
<cranberries [5]>
<caper berries [3]>
```

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



We have meet, but let's examine what else we have. Raw yeti chunks will quickly grow old, I fear, so it might be a good idea to obtain more types of food. Our drinks are low, so I'll order the cranberries to become booze. Without a good water access, keeping the booze stock high is crucial. Don't wanna have to breach the caverns and face crocodiles when we are desperate. The other leaves are not especially useful in their raw state, so I order a kitchen and a farmer workshop installed in the central area. I'd rather have those installed already once we need to process plants to replace yeti meat. A quern and a millstone would also be useful, but we have very little workers, so I don't think we should establish too many industries right now.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

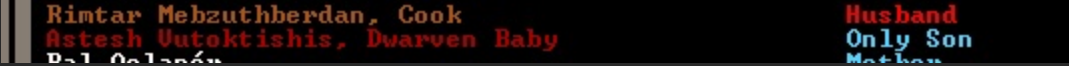


I check in on the bedrooms. Our workers have been hard at work during my first month in command, and slowly but surely we are carving out a nice set of rooms for ourselves. Maybe when this is over I'll try and set an underground tree farm, but that's something that will require a lot of planning and dwarfpower. Better wait for the rooms to be done...

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Despite the hardships they faced, Asmel and rintar managed to find love in this strange, forsaken glacier. A child is born of their unlikely union, bolstering our numbers to 18. Yesterday, we were prisoners exiled to die here. Now, for a brief moment, we are led to believe that life here can prosper...

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Spoiler (click to show/hide)



[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

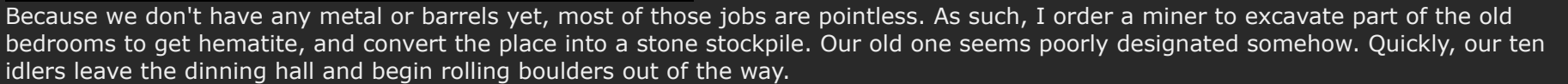


On that same day, more prisoners make their way to Icehold. Strange and useless convicts, most of them, but I'll find a use for anyone here, because we cannot spare any help. They can reside in the small ugly rooms while we carve more bedrooms. Ha, just kidding, everyone is sleeping in the hospital because we actually don't have beds.

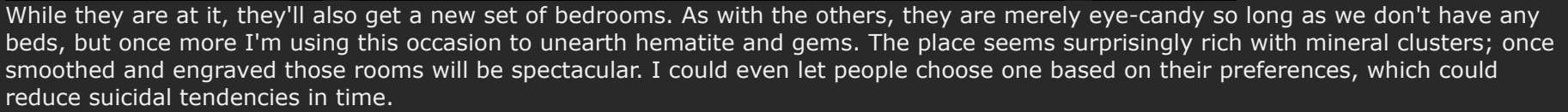
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

I count eleven of twelve of them. I greet most of them, and introduce myself as Honeymoon, chief overseer of this terrible place. Then I ask each of them what they can do to help this fortress not die. Geshud and Iolur, I give to the commander because they seem dumb and somewhat well-built. And also overall useless. One of them claims to be a good metalcrafter, which I'll need for our copper works. Another is a decent tanner, so I tell him it's all he'll do, to avoid wasting yeti hides. They will provide us with warmth, and most likely they'll be our only source of clothing for the years to come. I tell another one he'll be exclusively doing butcher work. I want every carcass chopped and tanned the instant it hits the icy ground.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Spoiler (click to show/hide)



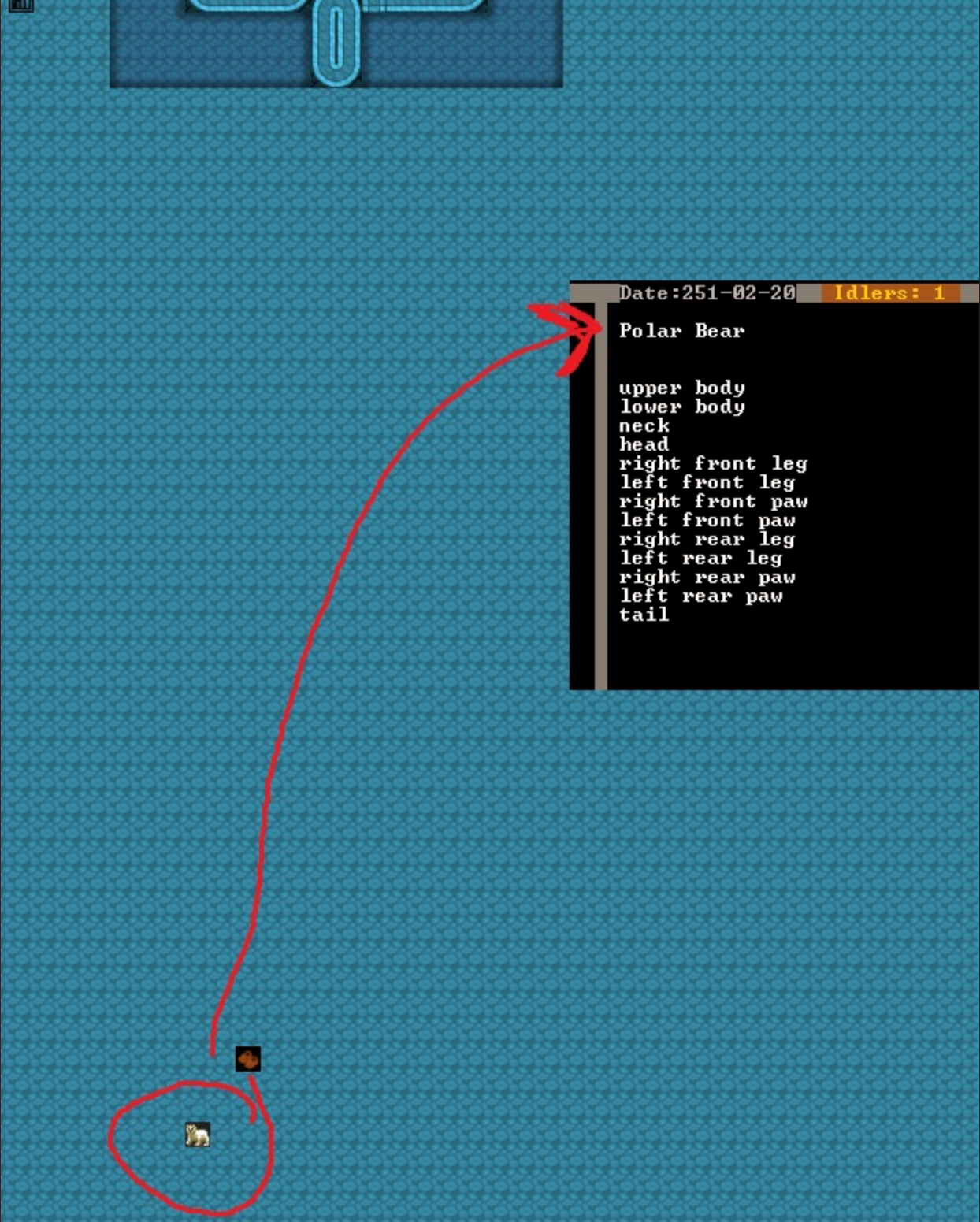
I'd like to open the caverns for a moment and acquire more wood, but a dangerous helmet snake is guarding the area. I can hear him hissing through the constructed wall, predatory and stuff. Snakes are poisonous and dangerous, so I'll wait for it to leave instead of picking up a fight.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



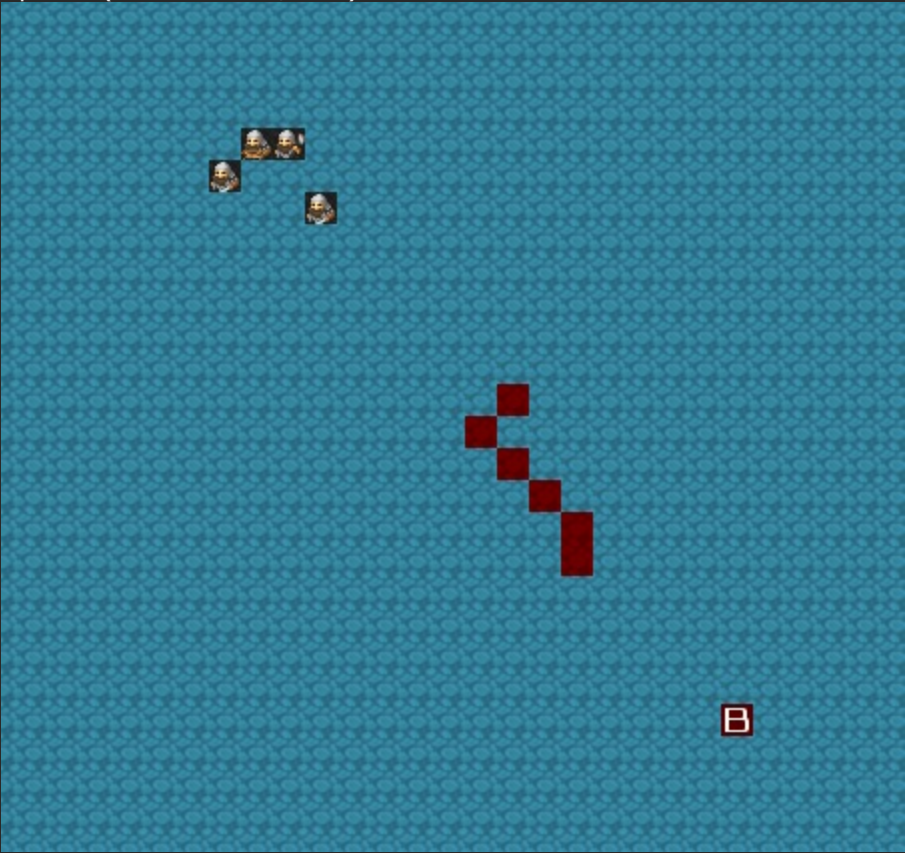
Anyway, the army is busy right now! I'm told every soldier is mobilizing on the main plateau. Yes, all *four* of them who are not sleeping!

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

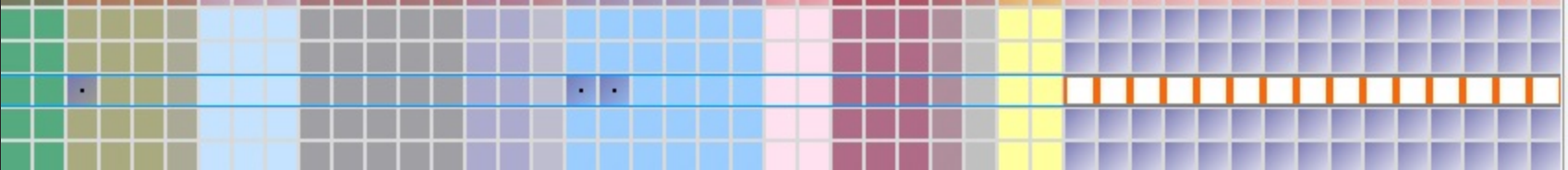


Our foe today is a polar bear, which could easily maul and destroy poorly-equipped and ill-trained soldiers such as ours. Too bad, people, I need this thing dead, chopped and cook by 5pm, because we now have 12 newcomers and a fucking baby to feed.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The new recruits lack classical army drilling, but they make up for it by being old school murderous thugs. I tell the butcher that he isn't even allowed to haul stuff, as he needs to butcher things as fast as possible. "Can i still do some shearing on the side?" he asks, naively. Why sure, you can shear all those absurd amounts of sheeps we have if you please.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Work Orders	Left	Validated
Process Plants (Barrel)	3/3	✓
Brew drink from plant	5/5	✗
Brew drink from fruit	5/5	✗

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Food Stores:	527		
Meat	126	Seeds	121
Fish	40	Drink	8
Plant	123	Other	109

More meat is good, but the drinks are dangerously low. I order 2 barrels just in case, and then a few drinks with what we can salvage from the stockpile.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Aaaaaaaand that's when everything goes to shit. People just killed the polar bear, and we're having it dragged to the butcher stand, when something incredibly fucking terrifying manifests nearby. It's a gigantic mammoth-like creature, except it stands on two feet and seems utterly bend on murder and bloodshed. What's more, it's not on the horizon, but just outside of our walls. Somehow this tremendous creature is trained in the art of stealth.

It is also very, very fast.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



No, seriously, it truly is very, very fast. I ask the bridge to be raised, but it is too late. within an instant, this juggernaut of death and carnage has reached our entrance, and it starts attacking people.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Spoiler (click to show/hide)

→The Weremammoth attacks The Ranger but He jumps away!
The Weremammoth punches The Ranger in the first toe, right foot with its left hand, tearing apart the skin and bruising the muscle through the <cave spider silk shoe>!
Avuz Niraldakost, Ranger: I must withdraw!
The Ranger stands up.
The Weremammoth misses The Ranger!
Avuz Niraldakost, Ranger: Our time in The Infinite World is so brief... Begone fear!

In a legendary feat of courage, one of the inmates, punches the mammoth, then runs away from the fortress with the beast in toe. He's dragging it away. Quick, raise the bridge!

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

The militia captain attacks The Yeti but She jumps away!
The militia captain bashes The Yeti in the right upper arm with his <iron crossbow>, bruising the muscle!
The militia captain bashes The Yeti in the lower body with his <iron crossbow>, bruising the fat!
The militia captain bashes The Yeti in the right upper arm with his <iron crossbow>, bruising the muscle!
The militia captain bashes The Yeti in the lower body with his <iron crossbow>, bruising the fat!
The militia captain attacks The Yeti but She jumps away!
The militia captain bashes The Yeti in the upper body with his <iron crossbow>, bruising the fat!
The militia captain bashes The Yeti in the left hand with his <iron crossbow>, bruising the muscle!
The militia captain bashes The Yeti in the right upper arm with his <iron crossbow>, bruising the muscle!
The militia captain bashes The Yeti in the lower body with his <iron crossbow>, bruising the fat!
The militia captain bashes The Yeti in the upper body with his <iron crossbow>, bruising the fat!
The militia captain bashes The Yeti in the right lower leg with his <iron crossbow>, bruising the fat!
The militia captain bashes The Yeti in the right foot with his <iron crossbow>, bruising the fat!
The militia captain attacks The Yeti but She jumps away!
The militia captain bashes The Yeti in the right upper arm with his <iron crossbow>, bruising the muscle!
The militia captain bashes The Yeti in the left hand with his <iron crossbow>, bruising the muscle!
The militia captain scratches The Yeti in the head, tearing the muscle!
The militia captain bashes The Yeti in the upper body with his <iron crossbow>, bruising the fat!
The militia captain bashes The Yeti in the right upper leg with his <iron crossbow>, bruising the fat!
The militia captain attacks The Yeti but She jumps away!
The militia captain bashes The Yeti in the neck with his <iron crossbow>, bruising the muscle!
The militia captain attacks The Yeti but She jumps away!
The militia captain kicks The Yeti in the right foot with his right foot, bruising the muscle!
The militia captain bashes The Yeti in the right upper leg with his <iron crossbow>, bruising the fat!
The militia captain attacks The Yeti but She jumps away!
The militia captain misses The Yeti!
The militia captain bashes The Yeti in the right lower arm with his <iron crossbow>, bruising the muscle!
The militia captain bashes The Yeti in the left foot with his <iron crossbow>, but the attack glances away!
The militia captain attacks The Yeti but She jumps away!
The militia captain bashes The Yeti in the upper body with his <iron crossbow>, bruising the fat!
The militia captain attacks The Yeti but She jumps away!
The militia captain bashes The Yeti in the lower body with his <iron crossbow>, bruising the fat!
The militia captain bashes The Yeti in the left hand with his <iron crossbow>, bruising the fat!
The militia captain bashes The Yeti in the head with his <iron crossbow>, bruising the muscle, fracturing the skull!
The militia captain bashes The Polar Bear in the left front leg with his <iron crossbow>, bruising the fat!
The militia captain bashes The Polar Bear in the head with his <iron crossbow>, bruising the muscle and fracturing the skull!
The militia captain bashes The Weremammoth in the right lower arm with his <iron crossbow>, but the attack glances away!
The Weremammoth misses The militia captain!
The militia captain misses The Weremammoth!
→The Weremammoth misses The militia captain!
The Weremammoth attacks The militia captain but He jumps away!
The militia captain kicks The Weremammoth in the right hand with his left foot, bruising the fat!
The Weremammoth misses The militia captain!
The Weremammoth attacks The militia captain but He jumps away!
The militia captain attacks The Weremammoth but It jumps away!
The Weremammoth attacks The militia captain but He jumps away!
The Swordsdwarf jumps out of the militia captain's flight path!

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

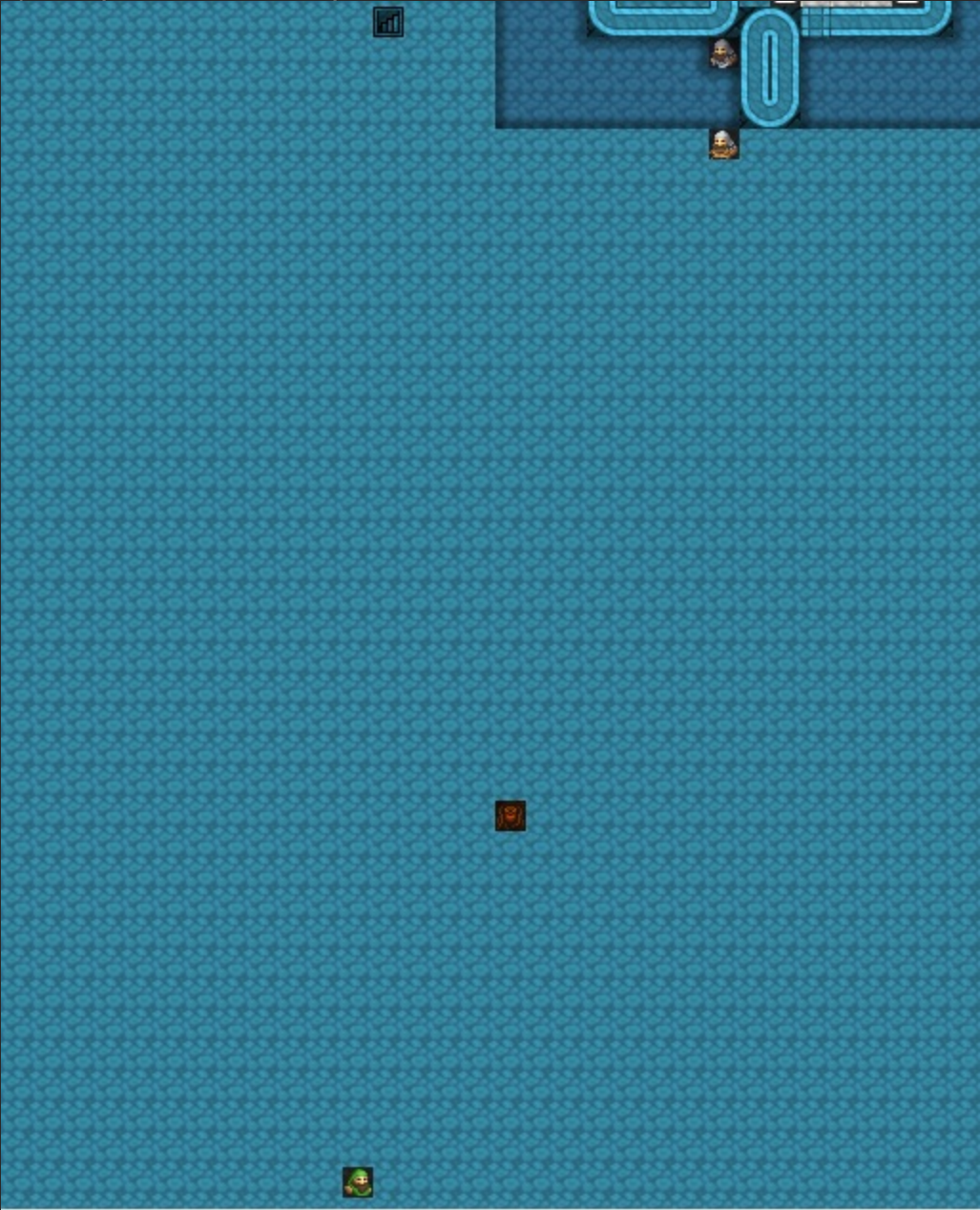
The Polar Bear misses The Swordsdwarf!
The Swordsdwarf attacks The Polar Bear but She jumps away!
The Polar Bear attacks The Swordsdwarf but He jumps away!
The Swordsdwarf attacks The Polar Bear but She jumps away!
The Polar Bear attacks The Swordsdwarf but He jumps away!
The Swordsdwarf misses The Polar Bear!
The Swordsdwarf bashes The Polar Bear in the tail with his <copper crossbow>, bruising the fat!
→The Swordsdwarf kicks The Polar Bear in the head with his left foot, bruising the muscle!
The Swordsdwarf bashes The Polar Bear in the lower body with his <copper crossbow>, bruising the fat!
The Swordsdwarf bashes The Polar Bear in the head with his <copper crossbow>, bruising the muscle!
The Weremammoth attacks The Swordsdwarf but He jumps away!
The Swordsdwarf attacks The Weremammoth but It jumps away!
The Weremammoth attacks The Swordsdwarf but He jumps away!
The Swordsdwarf jumps out of the militia captain's flight path!

the militia captain begins to attack the creature, but saying he's not doing jack shit to it would be an understatement. People try to join the fight, but here's a thing about ice. It is very, very slippery.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Anyway, the ranger is fleeing with the beast giving chase. The militia captain tried to go ham on it to no avail, and that guy with the crutch is now suspended above the precipice using said crutch, because he slipped off the bridge. Like, he is 10 feet above the ground, suspended to a rough ice wall by a replacement leg. You can,t make that shit up.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Avuz the ranger falls quickly to the onslaught of the monster. Rimtar the commander is ready to give the beast a lesson.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Or not.

I point a random guy and tell him he's the militia commander now.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Rimtar is dead, and the beast decides to return to our base. Nobody is pulling the lever. The weremammoth advances toward Icehold.

As stated before, it is very, very fast.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Lolur arrived two days ago, and so far someone vaguely mentionned where the barracks was. That's enough training as far as I'm concerned. I kick the guy out and he slides across the bridge, absolutely willingly intercepting the weremammoth.

NOW ACTIVATE THE FUCKING LEVER OH MY FUCKING GOD.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

The Weremammoth strikes at The Axedwarf but the shot is deftly parried by the <*<bronze spear>*>!

The Axedwarf attacks The Weremammoth but It jumps away!

The Weremammoth strikes at The Axedwarf but the shot is easily parried by the <*<bronze spear>*>!

The Axedwarf misses The Weremammoth!

The Weremammoth attacks The Axedwarf but He jumps away!

The Axedwarf punches The Weremammoth in the left hand with his left hand, bruising the fat!

The Weremammoth attacks The Axedwarf but He jumps away!

The Axedwarf stabs The Weremammoth in the right foot with his <*<bronze spear>*>, tearing the fat!

The Weremammoth strikes at The Axedwarf but the shot is easily parried by the <*<bronze spear>*>!

The Weremammoth strikes The Axedwarf in the left foot with its <pig tail fiber left glove>, bruising the fat through the <alpaca wool shoe>!

The Axedwarf stabs The Weremammoth in the right upper arm with his <*<bronze spear>*>, tearing the muscle!

The Weremammoth attacks The Axedwarf but He jumps away!

The Axedwarf stabs The Weremammoth in the upper body with his <*<bronze spear>*>, tearing the muscle!

The Weremammoth has become enraged!

The Weremammoth strikes The Axedwarf in the left lower arm with its <pig tail fiber left glove>, bruising the muscle through the <giant cave spider silk cloak>!

The Axedwarf stabs The Weremammoth in the left lower leg with his <*<bronze spear>*>, tearing the muscle!

The Weremammoth attacks The Axedwarf but He jumps away!

The Axedwarf bashes The Weremammoth in the right lower leg with the shaft of his <*<bronze spear>*>, but the attack glances away!

The Weremammoth misses The Axedwarf!

The Axedwarf bites The Weremammoth in the lower body, tearing the fat!

The Axedwarf latches on firmly!

The Weremammoth strikes at The Axedwarf but the shot is easily deflected by the <*<bronze spear>*>!

The Weremammoth charges at The Axedwarf!

The Weremammoth collides with The Axedwarf!

The Axedwarf is knocked over and tumbles backward!

The Axedwarf stands up.

The Weremammoth strikes The Axedwarf in the right hand with its <pig tail fiber left glove>, bruising the muscle through the <pig tail fiber right mitten>!

The Axedwarf stabs The Weremammoth in the upper body with his <*<bronze spear>*>, tearing the muscle!

The Axedwarf misses The Weremammoth!

The Weremammoth strikes The Axedwarf in the right foot with its <pig tail fiber left glove>, bruising the muscle through the <alpaca wool shoe>!

The Axedwarf stabs The Weremammoth in the left hand with his <*<bronze spear>*>, tearing the fat!

The Weremammoth kicks The Axedwarf in the right hand with its left foot, bruising the fat through the <pig tail fiber right mitten>!

The Weremammoth charges at The Axedwarf!

The Weremammoth collides with The Axedwarf!

The Axedwarf is knocked over and tumbles backward!

The Axedwarf stands up.

The Weremammoth strikes The Axedwarf in the left lower arm with its <pig tail fiber left glove>, bruising the muscle through the <giant cave spider silk cloak>!

The Axedwarf stabs The Weremammoth in the left lower arm with his <*<bronze spear>*>, tearing the fat!

The Weremammoth punches The Axedwarf in the lower body with its left hand

[: Search](#)
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

and the injured part collapses!

An artery has been opened by the attack!

The Axedwarf is propelled away by the force of the blow!

→The Axedwarf's third toe, left foot skids along the ground, but it is deflected by The Axedwarf's <copper greaves>!

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Lolur wasn't lying when he said he had experience with an axe. i don't mind if his training dummy consisted of the baron's entourage, it's working nicely on the mammoth monster. Eventually, tho, Lolur loses momentum and the beast fucks him up good. I don't want to go into details, but at the end I'm pretty sure the weremammoth threw Lolur's own toe at him. The beast is maimed, which hopefully will prevent it from advancing further.

However, it is still very, very fast.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Hey, Stabbin' rovod, how about you go and uh, I dunno, stab this thing a bit? It looks like you could tooootally finish it up.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Bolts of Flying

The Bronze Tangles

1. Mss Ingshdlk, Fshry Wrkr

2. 'Stbbn' Rvd' Cttntssh, Sw

3. Monom Kûbukstâkud, Rangr

4. Atír Azintobul, Mason

5. Stâkud Bomrekirtir, Rngr

6. Domas Cattendatan, Farmr

7. AVAILABLE

8. AVAILABLE

9. AVAILABLE

10. AVAILABLE

Shorast Ebalmörul, Farmer

Sigun Zithisnokim, Mtlcrftr

p: Positions

a: Alerts

e: Equip

n: Uniforms

u: Supplies

f: Ammunition

s: Schedule

ESC: Done

234689: Move selector

q: Search

As soon as he's out of earshot I point at five of the new migrants, and announce that they are the militia now.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Stabbin' Rovod charges at the monster, but we soon find out why he isn't nicknamed Don't-Slide-Down-Holes Rovod.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

⟨*⟨bronze spear⟩⟩), tearing the fat!
The Weremammoth punches The Axedwarf in the lower body with its left hand and the injured part collapses!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
The Axedwarf is propelled away by the force of the blow!
Bathru Raconuler, Weremammoth: Death is all around us. This cannot horrify me.
The Swordsdwarf bashes The Weremammoth in the right foot with the shaft of her ⟨bronze spear⟩, bruising the skin!
The Weremammoth misses The Swordsdwarf!
The Weremammoth attacks The Swordsdwarf but She jumps away!
The Swordsdwarf stabs The Weremammoth in the upper body with her ⟨bronze spear⟩, tearing the muscle!
The Weremammoth misses The Swordsdwarf!
The Swordsdwarf punches The Weremammoth in the left lower arm with her right hand, bruising the fat!
The Weremammoth attacks The Swordsdwarf but She jumps away!
The Swordsdwarf strikes The Weremammoth in the right foot with her ⟨copper buckler⟩, bruising the fat!
The Weremammoth attacks The Swordsdwarf but She jumps away!
The Swordsdwarf bashes The Weremammoth in the left upper arm with the shaft of her ⟨bronze spear⟩, bruising the skin!
The Weremammoth attacks The Swordsdwarf but She jumps away!
The Weremammoth charges at The Swordsdwarf!
The Weremammoth collides with The Swordsdwarf!
The Swordsdwarf is knocked over and tumbles backward!
The Weremammoth attacks The Swordsdwarf but She jumps away!
The Weremammoth strikes at The Swordsdwarf but the shot is blocked with the ⟨copper buckler⟩!
The Weremammoth strikes at The militia commander but the shot is narrowly deflected by the ⟨-bismuth bronze mace-⟩!
The militia commander punches The Weremammoth in the left hand with his right hand, bruising the fat!
The Weremammoth strikes The militia commander in the right foot with its ⟨pig tail fiber left glove⟩, bruising the muscle through the ⟨cave spider silk shoe⟩!
The militia commander has become enraged!
The militia commander bashes The Weremammoth in the left lower arm with his ⟨-bismuth bronze mace-⟩, bruising the muscle!
The Weremammoth strikes The militia commander in the mouth with its ⟨pig tail fiber left glove⟩, bruising the left cheek's skin through the ⟨cave spider silk cloak⟩!
The militia commander misses The Weremammoth!
The Weremammoth strikes The militia commander in the neck with its ⟨pig tail fiber left glove⟩, bruising the muscle and tearing the upper spine's nervous tissue through the ⟨cave spider silk cloak⟩!
The Weremammoth charges at The militia commander!
The Weremammoth collides with The militia commander!
The militia commander is knocked over and tumbles backward!
The militia commander bites The Weremammoth in the upper body, tearing the fat!
→The militia commander latches on firmly!
The Weremammoth strikes The militia commander in the lower body with its ⟨pig tail fiber left glove⟩, bruising the muscle and bruising the stomach through the ⟨iron chain leggings⟩!
The Weremammoth strikes The militia commander in the right ear with its ⟨pig tail fiber left glove⟩, tearing the cartilage through the ⟨cave spider silk cloak⟩!
The Weremammoth breaks the grip of The militia commander's upper front teeth on The Weremammoth's upper body.
The militia commander bites The Weremammoth in the left lower arm, tearing the fat!
The militia commander latches on firmly!
The Weremammoth strikes The militia commander in the right hand with its ⟨pig tail fiber left glove⟩, bruising the muscle through the ⟨pig tail fiber right mitten⟩!
The Weremammoth breaks the grip of The militia commander's upper front teeth on The Weremammoth's left lower arm.
The militia commander bites The Weremammoth in the right upper leg, tearing the fat!
The militia commander latches on firmly!
The Weremammoth strikes The militia commander in the right cheek with its ⟨pig tail fiber left glove⟩, bruising the skin through the ⟨cave spider silk cloak⟩!
The Weremammoth strikes The militia commander in the upper body with its ⟨pig tail fiber left glove⟩, bruising the muscle and bruising the liver through the ⟨cave spider silk cloak⟩!
The Weremammoth breaks the grip of The militia commander's upper front teeth on The Weremammoth's right upper leg.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

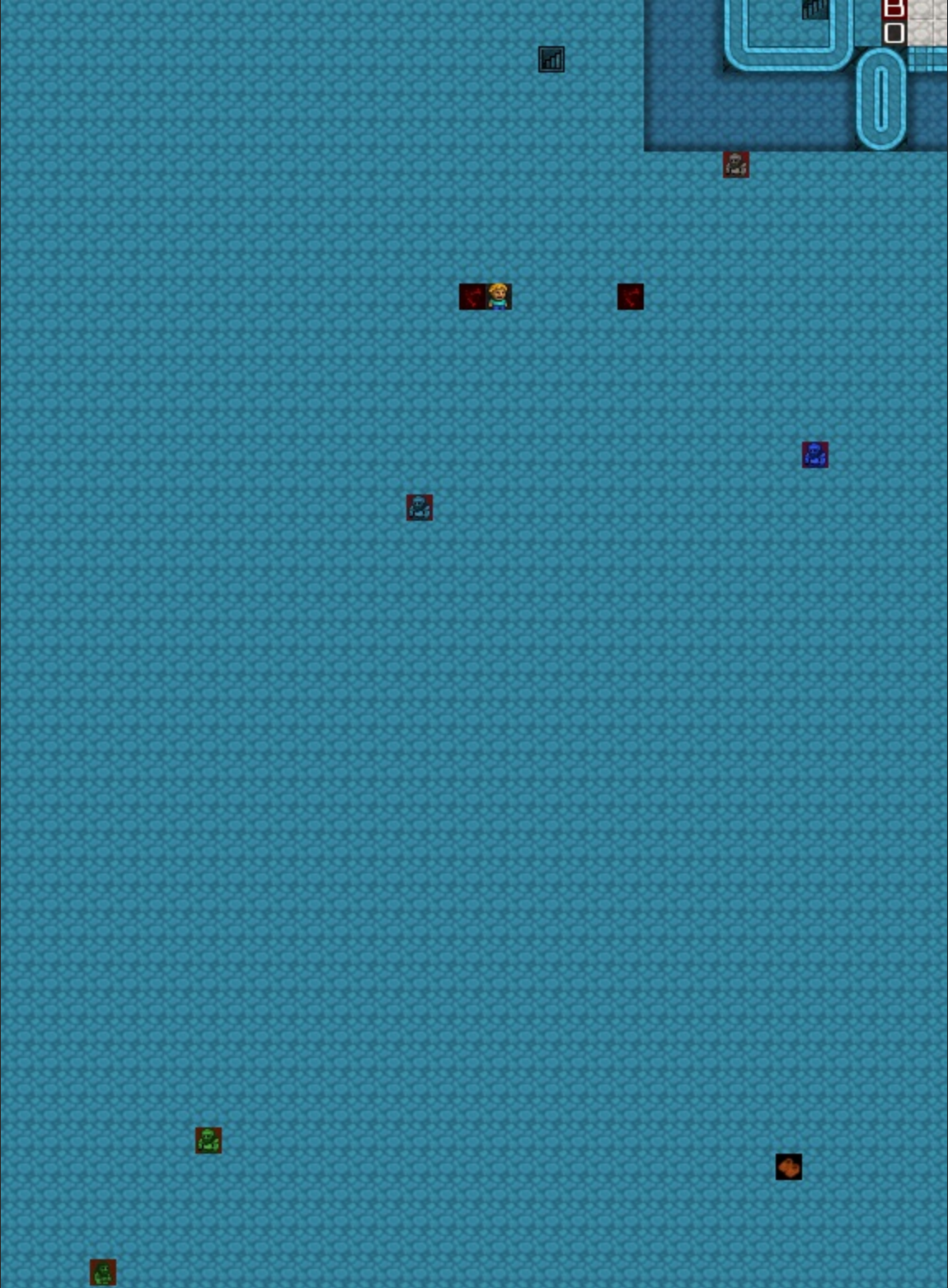
The Swordsdwarf kicks The Weremammoth in the head with her right foot, bruising the fat!
The militia commander misses The Weremammoth!
The Weremammoth misses The Swordsdwarf!
The Swordsdwarf bashes The Weremammoth in the right hand with his ⟨copper crossbow⟩, bruising the skin!
The militia commander bites The Weremammoth in the right hand, tearing the fat!
The militia commander latches on firmly!
The Swordsdwarf stabs The Weremammoth in the right lower leg with her ⟨bronze spear⟩, tearing the muscle!
The Weremammoth falls over.
The Weremammoth strikes The militia commander in the right upper leg with its ⟨pig tail fiber left glove⟩, bruising the muscle through the ⟨iron chain leggings⟩!
The Weremammoth breaks the grip of The militia commander's upper front teeth from The Weremammoth's right hand!
→

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

An artery in the lower body has been opened by the attack!
The Weremammoth locks The Swords dwarf's left wrist with The Weremammoth's left upper arm!
The Weremammoth bends The Swords dwarf's left hand with The Weremammoth's left upper arm and the left wrist collapses!
A ligament in the left wrist has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Weremammoth releases the joint lock of The Weremammoth's left upper arm on The Swords dwarf's left hand.
The Weremammoth releases the grip of The Weremammoth's left upper arm on The Swords dwarf's left hand.
The Weremammoth misses The Swords dwarf!
The Swords dwarf stabs The Weremammoth in the right hand with her <bronze spear>, chipping the bone!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Weremammoth attacks The Swords dwarf but She jumps away!
The Swords dwarf stabs The Weremammoth in the left upper leg with her <bronze spear>, fracturing the bone!
A tendon has been torn!
The Weremammoth attacks The Swords dwarf but She jumps away!
The Swords dwarf stabs The Weremammoth in the upper body with her <bronze spear>, tearing the muscle and bruising the left lung!
The Weremammoth misses The Swords dwarf!
The Swords dwarf stabs The Weremammoth in the left foot with her <bronze spear>, chipping the bone!
A sensory nerve has been severed, a ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Weremammoth misses The Swords dwarf!
The Weremammoth attacks The Swords dwarf but She jumps away!
The Swords dwarf stabs The Weremammoth in the right hand with her <bronze spear>, fracturing the bone!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Weremammoth misses The Swords dwarf!
The Swords dwarf stabs The Weremammoth in the head with her <bronze spear>, tearing the muscle!
The Weremammoth attacks The Swords dwarf but She jumps away!
The Swords dwarf stabs The Weremammoth in the right lower leg with her <bronze spear>, fracturing the bone!
An artery has been opened by the attack, a ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Weremammoth attacks The Swords dwarf but She jumps away!
The Swords dwarf stabs The Weremammoth in the upper body with her <bronze spear>, tearing the muscle!
The Weremammoth attacks The Swords dwarf but She jumps away!
The Swords dwarf stabs The Weremammoth in the left upper leg with her <bronze spear>, tearing the muscle!
The Weremammoth attacks The Swords dwarf but She jumps away!
The Swords dwarf stabs The Weremammoth in the left lower arm with her <bronze spear>, fracturing the bone!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Weremammoth strikes at The Swords dwarf but the shot is blocked with the <copper buckler>!
The Weremammoth grabs The Swords dwarf by the <donkey leather cap> with its left upper arm!
The Weremammoth takes The Swords dwarf down by the <donkey leather cap> with The Weremammoth's left upper arm!
The Swords dwarf stabs The Weremammoth in the left lower leg with her <bronze spear>, fracturing the bone!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Weremammoth releases the grip of The Weremammoth's left upper arm on The Swords dwarf's <donkey leather cap>.
The Weremammoth grabs The Swords dwarf by the <copper buckler> with its left upper arm!
Bathru Raconuler Histekopra, Weremammoth is no longer enraged.
The Weremammoth bites The Swords dwarf in the left upper leg and the injured part is ripped into loose shreds!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
The Weremammoth latches on firmly!
The Weremammoth shakes The Swords dwarf around by the left upper leg and the severed part sails off in an arc!
The left upper leg is ripped away and remains in The Weremammoth's grip!
The Weremammoth releases the grip of The Weremammoth's left upper arm on The Swords dwarf's <copper buckler>.
The Weremammoth lets the 'Stabbin' Rovod' Cattensesh's mangled left upper leg drop away as It attacks.
The Weremammoth bites The Swords dwarf in the head and the severed part sails off in an arc!
→The Human gives in to pain.

Rovod finally makes it out of the hole, punches the beast, gets thrown down into the fucking pit three times, then finally lands a few blows before being killed, heroically (and quite foolishly) trying to wrestle a weremammoth. Miraculously, as soon as it kills Stabbin' Rovod, the beast reverts to a human person. A stunned, incredibly injured human person who is unconscious with both its legs broken. I dispatch the new military. It doesn't matter how absurdly incompetent they are, there are five of them, they can kill an unconscious bloodied peasant.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Against all common sence, the human thing regains consciousness, and begins to flee, creating a burlesque pursuit where 5 dwarves are slidding across a glacier trying to catch up and corner a battled down unarmed goon who'se both legs are shattered in many places. And they are losing.

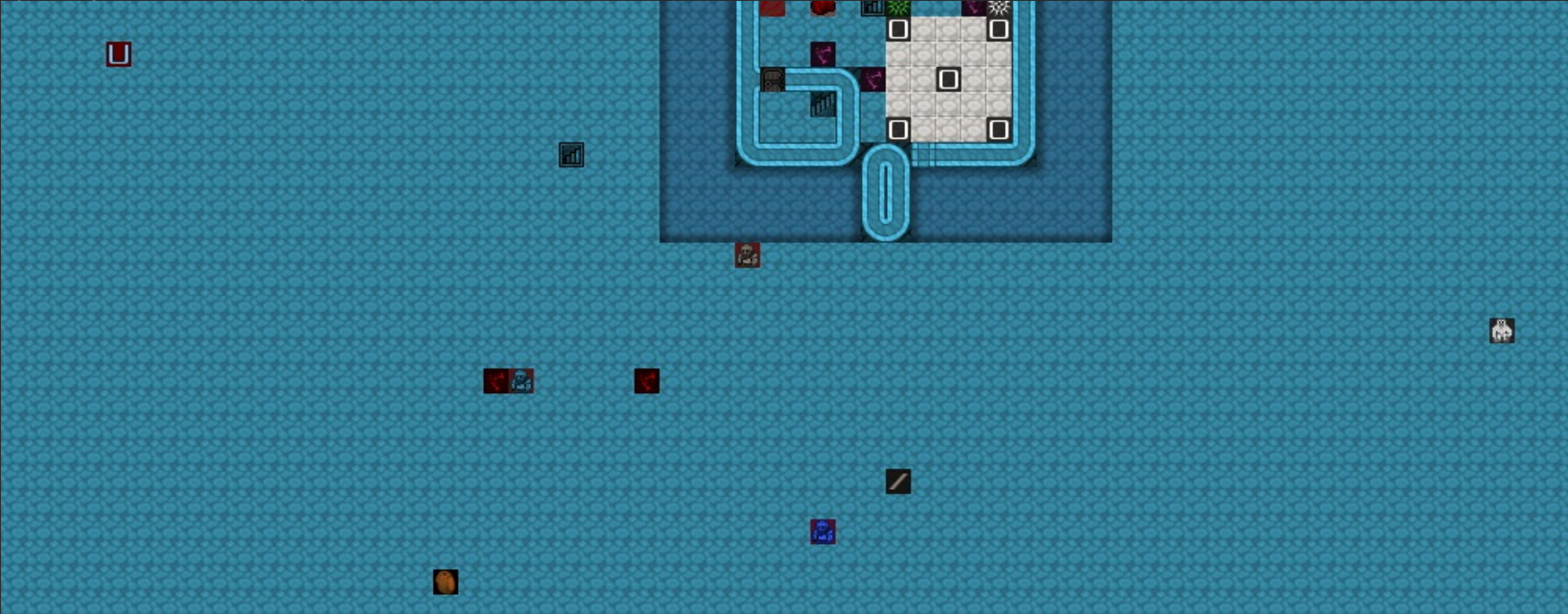
The human is very, very fast.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



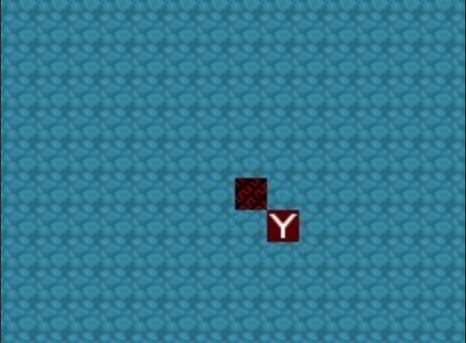
Eventually, he collapses from exaushtion, and our raving lunatics unceremoniously bash his head against the solid ice until nothing but a gross pulp remains.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



We now have a lot of corpses. Also, the bridge controls have apparently exploded when someone activated the lever with the weremammoth atop the whole thing. Flipping the lever does nothing, and also nobody wants to flip the lever most of the time. We don't have a mechanic. Correction, we don't have a living mechanic. At least everyone who braved the weremonster is absolutely dead, so we don't have to worry about infections.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



While retrieving some of the corpses and weapons, the soldiers mus engage another yeti. Stakud gets his toe smashed, then promptly becomes a football player, throwing himself at the ground and claiming to be totally paralyzed.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



We tell him to get some rest if that's what he really wants, but he fakes a coma two meters away from the bed, pretending to be permanently disabled. Someone doesn't like being in the military, it seems.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Created Wealth:	13168*	Population:	24
Weapons:	170*		
Armor and Garb:	54*	Miners	4
Furniture:	1250*	Woodworkers	1
Other Objects:	6626*	Stoneworkers	1
Architecture:	3539*	Rangers	1
Displayed:	1305*	Metalsmiths	1
Held/Worn:	224*	Jewelers	None
		Craftsdwarves	None
Imported Wealth:	41174*	Nobles/Admins	2
		Peasants	None
Exported Wealth:	None	Dwarven Childrn	6
		Fishery Workers	None
Food Stores:	688	Farmers	4
Meat	169	Engineers	None
Fish	38	Trained Animals	A None
Plant	108	Other Animals	A 24
		Axedwarves	None
		Axe Lords	None
		Swordsdwarves	None
		Swordmasters	None
		Macedwarves	None
		Mace Lords	None
		Hammerdwarves	None
		Hammer Lords	None
		Speardwarves	None
		Spearmasters	None
		Marksdwarves	1
		Elite Mrksdwrvs	None
		Wrestlers	None
		Elite Wrestlers	None
		Recruit/Others	3

It is time for everyone to resume production. Some booze is brewed and meat slowly fills the stockpile. There is nothing more i dare ask, as everyone is currently busy gathring and storing things after the mess.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Creature		Owner
Stray Dog, ♀ <Tame>	DAW	Unavailable
Stray Dog, ♀ <Tame>	DAW	Unavailable
Stray Dog, ♀ <Tame>	DAW	Unavailable
Stray Dog, ♀ <Tame>	DAW	Unavailable
Stray Dog, ♀ <Tame>	DAW	Unavailable
Stray Dog, ♀ <Tame>	DAW	Unavailable
Stray Dog, ♂ <Tame>	DAW	Unavailable
Stray Dog, ♂ <Tame>	DAW	Unavailable
Stray Dog, ♂ <Tame>	DAW	Unavailable
Datan Âtisisthar, Piglet, ♀ <Tame>	D	Rintar Mehzuthberdan, Cook
Mafol Oslanatêk, Boar, ♂ <Tame>	D	'Honeymoon' Ibrukcatten, manager
Stray Cat, ♀ <Tame>	D	Uninterested
Mestthos Duthallikot, Goose, ♀ <Tame>	D	ushrir Tathtaksazir, Dwarven Child
Stray Puppy, ♀ <Tame>	D	Unavailable
Stray Puppy, ♀ <Tame>	D	Unavailable
Stray Puppy, ♀ <Tame>	D	Unavailable
Stray Puppy, ♂ <Tame>	D	Unavailable
Stray Puppy, ♀ <Tame>	D	Unavailable
Stray Puppy, ♂ <Tame>	D	Unavailable
Stray Puppy, ♀ <Tame>	D	Unavailable
Stray Puppy, ♂ <Tame>	D	Unavailable
Stray Puppy, ♀ <Tame>	D	Unavailable
Stray Puppy, ♂ <Tame>	D	Unavailable
Stray Puppy, ♀ <Tame>	D	Unavailable

More yetis try to explore the place, but every soldier who isn't Stakud throw stuff at him until he "leaves". I designate some dogs for war training, just in case the yetis keep bothering us.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



We also need to solve this stupid bridge problem. a yeti just walked right into the fortress. Buggers, all of them. At least he's very close to the butcher shop now...

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

```
The manager 'Honeymoon' Ibrukcatten has organized a party at diorite
Table.
Shorast Ebalmörul, Farmer cancels Store Item in Stockpile: Taken by mood.
→Shorast Ebalmörul, Farmer has been possessed!
```

I'm not really sure who's in charge of what anymore. The guys i drafted into the army, I have no idea what their jobs were. People are just hauling stuff around and mining and cooking stuff, and I have nothing to say about it. One particular guy seems incredibly weird, and he doesn't respond to anything I say...

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



He makes his way toward the craftdwarf workshop, and starts gathering crap. Hey, why are you there? We have no need for crafts! go make some food, or help with the smelting if you truly want to be useful!

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

```
Shorast Ebalmörul, Farmer has been possessed!
Construct rock Coffin (5) has been completed.
Shorast Ebalmörul has claimed a Craftsdwarf's Workshop.
→Shorast Ebalmörul has begun a mysterious construction!
```

His eyes are livid. he won't answer, or acknowledge that I'm here. He's just working, without even looking at what he's doing, his eyes empty and staring at the end of the room.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

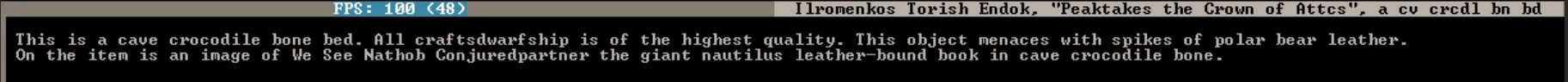


Fine, whatever. He creeps me out. I decide to simply go and do something else. It seems that one of the rooms is ready, and fully smoothed. Maybe I'll claim it as my own, but that would be a poor thing to do. If i want to be the most beloved person here, i need to pretend like I don't wanna be. Instead I order a bed moved in there, and tell Black Pat that his bedroom is now operational. He is, after all, the original expedition leader. I'll just take the next bedroom, once we locate more beds.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Spoiler (click to show/hide)



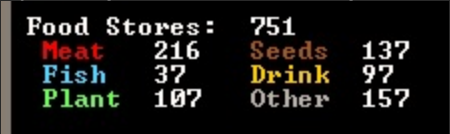
As I revisit the crafting dwarf, I notice that he's finishing a bed, made of cave crocodile bone. The first real enemy of Icehold is now a piece of furniture. The creator of this artefact-quality bed has no recollection of what just happened. Obviosuly, this was one of those so-called "strange moods". "Thanks for making my bed."
-Your bed?
-Yes, I asked if you could use something other than wood to make more beds, and you just... started making me this.
-How... how do you know this is yours? Maybe I want this bed. I made it.
-Don't be silly. It has a picture of a very famous book on it. Do you know anything about books?
-...No.
-Can you read?
-...No.
-Well, i can. I'm the bookkeeper. Obviously the bed with a book on it is mine, do you not think?
-I guess... that does make a lot of sence, miss Honeymoon.
-Good now carry that shit to my bedroom."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



I'm not the only one who needs a place to rest. What we dare call a graveyard is low on coffins, so I tell masons to make a few more, so we can stuff our dead somewhere. Doesn't take too long, as stone is one of the rare things we don't lack.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



With my bedroom complete and our dead buried, I turn my attention to the food supply. If it goes too low, we'll need a lot more coffins than we need beds. Thankfully, meat keeps us afloat, and our brewable plants have been turned to booze. the weremammoth attack somewhat lessened our booze consumption, albeit in a very rash manner. Spring is now over, not that you could really tell, and I'm confident that those current supplies should carry us through summer at least.

It's been a strange and eventful season, however, so I'm not sure I'm really eager to spend more time here in Icehold...

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Salmeuk** on **June 10, 2015, 03:15:35 am**

Nice update! Werecreatures seem to attack like clockwork early in the second year, or so I've noticed.

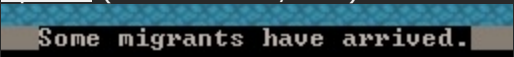
When you kept recruiting newer and newer cannon fodder, somehow keeping the weremammoth outside the gates, I was reminded of some sort of melodramatic war film - the last stand as the Germans take the line or something. A good story is never complete without some gratuitous violence and mortality, eh?

I also like the idea of illicit honey smugglers - learning the tunnels and roads, ins and outs to the Mountainhome. Stealing honey from the humans, running it past elven checkpoints guarded by hungry blackbears, delivering it to the highest bidder - quite the life.

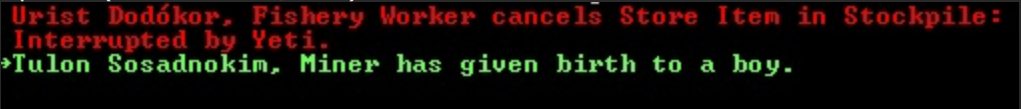
Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **June 10, 2015, 03:42:29 am**

A honeymoon with death, part 2 -- Summer

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Summer begins with a new round of inmates showing up on our doorstep, like clockwork. A baby is also born to a lucky and improbable couple, bringing our numbers to 31. slowly but surely, the engravers are smoothing some of the fancy rooms. The migrants can stay in the barracks, while I slowly move the older members of the community to the cool rooms. The more ancient and important a dwarf is, the more gem clusters he gets in his room.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



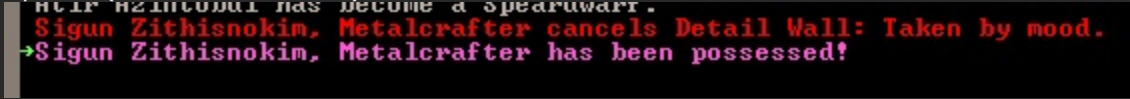
On the side, I've ordered a new batch of mechanisms, and a fresh lever to be built. we'll need this bridge operational sooner or later. Drinks are also going down like crazy, so our plump helmets are being turned into booze. We have a second smelter, just in case we need a lot of metal bars fast, and I'm keeping our metalcrafter busy with some copper pots orders. they are somewhat heavy, but they'll do the trick better than our absolute lack of trees.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Speaking of trees, I'd like to get more, but we can hear some terrifying noises from the other side of the wall. A crocodile, no doubt. I may like my artefact bone bed very much, but I am not in a hurry of meeting such a creature right now. Trees will have to wait. I keep a few logs around in case someone else gets a strange mood, and order the rest turned into beds.

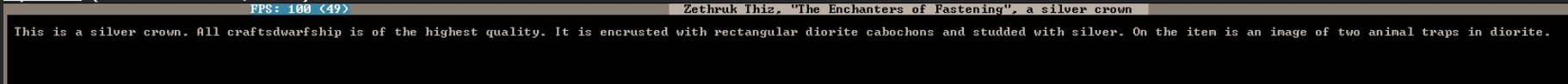
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Speaking of strange moods, the metalcrafter is not coming up with new copper pots this week. Investigating the problem reveals that he's locked himself in the forges, working on a secret project. As before, his vision is blurred and he respond to nothing but the dampening call of the forge, slowly weaving bands of silver into a crown whom he later calls The Enchanters of Fastening, a strange and creepy title. Once the artefact is complete, a somewhat smooth if boring piece of art, the metalcrafter remembers nothing of his experience, and learned nothing from it. *"Back to pots", I order, "people are starting to get sober here!"*

My main concern right now is storing all this stone we have. Ideally we could use a second layer of protection around the base, maybe an outer wall around the precipice or something. Before we can make blocks out of it, however, we'll need to store these boulders somewhere. The central stockpile is mostly full, so I order the area around the old sucky rooms expanded, revealing hematite and some spare room for boulders. The finished goods stockpile is also full, so people aren't grabbing the clothes from the deceased, which is a waste. Just put everything in one of my offices, and we'll sort things out once we start making a few copper bins.

The summer goes by rather fast, with a surprisingly high amount of migrants being trained in stone detailing. Those who aren't hauling stones and emptying the future rooms are smoothing them. Then just as autumn is about to peak it,s nose (according to the calendar, definitely not from the weather itself), something dreadful happens.


[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



No, I'm not talking about the yeti currently roaming the barracks, altho seriously guys try to be more attentive to outside threats maybe. We seriously need to wire the bridge to this new lever now that its complete, and so are the new mechanisms.

No, what I'm talking about is much worse.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The enemy have come and are laying siege to the fortress.

Press **Enter** to close window

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Citizens <31>	Pets/Livestock <25>	Others <8>	Dead/Missing <23>
Epxa Workedferry's corpse			
Yeti			
Manera			
Magma Crab			
Magma Crab			
Magma Crab			
Magma Crab			

The undead, animated corpse of a human is spotted on the glacier, waltzing about, aimless at first. It seems to be alone, initially...

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Datan Zaledoltar, Dwarf Farmer necromancer	Hostile
èrith Likotnikuz, Dwarf necromancer	Hostile
Manera	Wild Anim
Magma Crab	Wild Anim
Magma Crab	Wild Anim
Magma Crab	Wild Anim
Magma Crab	Wild Anim
Magma Crab	Wild Anim

Then after it come a duo of dwarven necromancer, lurking on the edge of the fortress and approaching the fortress in a sneaky fashion. We'll need everyone back inside as soon as poss...

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



OH NOW YOU DECIDE TO PULL THIS FUCKING LEVER?!?

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **June 10, 2015, 02:51:17 pm**

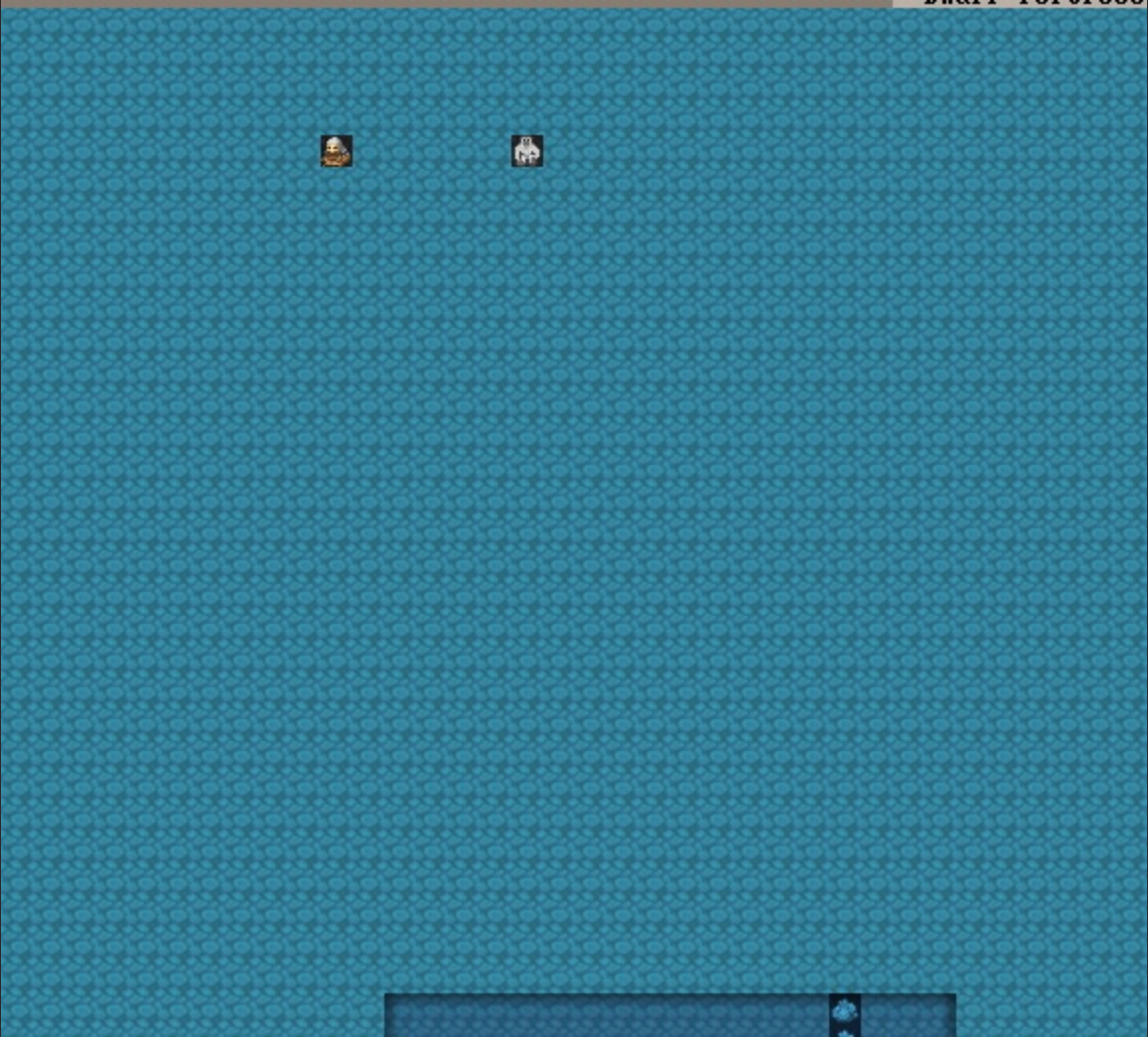
A honeymoon with death, part 3 -- Autumn

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Most of the soldiers are trapped outside, alongside a group of undead. The new lever is designated for another pull, and I make sure to record its intended use with the "N"otes.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

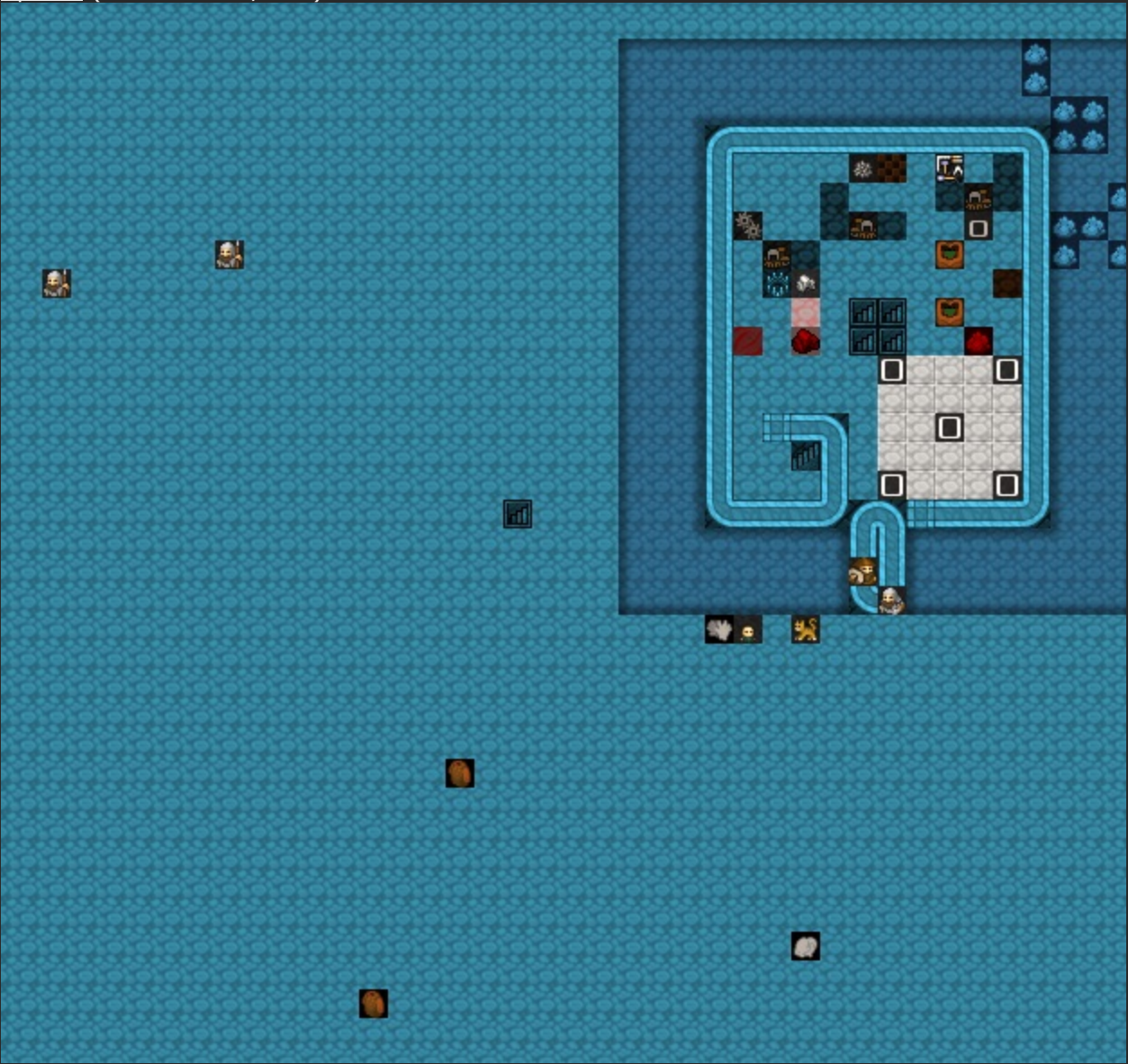


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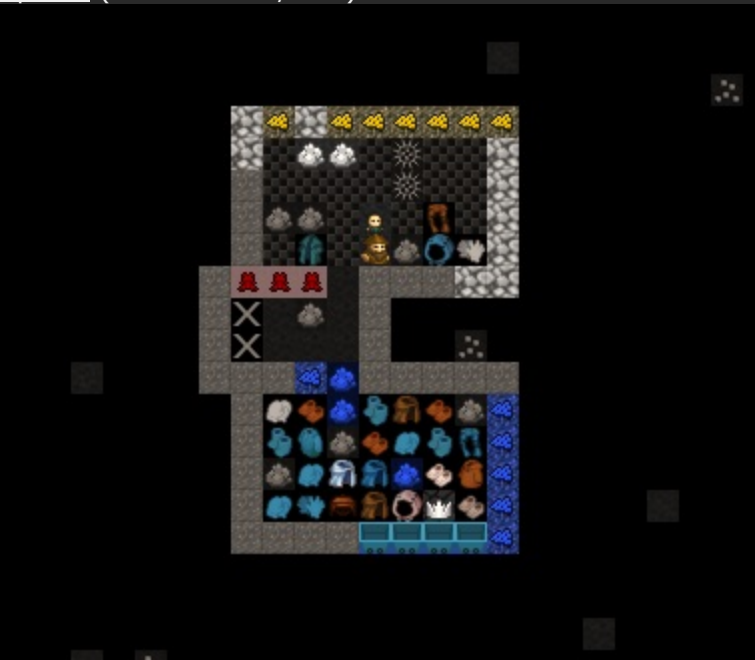


Surprisingly, the necromancers do not stay long, and soon enough they vanish... Were they simply passing by, or did they come to scout our defences? Not long after they depart, another yeti sprints by, and the guys just go after him for more steak. Which is a bit of a waste, since we can't get the carcass inside as of yet. Not until *someone activate the fucking lever*. The soldiers just give up and fall asleep on the glacier, waiting for the problem to solve itself. More yetis, more fights, everyone agrees that the white beasts are not as terrifying as their size would imply. More often than not, they simply try to run away, obviously scared of us. I think we are the bad guys in this story. Which, I suppose, makes sence considering our reason for being here...

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The drawbridge is finally raised, and everyone rushes outside to grab some meat and clothes. At this point, both my future offices have been converted to stockpiles for finished goods and clothing. Making barrels out of copper is acceptable, because the alternative is not having booze. The weight, however, means that either rock or metal bins are counter-productive. It's just simpler in the long run to dig large stockpiles, rather than have everyone spend a year carrying a metal crate whenever we need to store a pair of trousers.

A month goes on without too much issue. People are still hauling boulders and digging rooms, or smoothing them. A rare few are trying to set up a metalsmithing business. We've ran out of copper, so I asked for more tetrahedrite to be mined, foolishly disregarding the real problem: we aren't smelting it as fast as we are producing it. Good news is, we have two dozen iron bars now. Running out of copper means I've ordered a few rock pots as well, even if they kinda suck in terms of weight. Gotta keep those drinks flowing.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

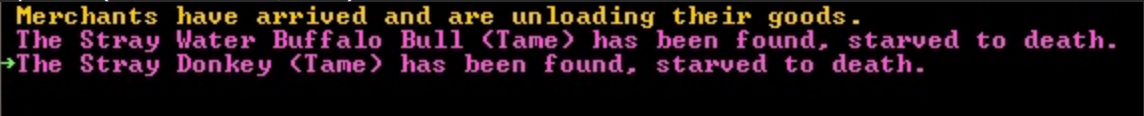


Spoiler (click to show/hide)



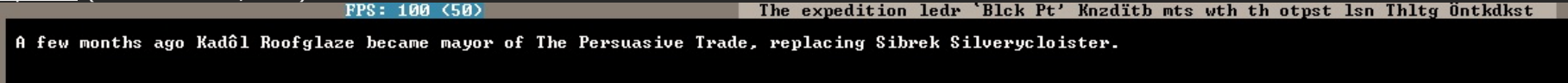
Thankfully, a few merchants have pity on us and drop by, eager to trade our hard-earned riches for basic substenance. Black Pat trades musical instrument, metal cages and precious gems for barely enough fruits to keep going. Our drink stockpile hovers around 20 at all time since the new migrants moved in, and this is very dangerous when you consider we don't have water. The merchants seem pretty happy with the trade. no shit, they traded a bunch of gems as big as my fist for an unpacked handful of cranberries we'll have to brew ourselves. I ask that we get a few logs in as well, because our current supplies are really low and we aren't getting more of it soon, not with crocodiles. someone spotted a swarm of fire imps down in the magma lake as well, so I hope whoemever designed the forge made a good job...

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



A few migrants brought pets with them, and now most of the grazers have died horribly, a slow and starving fate. It's no matter. I feel the hammerer from the capital made sur to send the most sickly and ill animals he could find, to get rid of them alongside us.It's unlikely they'd waste quality animals on the lot of us.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The traders also try to discuss politics with our expedition leader. Black Pat simply laughs at them. "Do you really believe I care about who's running what, after you sent me here with no chance of going back?" With that awkward discussion, the merchants jump back on their donkey and depart, wishing us luck in surviving the winter. Fool, every season here is winter. Quick, someone brew me an mug of cranberry wine, I need to forget about being here...

A honeymoon with death, part 4 -- Winter

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



I'm sick of plump helmet. I'm sick of cranberry wine. I'm sick of uncooked yeti meat. At this point, it is safe to say that everyone here is. Bring this carcass inside, and lock the door. Now that the merchants are gone, I doubt we'll need to grab more yetis anytime soon. Our food stockpile is basically a bunch of yeti limbs sticking out of a pile of barrels.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Work Orders	Left	Validated
Construct copper Bin	3/3	✓
Construct rock Door	6/10	✓
Forge copper Pot	5/5	✓
Make leather armor	6/6	✗
Make leather leggings	6/6	✗
Make leather helm	6/6	✗
Make leather low boot	6/6	✗
Make leather glove	6/6	✗

I ask a bunch of copper bins, but the production is too slow to accomodate. We'll have to retrofit some of the stockpiles Black Pat designed into something else. Spoiler alert, I doubt we'll need a full section of the base dedicated to caged animals. The only animals we have are yeti, and they can only be butchered, not tamed. that being said, we have a bit of leather lying around, so I place a work order for some leather suits. Then I point at a peasant and announces that he is now a designated leatherworker. then I tell him to build a leather workshop from scratch and start churning out leggings.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



While an unlucky fellow complains that he's good at killing things and not stich them back together, I choose to ignroe him and focus on my beautiful bedrooms. Most of the older members of the ffort (And obviously myself) have been hosted, but they lack doors. I order a

few rock doors, and more beds, using the supply we got from the traders. And some barrels while I'm at it. If we make furnitures we can't make pots, and if we don't make rock pots I'll grow sober and die from depression. No matter how awesome my gem cluster bedroom can be, it will never be nough to hide the fact that i now live in a cold, desertic outpost carved out of ice, surrounded by yetis, werebeasts and undeads, with nothing to eat but the same old pieces of meat.

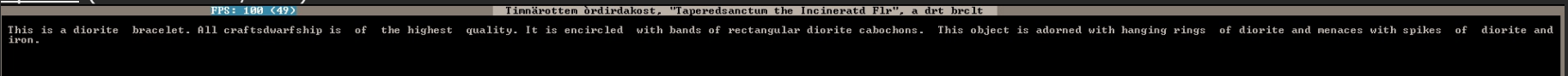
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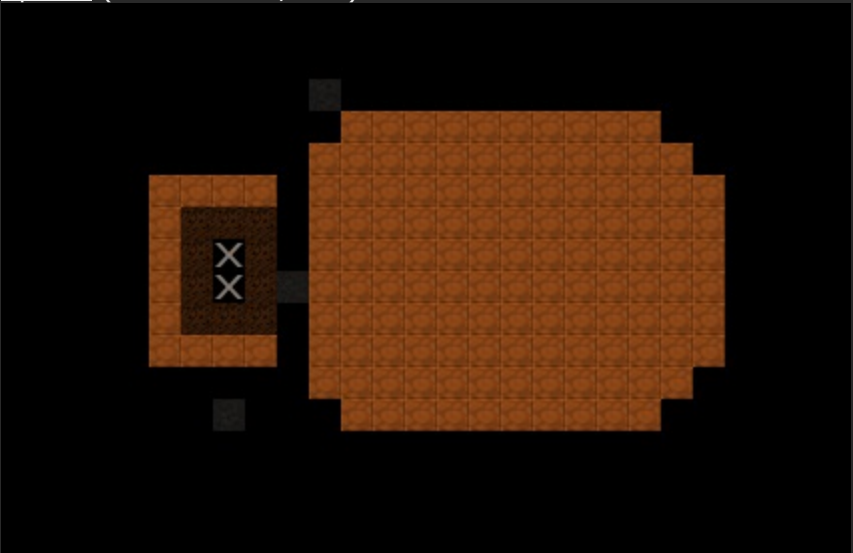


Spoiler (click to show/hide)



you can tell I'm not the only one going nuts here. Another child is apparently possessed, grabbing random items from the piles and working on something of his own. a bracelet, a fucking shitty bracelet. The kid learned nothing from crafting at all. I'm not sure how I feel about being in a jail colony with creepy murderous children regularly taken over by malevolent spirits. This is the third possession this year. Couple that with necromancers and a weremammoth, and it becomes obvious that this place is haunted. I decide to spend the rest of the week lying in my awesome artefact bed. I love you, crocodile bone bed!

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



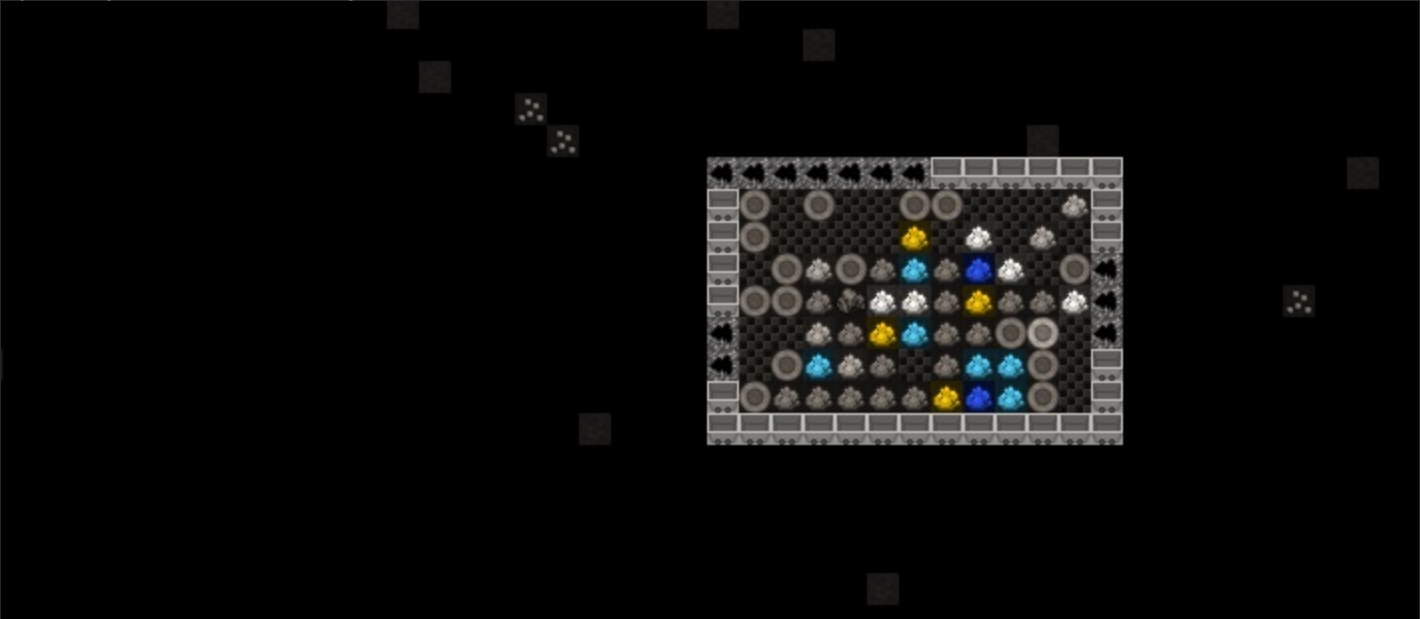
For a brief moment, I envision the plans for a new cooler dinning hall. Then i realize everyone is too busy hauling rocks to work on it, so I give up. I'll leave the plans lying around, if someone wants to use it later. just put two horizontal rows of tables, surrounded by chairs on top and bottom, and we can fit the entire colony in there. I'm just sick of sharing my office with dogs and children.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Oh, you think I'm kidding when I mention stone hauling? Look at this. Look at what we have, and look at how much is still lying around unhailed. I've set a mason workshop nearby, as well as a jeweler, if we want to grab some fruits next year. The caravans come once a year in autumn, and they usually carry very little, since it's essentially two dudes on a donkey with no wagons. The good news is that by expabnding the stockpiles, we've discovered many gems, as well as hematite and bitumous coal. Black Pat is right, even without that adamantine vein we may be the richest prisoners in the known multiverse.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



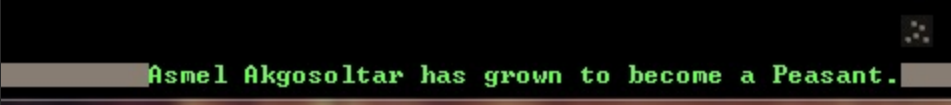
Tetrahedrite is also on the menu. Here's to more ore, and a bit of additional storing capacity...

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

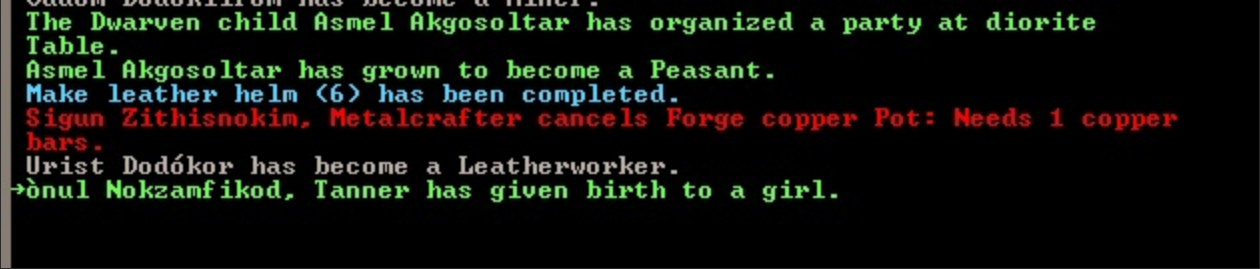
Make rock Pot	6/12	✓
Make leather low boot	5/6	✓
Make leather glove	6/6	✓
Make leather armor	6/6	✓
Make leather leggings	5/6	✓
Brew drink from plant	8/15	✓
Forge copper Pot	2/2	✓
Construct rock Cabinet	10/10	✗
Construct rock Table	10/10	✗
Construct rock Throne	10/10	✗

I'm ordering a bunch of furniture, both to make the bedrooms feel less empty, and to put some of that stone to use.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



On the following week, something actually important and positive happens. a young girl turns 12, and is now of legal age. she organises a party in the dinning hall, and during that party someone gives birth to a child. People, you are supposed to get pregnant at parties, not

deliver. Oh well.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Food Stores: 1518			
Meat	582	Seeds	207
Fish	32	Drink	92
Plant	237	Other	368

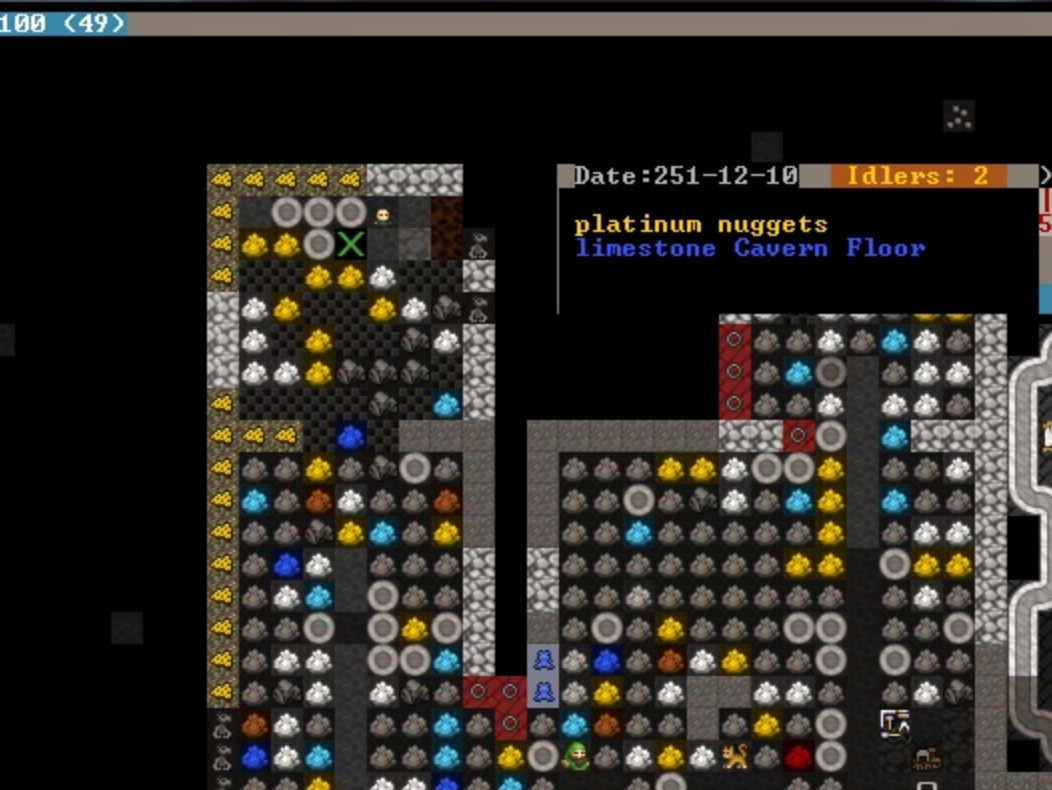
With the combination of barrels, rock pots and copper pots, our workers are able to combine their efforts and provide us with a safe amount of drinks for the time being.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Oddom Dodókilrom has become a Brewer.
Urist Dodókor, Leatherworker cancels Make leather low boot: Needs tanned
hide.
Urist Dodókor, Leatherworker cancels Make leather glove: Needs tanned
hide.
Urist Dodókor, Leatherworker cancels Make leather armor: Needs tanned
hide.
Urist Dodókor, Leatherworker cancels Make leather low boot: Needs tanned
hide.
Urist Dodókor, Leatherworker cancels Make leather armor: Needs tanned
hide.
Urist Dodókor, Leatherworker cancels Make leather glove: Needs tanned
hide.
Urist Dodókor, Leatherworker cancels Make leather low boot: Needs tanned
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hide.
Urist Dodókor, Leatherworker cancels Make leather glove: Needs tanned
hide.
→Urist Dodókor, Leatherworker cancels Make leather glove: Needs tanned
hide.

However, despite having all this meat, we seem to be curiously low on leather hides. I think i know why. I made a designated tanner and a designated butcher, but apparently one of them suffered a sever case of the monstrous mammoth, and nobody took his place. I use one of the migrants to solve the problems, strongly emphasising that he is to tan hides and nothing else (Except furniture hauling maybe)

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



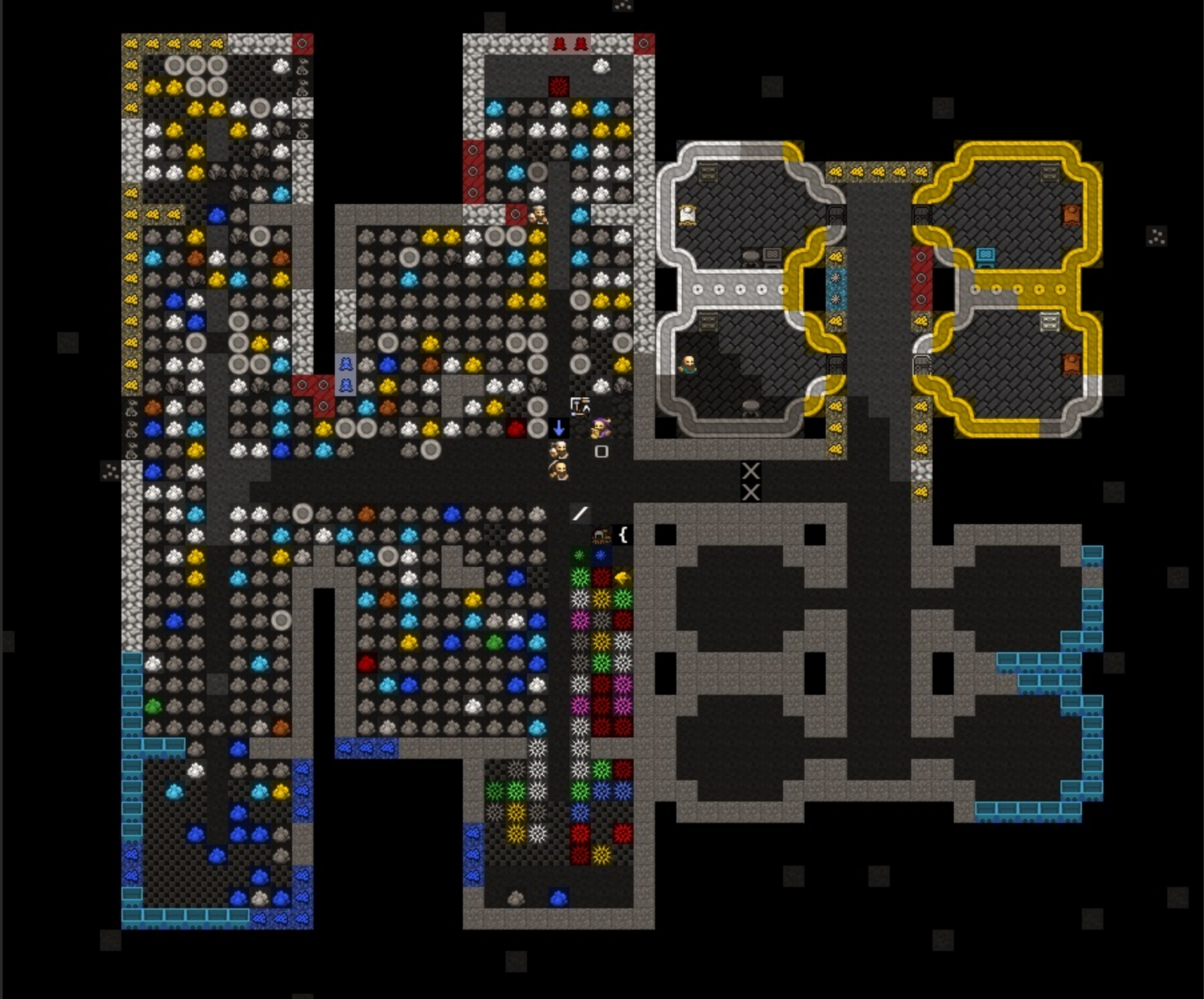
This place keeps getting richer and richer. We've located a native platinum vein in the wall, so I've ordered the stone storage to be expanded one last time.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



With that, winter is finally over, and a new year in this hellhole is ready to begin. I'm told that my room finally has some decent basic furniture, so I'll simply abandon the dinning crappy hall and work from home. If anyone needs me, I'll be here filling work orders and admiring my awesome bed, leaving the room as little as possible. My bedroom projects are mostly complete, so I feel my leadership role has overstayed its welcome. Before I give up on sightseeing this horrible place on a daily basis, let's take a look at what I've changed in this place...

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



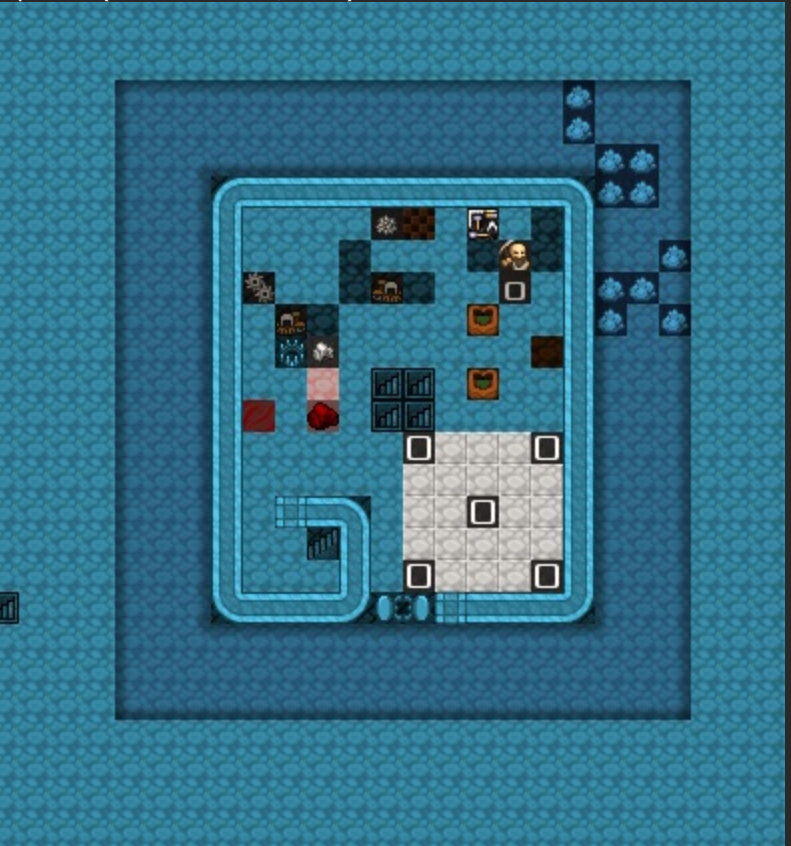
The biggest change is probably this floor, now filled with storage and a bunch of bedrooms. Some of them have furniture, some of them are waiting for them to be placed, a few simply lack smoothing. beds are in the stockpile, and about 7 adult dwarves still need a place to live. Smoothing the remaining rooms should cover that, assuming the remaining dwarves are ready to spoon and create one or two couples.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



More awesome rooms, mine is on the bottom right, Black Pat lives on the top left.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The surface now sports a butcher and tanner station, and the ice bridge is currently non-broken. Lever is a few levels back, where the stairs become ramps.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



the main area hasn't changed much. A few less animal piles, a few more furniture space, I added a kitchen and a farmer workshop, if someone wants to get creative and improve our menu. Wood is now stored here, instead of on hell's doorstep.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Those were meant to be offices, but were quickly turned into storage. maybe someone will want to convert them back, or add a bigger industry here.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Hamlet Ushilkegeth, "Icehold" FPS: 100 <50>									
Animals Kitchen Stone Stocks Justice									
Created Wealth:	116691*		Population:	32					
Weapons:	170*		Miners		3	Axedwarves		None	
Armor and Garb:	1330*		Woodworkers		1	Axe Lords		None	
Furniture:	16500*		Stoneworkers		2	Swordsdwarves		None	
Other Objects:	59604*		Rangers		1	Swordmasters		None	
Architecture:	22105*		Metalsmiths		1	Macedwarves		2	
Displayed:	16758*		Jewelers		None	Mace Lords		None	
Held/Worn:	224*		Craftsdwarves		1	Hammerdwarves		None	
Imported Wealth:	41868*		Nobles/Admins		2	Hammer Lords		None	
Exported Wealth:	60*		Peasants		1	Speardwarves		3	
Food Stores:	1759		Dwarven Childrn		8	Spearmasters		None	
Meat	619	Seeds	Fishery Workers		None	Marksdwarves		None	
Fish	31	Drink	Farmers		7	Elite Mrksdwrvs		None	
Plant	234	Other	Engineers		None	Wrestlers		None	
			Trained Animals	A	None	Elite Wrestlers		None	
			Other Animals	A	32	Recruit/Others		None	

And that's my final report for this year. there are 32 of us living here, the forges are running slowly but surely, and we should have enough iron to produce a few pieces of gear should one desire. apart from that, the food stores are satisfying, especially food, if you don't enjoy variety at all, ever. Most of the workforce spent the last two seasons hauling rocks to tidy up the place, but that's mostly over, so people are now free to start a new project should anyone be up for that. The migrants from the recent waves have no real jobs, since i needed haulers anyway. Feel free to reorganise the population as you see fit.

* * * * *

Here is the save: <http://dffd.bay12games.com/file.php?id=10921> (<http://dffd.bay12games.com/file.php?id=10921>)

Sign me up for another turn. And don't fucking kill Honeymoon please.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **uber pye** on **June 10, 2015, 04:40:26 pm**

sign me up for overseer and dwarf me as the most interesting child (overseer's discretion as to what interesting means)

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Gojira1000** on **June 10, 2015, 05:03:16 pm**

Well done - given the neighbors that went **surprisingly** well. Other than the stealth weremammoth, I mean . Neblime has been messaged and is up, Uber has been added to the conviction list, Taupe is back in the queue after an enthralling year and I even signed up for a spot because Prison Can Be Fun!

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **neblime** on **June 10, 2015, 06:08:25 pm**

ok I guess I'm up, last exam is tomorrow so after that I have no excuse!

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **June 11, 2015, 02:38:48 pm**

Apparently stone is WAY less heavy than like, copper?

Oups...

At least our bins and barrels will be funky and cool. Kegs made of copper are basically just giant coins filled with booze. I propose that the copper keg become the official currency of Icehold. All in favor, get drunk.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Nidilap** on **June 11, 2015, 02:52:17 pm**

im so sorry guys. I should've gotten here earlier, but I am doing Summer School, and I didn't have time this week to do it. Please skip me and I'll fortify myself for the next turn. I am so sorry, once again.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Gojira1000** on **June 11, 2015, 02:54:19 pm**

It's not a problem, Nidilap, life does intrude. I just slid you down the chart and you're still in the queue.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **June 11, 2015, 03:45:03 pm**

Quote
im so sorry guys. I should've gotten here earlier, but I am doing Summer School, and I didn't have time this week to do it. Please skip me and I'll fortify myself for the next turn.
I am so sorry, once again.

You don't have to feel too sorry, those things happen in community forts. If this can be of any indication to you or future players, this is a 1x1 map in a glacier, with minimal population cap, and basically no items as of yet. It runs at a hundred fps so far. I once went to grab a popcycle in the basement and a month had gone by. Turns aren't too long to take, so a dedicated player could go through a whole turn in a small eveningm, making it possible to take a turn even if you are semi-busy during the week.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Salmeuk** on **June 11, 2015, 05:03:50 pm**

Quote from: Nidilap on June 11, 2015, 02:52:17 pm
im so sorry guys. I should've gotten here earlier, but I am doing Summer School, and I didn't have time this week to do it. Please skip me and I'll fortify myself for the next turn. I am so sorry, once again.

Not a problem, it happens!

Quote from: Taupe on June 11, 2015, 03:45:03 pm
You don't have to feel too sorry, those things happen in community forts. If this can be of any indication to you or future players, this is a 1x1 map in a glacier, with minimal population cap, and basically no items as of yet. It runs at a hundred fps so far. I once went to grab a popcycle in the basement and a month had gone by. Turns aren't too long to take, so a dedicated player could go through a whole turn in a small eveningm, making it possible to take a turn even if you are semi-busy during the week.

This fort is so young and energetic that I wouldn't be surprised if Nidilap was still busy by the time his turn rolls around again.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Immortal-D** on **June 11, 2015, 10:19:31 pm**

STEALTH WEREMAMMOTHS!! :o *huddles in a corner, crying*

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **June 11, 2015, 10:32:18 pm**

This may be the first community fort where I don't get two dead narrators before the end of the year. I will call this a brilliant success!

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **neblime** on **June 12, 2015, 06:29:27 am**

ok what tileset is this in :S

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Salmeuk** on **June 12, 2015, 07:00:03 am**

Quote from: neblime on June 12, 2015, 06:29:27 am
ok what tileset is this in :S

If you want to use ASCII, you should delete the raws that came with the save and replace them with raws from a fresh copy of DF. I'm not sure about the tileset, sorry.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Gojira1000** on **June 12, 2015, 09:00:59 am**

Quote from: Salmeuk on June 12, 2015, 07:00:03 am
Quote from: neblime on June 12, 2015, 06:29:27 am
ok what tileset is this in :S
If you want to use ASCII, you should delete the raws that came with the save and replace them with raws from a fresh copy of DF. I'm not sure about the tileset, sorry.

Ah, it's Ironhand. I need to note that in the preamble - but use whatever you like, including ascii

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **June 12, 2015, 09:27:54 am**

perspnally i used the default one for the starter pack. phoebus

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **neblime** on **June 13, 2015, 01:49:06 am**

Quote from: Gojira1000 on June 12, 2015, 09:00:59 am
Ah, it's Ironhand. I need to note that in the preamble - but use whatever you like, including ascii
I do prefer ascii but if I do that all the symbols are messed up
I don't mind using ironhand w/e

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Salmeuk** on **June 13, 2015, 04:35:39 am**


Quote from: neblime on June 13, 2015, 01:49:06 am
Quote from: Gojira1000 on June 12, 2015, 09:00:59 am
Ah, it's Ironhand. I need to note that in the preamble - but use whatever you like, including ascii
I do prefer ascii but if I do that all the symbols are messed up
I don't mind using ironhand w/e

The symbols are messed up because the save folder you have downloaded contains raws modified for use with the ironhand tileset. An easy fix for this is to delete the folder named 'raw' from the downloaded save, and replace it with a copied 'raw' folder from the main DF directory.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **neblime** on **June 13, 2015, 06:13:21 am**

He seemed to be very proud of it so I pretended to be impressed, but was interrupted by a brief scream and then a splash. this is what happens when I get distracted for a single moment!

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



Apparently one of our soldiers had scaled the wall out to the caverns proper for some reason, and was dragged down into the water and killed by a giant olm that seems to be nowhere to be seen now.

Two dwarves arrived the next day however, sent from the mountainhomes for whatever unspecified crimes, so I'm not worried about keeping the numbers up.

as long as we're all careful (**and don't scale walls and go fight cave monsters**)

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Swords-Otter** on **June 14, 2015, 10:14:14 pm**

In the dining hall a crowd of dwarves are silently talking amongst themselves as they eat their meals unaware of a lone dwarf standing at one end of the room waiting for the rest to take notice. After waiting for a good few minutes he clears his throat loudly but still no one notices the lone dwarf then in a quiet voice he says "ehem excuse me....." still no one notices louder this time "Excuse me!!" the noise in the room suddenly vanishes as every eye fixes on the dwarf. he says in a confident tone "well I'm glad as a button to have gotten your attention. I would just like to introduce myself I am Lord Lubbie and I volunteered to come here to" suddenly the entire room burst into laughter cutting the dwarf off. He waits patiently quietly laughing along with the rest. as soon as the laughter dies down he continues "Well I'm certainly glad you all are so happy at this I would just like to tell you that I plan on....."

he proceeds to go on and on about true virtue and making the fort into a fort of redemption. Meanwhile all the other dwarves look around confusedly at one another trying to understand why he was still talking on after the joke was over. then it dawns upon them one by one that it was not a joke and that this dwarf really was a lunatic

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Immortal-D** on **June 15, 2015, 06:03:52 pm**

I like where this is headed. Please Dorf me as a Marksdwarf, once a suitable candidate is available.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Pearofclubs** on **June 15, 2015, 10:30:40 pm**

[Quote from: Immortal-D on June 15, 2015, 06:03:52 pm](#)

I like where this is headed. Please Dorf me as a Marksdwarf, once a suitable candidate is available.

What's not to like? In this fort, it was a genuine achievement that only one dorf died in the first turn!

Gonna be a whole lot of fun :P

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Gojira1000** on **June 17, 2015, 09:01:43 am**

I'll be impressed if we survive the inescapable zombie apocalypse.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 17, 2015, 11:14:51 am**

Covering the overworld with lava would get rid of the zombie apocalypse, though I guess that'd have its own set of problems.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **June 17, 2015, 03:00:17 pm**

mainly it would flood the base, with said base.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **neblime** on **June 17, 2015, 07:00:13 pm**

that magma plan sounds good..
next part should be up in a day or so I hope

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Salmeuk** on **June 17, 2015, 10:13:37 pm**

[Quote from: Taupe on June 17, 2015, 03:00:17 pm](#)

mainly it would flood the base, with said base.

If you filled the ice walls with magma, you might instead recreate the entire base out of obsidian.

Neither result bodes particularly well for the dwarfs.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **June 17, 2015, 10:37:55 pm**

Actually, once my current fortress finnally dies, I'm planing a new project where the end goal is to obsidian-cast an entire castle, so it can be outside AND engraved.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 18, 2015, 06:59:45 am**

Wouldn't that still be inside, just light instead of dark?

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **June 18, 2015, 10:47:32 am**

more like "surface" instead of dug into the earth

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Salmeuk** on **June 18, 2015, 05:17:50 pm**

Quote from: Taupe on June 17, 2015, 10:37:55 pm

Actually, once my current fortress finnally dies, I'm planing a new project where the end goal is to obsidian-cast an entire castle, so it can be outside AND engraved.

yet another thing I could post to "shameful admissions" . . . obsidian casting in general. I always seem to be busy with less industrial meanderings.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Nidilap** on **June 18, 2015, 05:59:26 pm**

Say, can I start writing my Dwarf's "Before entering the Fort" story? I think we all should!

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Gojira1000** on **June 19, 2015, 06:20:31 pm**

Oh that's an excellent idea, do it!

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **neblime** on **June 19, 2015, 08:26:00 pm**

Just posting to let everyone know I am still alive and playing this, just had less time than I thought

Quote from: Nidilap on June 18, 2015, 05:59:26 pm

Say, can I start writing my Dwarf's "Before entering the Fort" story? I think we all should!

sounds great

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Nidilap** on **June 19, 2015, 09:05:51 pm**

"Head up, prisoner! What are you, a kobold to skulk so?!"

I hate greasy prison gaurds.

Worse even are prison gaurds who don't even gaurd the fuckin' prison.

It's been several days since we've departed from the capital. Nearing a week, even.
I've been told we'd be there in a day or two, and I wonder what's at the Ice Station...
Would it be some concentration camp for the scum of society... Or would it be some suicide pit thinly veiled as a "Service for the Mountainhomes". I grow pensive for my fate.

But it was inevitable.

About a month ago...

"You done yet, Nidi?"

"Shut up, Zaneg! We'll be caught if you don't keep your voice down." I whispered whilst I fiddled with a lock. I've been working at that ruddy lock for about a half a minute, way too long for my liking. I would've dashed by then, but Zaneg kept nagging about some really shiny, valuable stuff. Apparently it contained some masterworks... Gems, weapons, toy hammers... Things that I'd get good pay for. And man did I need that pay.

"There! It's open. Let's get our fill, and get out of here."

"Oh Lovely. Lovely, lovely."

Suddenly, I felt a sharp pain in my side, I looked to my right, and saw Zaneg's knuckles rubbing in my bleeding haunch. I elbowed him and yanked the hilt as hard as I could. the dagger was lodged firmly in me, and I couldn't get it out. I remember yelping at Zaneg as he writhed around with a broken nose. Bloody hell, I'm stronger than I thought... Suddenly, I was overcome with rage. That bastard had bullied me since we were young 'uns, and he was the one who got me into my recent predicaments. I struck him again, and again, and again, and again, my yelps turned into roars of madness. The one thing that stopped me from bashing at what was left of his head was my lightheadedness. I fell to my left side, and saw more blood than I would've liked to see out of me.

The next time I was awake, I was in the hospital, with a massive dagger on a counter next to my bed. The doctor said that the dagger pierced me so deep, it went from one side of my liver to the opposite. He made the comment that had I been an elf, I'd been split in half. I remembered laughing. Maybe I was crying, I couldn't remember. Several gaurds entered my room, and began to question me. They told me that breking and entering into the Monarch's personal room is punishable by death. What Plump Helmet, that Zaneg. He tried to rob the King's trove.

I knew his plan was too good to be true. But now was my time to get revenge on that Goblin Snatchee.

I made the story seem like I was just passing by the area when I saw Zaneg trying to rob the trove, and tried to stop him. It would've worked, had they not have the sensitive bits of evidence such as my extra lockpicks, my bag, and the lack of an alibi. So I did what I would've never wanted to do. i got help from the Dwarf Mob again.

"Listen, kiddo. I like you. i really do. But why would I help you out, if you didn't help me?"

"Ritul, please. If I don't get let free, or at least get some sort of lighter sentence, I'll get the hammer. Then you'd be in a deficit."

"I get ya baby. I get ya. But how would I know that I wouldn't be in a deficit letting you live?"

I was quiet. I didn't want to work for the mob. If I got caught again, I'd be hammered on the spot. He said he had an idea, and he would "Take care of the situation".

"C'MON, PRISONER! KEEP YOUR HEAD UP, BEFORE I BASH IT IN!"

I fucking hate my life.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Salmeuk** on **June 21, 2015, 05:36:49 am**

How's the turn coming, neblime? Things progressing nicely or has this prison gotten you. . . locked. . .up?

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
jesus, no, worst pun of my life, regret

- - -
(best to read Nidilap's post above first)

Me, dead? Where did you hear that? Ha, I should be, after what Nidi did. . .

A dagger through the ribs ought to stop a dwarf, right? I'm of the opinion that a half-foot wedge of steel suddenly bisecting your average dwarf's liver should at least cause a moment of hesitation for that liver's owner, much less pain or death, and I think most dwarfs would agree (Mind you that I don't really know that many dwarfs and the ones that I do know tend to have shorter than average lifespans, for reasons I haven't yet grasped).

Not Nidi, though. He just turned to me, something broken in his eyes. For a moment we just stared, as blood blossomed from his wound and folded over my shaking hand. Then it was over, then he hit me, I went down, and before I could collect myself he was punching, punching, punching. It felt like he was punching *inside* me, and then I remember nothing.

What? You're wondering how we got to the kings room? Well of course there's a way past the badger maze! How else would we end up at the trove? What?! Why would I share the route with a maggot like yourself, a thief so pitiful he's lucky to swipe rotten apple skins from the swine troughs? No, no, I'm just saying what I need to say and you're lucky to be audience.

Some weeks later I awoke to my tombstone being carved. As in I opened my eyes and saw a poor approximation of my face staring back at me, over the shoulder of some robed crafts dwarf. Apparently no one could identify me, and since they were planning to execute me if I never woke up they decided to have my likeness carved upon a slab. How thoughtful of them! Now that I was awake, however, I was quickly brought before the King's General himself.

He demanded a thorough explanation of my motives, my financiers, and (most importantly) how I managed to slip past those damned badgers. I considered not telling him for a moment, but quickly realized that I wasn't going to live for very long anyways and said hell with it. I dove right in to a detailed explanation of my intent to steal the legendary gem, Golem's Eye, from right under the kings nose. I spent time, at great length, describing the various partners who helped me plan and equip for the heist - including a short biography of Nidilap, considering that I had known that dwarf for quite some time. I also drew a sketch of the route we followed through the hedges, past the ravenous striped beasts known to render small mammals into a paste-like substance in the blink (squish?) of an eye, (the aforementioned badgers) and finally up the smoothed, limestone walls and into th -

NO, I already said I wouldn't tell you the route! . . . WHAT?! That's the most absurd, illogical, shit-brained argument I've heard since this story happened! This story doesn't even have a 'narrative timeline', so how could me not sharing the route disrupt it? I don't care if you minored in English, or that "you really know this stuff", that's completely irrelevant because *I don't fucking care*. Look, I'm done talking to you.

Oh, you really want to know how the story ends? FUCK YOU! WE'RE BOTH SITTING ON A DONKEY CART DESTINED FOR THE WORST PRISON ON THIS PLANET, HOW DO YOU THINK THE STORY ENDS?

And so Zaneg traveled.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **June 21, 2015, 09:02:49 am**

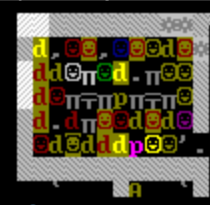
Disclaimer Zaneg was esten by a weremammoth...

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **neblime** on **June 22, 2015, 12:38:14 am**

Summer

one of the farmers (of which we have very many for how many farms there are) decided to throw a party in the dining room. I was already sitting there having a drink and i noticed that between all the other dwarves, the countless puppies and the dogshit there was hardly room to breathe in here

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

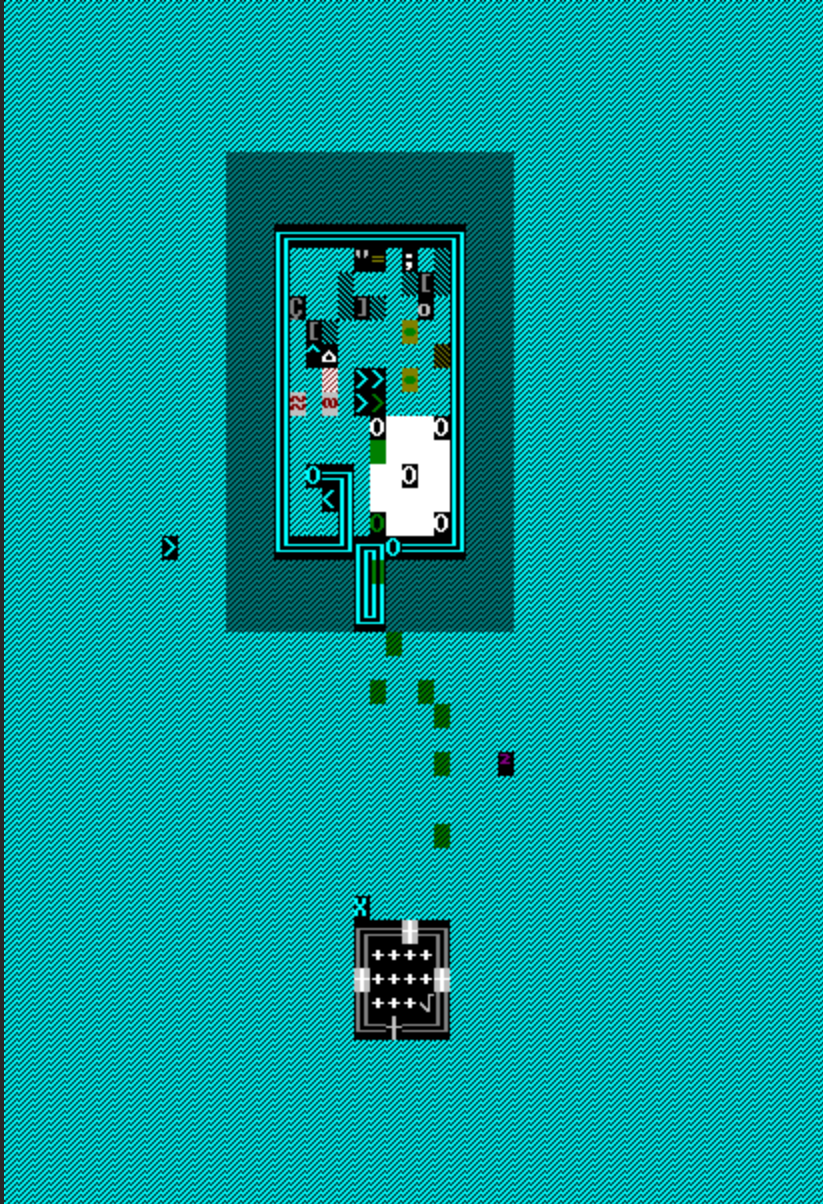


The Planter Asmel Libadtobul has organized a party at diorite Table.

Babies were crawling around in aforementioned dogshit and quite a few adult dwarves seemed happy to lie on the ground while conversing with others standing on top of them.

We needed a new dining room, that's for sure. I ordered a large area in the caverns to be enclosed and populated with tables and chairs.' meanwhile I decided our most ~~expendable~~ courageous soldiers need to be closer to the entrance of the fortress when enemies arrive, and we also need a shelter of some kind for any poor dwarf trapped outside after the bridge is raised. A small stone shack was constructed outside the walls.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



A yeti dared to come in sight of the walls, but was actually chased down and torn apart by unarmed peasants. Either the yetis around here aren't what they used to be or everyone around here is becoming hardened to this freezing shithole.

As I was supervising the hauling/butchering of it's frozen corpse a party of new inmates appeared at the horizon.

who else should be coming to stay except my father!

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 315654 (50) Shorast Nosingathel, 'Shorast Brushedring', Peasant

"I don't mind stirring things up."

He is married to Likot Orderclaps and has 4 children: Dunat Woundbowels, 'Nebline' Fishportal, Monuz Talkedboat and Kol Honoredglaze. He is the son of Kumil Catchcanyons and Besnar Toolportal.

He is a member of the State of Kings. He is a member of the Fanned House. He is a former member of The Complex Steel. He is a former member of The Heavy Bell. He arrived at Ushilegeth on the 25th of Menatite in the year 252.

He is thirty-four years old, born on the 9th of Malachite in the year 218.

He is average in size. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is braided. His long hair is neatly combed. His nose is sharply hooked. He has high cheekbones. His somewhat tall ears are somewhat narrow. His nose bridge is somewhat concave. His hair is light brown. His skin is raw umber. His eyes are bronze.

He is somewhat quick and

Shorast Nosingathel likes sylvite, bronze, red tourmaline, puffin leather, swan tooth, cabochons, figurines and loon men for their haunting call. When possible, he prefers to consume radish wine. He absolutely detests oysters.

He has great analytical abilities, an amazing memory, a great feel for the surrounding space and very good intuition, but he has a large deficit of willpower.

Like others in his culture, he holds dear friendship to be of the highest ideals and celebrates talented artisans and their masterworks, greatly prizes loyalty, values family greatly, sees friendship as one of the finer things in life, believes that honesty is a high ideal, greatly respects artists and their works, really respects those that take the time to master a skill, respects fair-dealing and fair-play, values cooperation, finds merrymaking and partying worthwhile activities, values martial prowess, values leisure time, respects commerce and finds nature somewhat disturbing. He personally sees working hard as a foolish waste of time and doesn't feel strongly about the law. He dreams of mastering a skill.

He is very slow to anger. He isn't particularly ambitious. He likes to brawl. He tends to think before acting. He often feels discouraged. He finds obligations confining, though he values the concept of loyalty and is troubled by his natural tendencies. He doesn't often feel envious of others. He doesn't mind a little tumult and discord in day-to-day living. He could be considered rude. When greeting others, he always smiles nervously. He scratches his head when he's thinking. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Male	Female	Wife
Keltilin	Kelchistim, Poacher	Eldest Son
Dunat	Oslanor	Eldest Daughter
Monuz	Masokogan	Youngest Daughter
Kol	Dugisthob, Dwarfen Child	Youngest Son
Kumil	Runtchul	Mother
Besnar	Lovistim	Father
Melbil	Atasthonrek	Maternal Grandmother
Kikrost	Houzardes	Maternal Grandfather
Doren	Erithabrac	Aunt
Stukos	Stukossonom	Aunt
Sibrek	Odomezol	Aunt
Rith	Rithlegeth	Uncle
Kosoth	Ingizedan	Uncle
Ushat	Bunlanair	Uncle
Zasit	Tinótheatten	Cousin

he never learned any skills other than hauling in his 34 years. Not impressed in the least that i'm sort of in charge here (although that's fair considering what this place is) or even surprised to see me he gave me some contemptuous remark about how he's not afraid to cause trouble if he doesn't get what he wants then headed out of the cold with the rest of them.

A fair way back in the group my mother also appeared.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 406698 (49) Likot Lotoldedók, "Likot Orderclaps", Fishery Worker

"One should always return a favor."

She is married to Shorast Brushedring and has 4 children: Dunat Woundbowels, 'Nehline' Fishportal, Monuz Talkedbeat and Kol Honoredglaze. She is the daughter of Donas Kinpaddle and Rith Snarlington. She is an ardent worshipper of Uesh.

She is a citizen of The Stake of Rings. She is a member of The Fenced Lane. She is a former member of The Heavy Bell. She arrived at Ushilkegeth on the 25th of Nenatite in the year 252.

She is thirty-nine years old, born on the 7th of Malachite in the year 213.

She is very fat. Her slightly close-set rust eyes have large irises. Her very long hair is tied in a pony tail. Her slightly flattened ears are very short. Her hair is flax. Her skin is raw unber.

She is slow to anger but very direct in her demands.

Likot Lotoldedók likes orthoclase, bronze, fortification agate, peach wood wood, giraffe leather, moose antler, salmon tooth, flax plant fiber fabric, animal traps and blue peafowls for their coloration. When possible, she prefers to consume gigantic tortoise and swamp whiskey. She absolutely detests blood gnats.

She has very good facial and hand coordination, a good sense and very bad intuition.

Like others in her culture, she holds craftsmanship to be of the highest ideals and celebrates talented artisans and their masterworks. She has a great deal of respect for the law, greatly prizes loyalty, values family greatly, sees Friendship as one of the finer things in life, believes that honesty is a high ideal, greatly respects artists and their works, really respects those that take the time to master a skill, respects fair-dealing and fair-play, values competence, efficiency and personal activities, values martial prowess, values leisure time, respects commerce and finds nature somewhat disturbing. She personally sees working hard as a foolish waste of time, sees perseverance in the face of adversity as bull-headed and foolish and prefers a noisy, bustling life to boring days without activity. She dreams of mastering a skill.

She finds a chaotic mess preferable to the boredom of harmonious living. She has a low sense of self-esteem. She is generally quite confident of her abilities when undertaking specific ventures. She is often cheerful. She is grateful when others help her out and tries to return favors. She often feels lustful. She finds obligations confining, though she is conflicted by this for more than one reason. She has a greedy streak. She could be considered rude. She isn't particularly curious about the world. She does not have a great aesthetic sensitivity, and she is conflicted by this as she values artwork and its creation. She needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

she had only aspired as far as a middling fishery worker, but ok whatever pays the bills mother. I asked why she and dad were here and all she could tell me was that after my arrest the guard had raided there room and *someone* must have planted a barrel of sunshine (which was illegal as the only source of it was the long since embargoed elves) in there, and so they were sent up here to rot. she told me important it is to always return a favour. Was she hinting that I owe her something? Because I really don't, only my poaching income kept her and my father in their own room for the last few years.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The caves are steadily becoing more developed. The new dining room is a hit and a constant stream of traffic flows between it and the workshops and bedrooms of the rest of the place.

Some kid stole one of our very rare logs and turned it into some dumb bracelet. I really wanted to have him hammered but my mother somehow dissuaded me, saying he was only a poor child, didnt know any better etc etc hopefully before the year is out I can get some practice with my crossbow. Bagging yetis for dinner would surely earn me some respect around here!

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 22, 2015, 03:34:13 am**

Can I take one of the military dwarves as mine? I forgot to ask for one earlier. Call them Oathbreaker.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **neblime** on **June 22, 2015, 08:12:06 am**

will do
hope they don't run off into the caves like the last guy

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Salmeuk** on **June 22, 2015, 09:18:00 am**

Quote from: neblime on June 22, 2015, 12:38:14 am

Summer
-snip-

Ha, your parents came! I'm liking the extra backstory you're sharing.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Gojira1000** on **June 22, 2015, 09:13:18 pm**

The worst family campout in history - Icehold

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **neblime** on **June 24, 2015, 12:29:10 am**

sorry things are going so slow
typically enough life intervenes :\ hopefully next season up tomorrow

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Salmeuk** on **June 25, 2015, 08:26:24 pm**

not to rush you Neblime, but if you could pass on the save before the 27th I would have a higher chance to finish playing on time (I'm moving apartments that day).

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **neblime** on **June 25, 2015, 10:15:34 pm**

Autumn + Winter

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

A vile force of darkness has arrived!

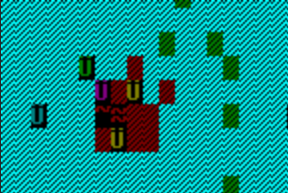
I expected goblins, and at first that's what I thought I saw
A band of unusually stunted and poorly dressed human bandits, sent by goblins I am sure, arrived to besiege us.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



A trivial raising of the bridge kept them at bay, and we kept watch from the tower.
Suddenly blood and limbs were flying to and fro, and screams filled my ears

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



the Werellama Tiquo Ngospstrepuv is fighting!
the Human Pikeman Smunstu Anasnodub is fighting!
the Human Pikeman Song Urarxun is fighting!
the Human Hammerman Olngö Osnorutes is fighting!
the Tiercel Peregrine is fighting!

it seems a werellama was trying to sneak in as these humans arrived, but decided the would be just as tasty.
In a fight that left several humans dead and a few crippled for life they finally managed to kill it.
the survivors seemed intent on continuing the siege and stayed for a few weeks

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

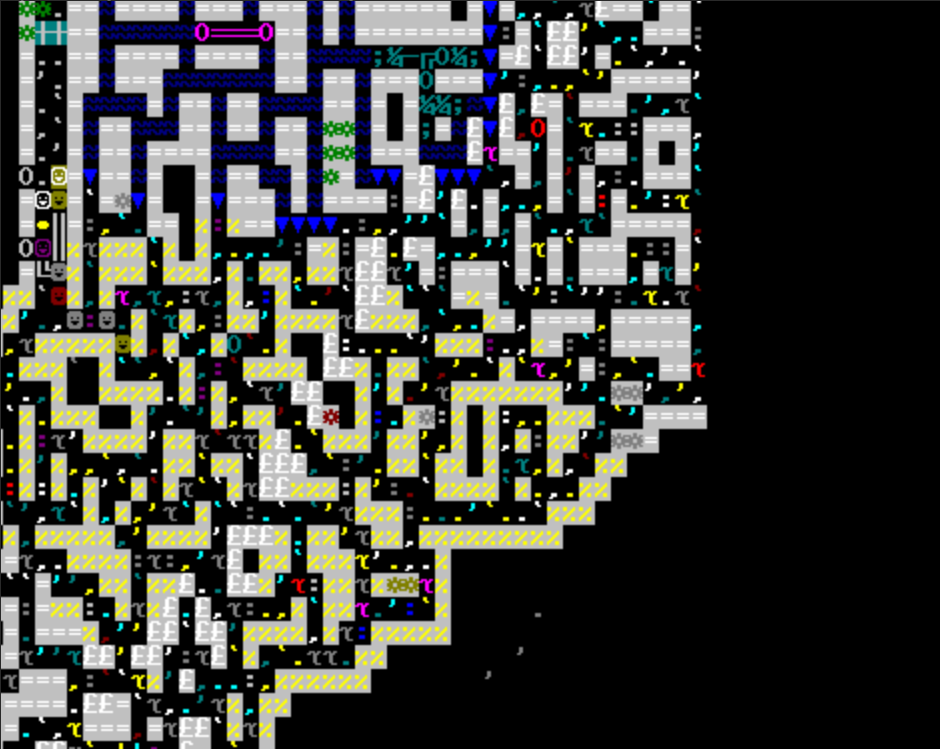


Smunstu Olngöspadngo, Human Maceman has transformed into a werellama!
Ngokang Oguronxo, Human Lasher has transformed into a werellama!

until half of them transformed, that cleared them out pretty quick.

The constant shortage of wood (and resulting shortage of beds) forces us to breach the as yet unsafe part of the caverns. I joined the freshly drafted troops as we opened the bridge and stepped out into the unknown

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



As if by reflex I turn and loose a bolt from my crossbow

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The flying {iron bolt} strikes The Crundle in the left lower leg, tearing the fat!
The {iron bolt} has lodged firmly in the wound!
'Neblime' Tatloshmistêm, Poacher: This is my fight too. I will take revenge!

Crundles! I will take my revenge for my lost childhood pet guineacock, bomrek, which was unfortunately eaten during one of our adventures into the caves.

I ~~buried him~~ threw him in the refuse stockpile with my own hands, and that's when I first decided to take up a crossbow and hunt crundles.

Of course I was only 8 at the time and had to wait another four years, but still, look at me now, the crundles *fear ME* soon enough the redecoration of cavern walls with crundle blood is complete and all entrances are sealed off.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Atir Azintobul, Ghostly Speardwarf has been found dead.

I get a very disturbing report. No corpse to be found (unless you count the first one), cause of death unknown, but somehow someone sent the message to me that he's "dead"

Apparently even the dead die here.

More convicts arrive, a disturbing number of children among them, I think juvenile delinquency must be on the rise in the mountainhomes.

also disturbing, the number of dwarves choosing to have children in this hellhole. 11 children were born this year alone.

I have decided that being in charge isn't for me, I would rather hone my skills and hunt wild beasts than organize an unruly mob of ungrateful criminals, so I shove a half engraved slab of instructions on some dwarf in the dining room and say "you're overseer now" job well done!

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Salmeuk** on **June 25, 2015, 10:21:01 pm**

Nice, exactly 100 dwarfs. Did you forget the save or am I just really impatient? :P (thanks for finishing btw, I do appreciate it!)

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **neblime** on **June 25, 2015, 10:41:55 pm**

its uploading right now (my internet connection is not very good so it takes some time)

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **neblime** on **June 25, 2015, 10:44:32 pm**

here it is
<http://dffd.bay12games.com/file.php?id=10958> (<http://dffd.bay12games.com/file.php?id=10958>)

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **June 26, 2015, 12:39:24 am**

Did you actually forget to set the low population cap parameters? :p
That's probably why suddenly 11 children were born. Every couple who could not produce more because of the fixed population limit

suddenly did so on your turn, coupled with several migrants.

Quote

but still, look at me now, the crundles fear ME

I honestly laughed at that one.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **neblime** on **June 26, 2015, 07:57:55 am**

Do I have to set that?! I know not of such things I thought it was part of the save sorry
edit: I also forgot to dorf oathbreaker, can that be done at the start of the next turn

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **June 26, 2015, 09:06:44 am**

I use the wverything-included starter pack for that. The parameters are on the first screen alongside the toggling of invaders, aquafiers, etc. If you run the base version without utilities, i think it involves changing the raws.

I think the problem comes from every player before you using a launcher pack, so we all tweaked the settings for our turn without changing the overall settings for the save...

I would suggest that the next players keep that in mind when they start their turns. Its no biggie, people will die and the population will drop closer to the cap.

Alternate plan, we leave it as is, and assume the king doesnt care and is insane, or simply cannot comprehend that kids count as civilians rather than dwarf-shaped pets...

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Salmeuk** on **June 26, 2015, 04:55:25 pm**

Quote from: Taupe on June 26, 2015, 09:06:44 am

I use the wverything-included starter pack for that. The parameters are on the first screen alongside the toggling of invaders, aquafiers, etc. If you run the base version without utilities, i think it involves changing the raws.

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I would suggest that the next players keep that in mind when they start their turns. Its no biggie, people will die and the population will drop closer to the cap.

Alternate plan, we leave it as is, and assume the king doesnt care and is insane, or simply cannot comprehend that kids count as civilians rather than dwarf-shaped pets...

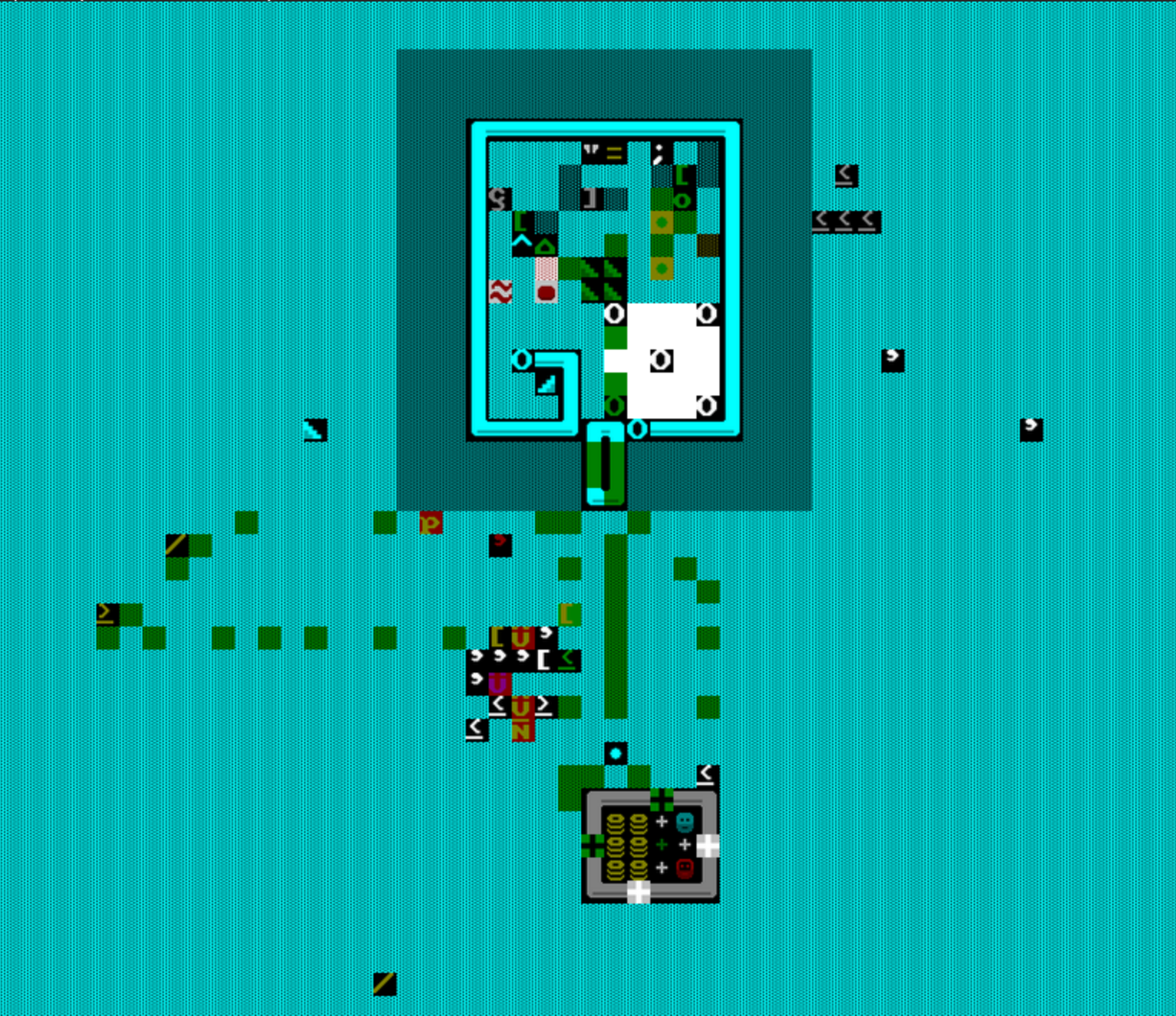
It's actually just as easy as changing a few numbers in the init.txt file, but I'll make sure to set it.

Thank you for the save, Neblime! Beginning now.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Salmeuk** on **June 26, 2015, 05:03:28 pm**

Icehold, from the surface.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Sp I know I posted above noting the population, but it only hit me once I loaded up the save that we have *100 fucking dwarfs*.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

150 (25)	Dwarf Fort	
Citizens (100)	Pots/Livestock (79)	Oth
Dan Dakostudesh, Miner		Sto
Tulon Sosadnokim, Miner		Sto
Lorban Ustuthtoral, Miner		Sto
Zaneg Săkzuliklist, Woodcutter		Sto
Rimtar Mebzuthberdan, Stoneworker		Att
Sigun Zithisnokim, Engraver		Sto
Olin Dodóksăkriith, Mason		Att
'Neblime' Tatloshmistem, Poacher		No
Zuntir Lertethamost, Ranger		No

Quote from: Gojira1000 on June 03, 2015, 08:51:56 pm

Pop cap 30, child cap 10/50 Max pop 40. World is V. high savagery, V. high beasts, high pop, 2x2 embark on the ice sheet.

Personally, I'm cool with just using it as a plot point, but Gojira hasn't been active to see this new population. I'll wait to see what he thinks before playing.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **June 26, 2015, 05:53:04 pm**

Yes that's why we should decide whether we scrap the storyline and roll with a ridiculous cursed juvenile prison, or solve the problem and wait for a few prisoner riots to drop the numbers back in line with the original plan. We aren't a few dwarves over the planned limit, we went from half-full to twice and a half what was originally planned in a turn.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **June 26, 2015, 06:09:50 pm**

It could just be that the fortress is turning from a prison into a haven for outlaws and assorted dwarven scum.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **neblime** on **June 27, 2015, 05:25:07 am**

sorry I ruined the fort guys :(
I blame video games or whatever it is corrupting the dwarven youth these days for the rise in juvenile crime

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on June 26, 2015, 06:09:50 pm

It could just be that the fortress is turning from a prison into a haven for outlaws and assorted dwarven scum.

I vote this

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Gojira1000** on **June 27, 2015, 10:18:38 am**

That'll teach me to be busy for a week. Hmm. Well, we can't just murder them (well, we could), but let's just crank the popcap down and we'll let attrition take its course. Maybe the Mountainhome had a crime spree? And yep, Salmeuk is our new overlord!

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Salmeuk** on **June 28, 2015, 06:17:43 am**

Expect an update a day or two from now.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
it's just too damn hot to move apartments right now, Toady wasn't kidding about that streak of sun up here

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Gojira1000** on **June 28, 2015, 10:13:47 am**

Yeah we're looking at over 40C today in my bit of snowy BC. The bears are going to melt.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Salmeuk** on **July 01, 2015, 01:24:35 am**

"Zaneg Săkzuliklist?"

Zaneg stepped forward from the crowd of recent arrivals. Having completed their journey past desert wastes, sprawling jungles and over a mountain or two, the immigrants were tired. Cold, too, but mostly tired. It had been a week since they stepped onto this glacier, a slowly moving frozen ocean of such expanse that it's greatest reaches were yet uncharted. Their food was gone, pack animals wounded from yeti ambushes, and even their booze had been guzzled by a particularly rude polar bear. Since no one in their right mind would equip a caravan of convicts with weaponry, they just had to stand and watch him tear open the casks of ale, one by one, watching the slushy (it was cold up here) booze glug onto the ice. It was only after the bear fell asleep that the dwarves could move on.

"Zaneg, do you still have your sentencing papers given to you by the court clerk?"

Zaneg didn't. Or, rather, he *did* have sentencing papers but they weren't the same ones he started his journey with. He knew how these things worked, and embarked with a few extra scrolls and some ink. Given plenty of chances to wander off during night watches, he found the time to forge a new set of documents. A few key changes were made:

1. He changed his last name from Estherith to Săkzuliklist (roughly translated "Soldthroats" to "Trumpetwhispered").
2. He changed his listed profession from "peasant" (for in his time spent thieving he never learned a trade) to "Carpenter".
3. He changed his conviction from "18 counts of trespassing, 4 murders, untold amounts of thievery, fraud, and arson, and general uncleanliness" to "failure to pay guild taxes".

He wanted to make sure no one knew who he was. His famous exploits involved backstabbery by the bucket, and most of the dwarves who knew of him hated him for one reason or another. Traveling to a prison camp undoubtedly full of said dwarves? Certain death, unless he could pull of a transformation.

His name was well known to most thieves, so he changed it to something less threatening. That was enough, however, as Zaneg was sure no one would recognize his face. Before he was given the choice to come to Icehold, he had spent time in the royal dungeon and his face bore the resulting scars. Deep, charred scars that would never heal and made him nearly unrecognizable. Zaneg was the sort to recognize this as a odd sort of boon to his future survival, and only felt moderate rage towards the torturer. His death would come later. After he escaped.

"Zaneg, you have officially become part of the royally-mandated prison colony known as Icehold. Were a little short on sleeping space but perhaps you could help. As it stands you're the only one who knows anything about woodworking, so that's who you are now.

Remember, were all convicts here. We're also just trying to survive. Make a clean life for yourself and you might just learn to like it here." There was a hopeful tint to this dwarfs voice, something unique in a place like this, a barren wasteland of cold death. Zaneg would later learn this dwarf was known as Honeymoon.

Zaneg laughed to himself, and walked across the ice bridge into the fortress proper. These dwarves had no idea who he was or what he was capable of, and that's the way he liked things.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Salmeuk** on **July 01, 2015, 06:17:24 am**

When Neblime gave that slab to a random dwarf, he gave it to **Mistêm Sôddeduk**, "Mistymanors".

To give credit to Neblime, he couldn't possibly have known that this decision had effectively doomed half the fortress to death. Perhaps he could have been a bit more selective, not choosing a worshiper of **Vesh**, an undead dwarf corpse-turned-god responsible for releasing untold horrors upon this plane, but again Neblime had no real way of knowing. Here's what happened:

Mistêm Sôddeduk, Spring 253

It has happened. Not due to my subtle attempts at hypnotic suggestion, however powerful they are, but instead due to the lazy judgement of the last overseer. I've been told to make the decisions around here, seeing as I was presumed to be a minor administrator in my past. I'm glad I payed for those forged documents.

Me and Avuz, my wife, have understood the glory of Vesh for some years now. It began with a dream, a nightmare of untold horror that shocked me out of my soft, flesh-bound existence. I was more than a dwarf, I was a vessel for the will of a god. My wife was made to understand soon after, much as my son will in time.

This prison is an opportunity. Nearby a tower full of Vesh's minions wait for the signal. Should it arrive, a billowing army of rotting corpses would soon envelop this poor outpost. We weren't ready to give that signal, however. Certain individuals posed a problem. Now that I've been given power, things can begin.

First, we need to earn their trust. I order a census of both living and deceased, as well as a count of our current wealth and food.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Citizens (100)			Pets/Livestock (79)			Others (10)		
Udil Dakostudesh, Miner								
Tulon Sosadnokim, Miner								
Lorbam Ustuthtoral, Miner								
Zaneg Sâkzuliklist, Woodcutter								
Rimtar Mebzuthberdan, Stoneworker								
Sigun Zithisnokim, Engraver								
Olin Dodôksâkrith, Mason								
'Neblime' Tatloshmistem, Poacher								
Zuntîr Lertethamost, Ranger								
Mafol Rovodvel, Ranger								
Bomrek Uodlimul, Ranger								
Eral Esdorâs, Ranger								
Medtob Rigôtherith, Ranger								
Atir Zolakrigôth, Ranger								
Amost Nomalziril, Ranger								
Rovod Ducimam, Furnace Operator								
Erush Atiszanos, Furnace Operator								
Asmel Akgosoltar, Gem Cutter								
Endok Konosrutod, Gem Setter								
Urist Dodôkor, Leatherworker								
Id Uabôkkôn, Leatherworker								
As Cilobnônub, Strand Extractor								
Limul Mengistbar, Fishery Worker								
Rovod Loloknimak, Farmer								
Etur Kollenod, Farmer								
Nish Endokdetes, Farmer								
Avuz Keskalo-dom, Farmer								
Kûbuk Âbirmeng, Farmer								
Oddom Sashasilral, Farmer								
Thob Emenkûbuk, Farmer								
Ber Letmosaned, Farmer								
Mebzuth Tomêmsigun, Farmer								
Ingish Alâthomrist, Beekeeper								
Oddom Dodôkilrom, Brewer								
Edem Shorastes, Cook								
Sarvesh Nishalod, Dyer								
Avuz Regstizash, Dyer								
Thob Oramreg, Herbalist								
Uvash Ttonarzes, Milker								
Bêmbul êrithulzest, Miller								
'Lord Lubbie' Nilbuzat, Volunteer Administrator								
Asmel Libadtobul, chief medical dwarf								
Shorast Ebalmôrul, Planter								
Dumed Logemil, Planter								
Deduk Bisekfath, Planter								
Kikrost Likotrulush, Potash Maker								
ônul Nokzamfikod, Tanner								
Udib Inethostuk, Thresher								
Mistem Sôddeduk, Administrator								
'Honeymoon' Ibrukcatten, manager								
Cilob Asthiz, Suturer								
Olon Etesurvad, Suturer								
'Black Pat' Kanzuditeb, mayor								
Stâkud Bomrekirtir, Spearmaster								
Monom Kûbukstâkud, Spearmaster								
Asmel Keskalkilrud, militia captain								
Olon Bomrekvathez, Swordsdwarf								
Mebzuth Rithabod, Swordsdwarf								
Likot Lotoldodôk, Swordsdwarf								
Domas Cattendatan, Mace Lord								
Mosus Ingishdolek, militia commander								
Thob Almôshoddom, Peasant								
Adil Alâthrag, Peasant								
Shorast Nosingathel, Peasant								
Doren Dodôknolêth, Peasant								
ônul Nefastamost, Dwarven Child								
Udil Unâlstâkud, Dwarven Child								
ablel Kolenam, Dwarven Child								
ushrir Tathtaksazir, Dwarven Child								
Astesh Uutoktishis, Dwarven Child								
Olin Rovodôsed, Dwarven Child								
Lolor Kamukêrith, Dwarven Child								
Deler Logemlerteth, Dwarven Child								
Ast Ishducim, Dwarven Child								
Sarvesh Amkinasob, Dwarven Child								
Kogan Bomrekkutam, Dwarven Child								
Olin Istbarrovod, Dwarven Child								
Monom Enkosstukos, Dwarven Child								
Alâth Logemsâkrith, Dwarven Child								
Môrul Letmosothil, Dwarven Child								
Monom Avuzkobel, Dwarven Child								
Udib Ruthôshiden, Dwarven Child								
Rakust Bomrekakmam, Dwarven Child								
Urvad Zuglarerib, Dwarven Child								
Zulban Odgubâs, Dwarven Child								
Kol Duralfikod, Dwarven Child								
Shorast Urvadstelid, Dwarven Child								
Kûbuk Sibreksheshek, Dwarven Child								
Ral Evudkol, Dwarven Baby								
Sigun Solonabod, Dwarven Baby								
Uucar Nishestun, Dwarven Baby								
Kel Lolokzalud, Dwarven Baby								
Ustuth Alâthzugob, Dwarven Baby								
Tton Kirnish, Dwarven Baby								
Unib Udistalâth, Dwarven Baby								
Mosus Kalurilral, Dwarven Baby								
Ineth Olinum, Dwarven Baby								
Uabôk Konadolin, Dwarven Baby								
Urdim Alaknil, Dwarven Baby								

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Crundle
Polar Bear
Peregrine Falcon
Yeti
Crundle
Crundle
Crundle
Crundle
Yeti
Tiquo Ngospstrepuv, Werellama
Tiercel Peregrine
Damsto Matozol, Human Spearman
Bosa Lodûsbu, Human Swordsman
Smunstu Anasnodub, Human Pikeman
Olngö Osnorutes, Human Hammerman
Yeti
Stray Horse Foal (Tame)
Stray Llama (Tame)
Stray Reindeer Calf (Tame)
Yeti
Yeti
Stray Puppy (Tame)
Asmel Durallikot, Shearer
Stray Donkey (Tame)
Stray Bunny (Tame)
Giant Cave Spider
Jabberer
Yeti
Yeti
Yeti
Crundle
Crundle
Yeti
Yeti
Yeti
Yeti
Yeti
Yeti
Yeti
Stray Baby Llama (Tame)
Yeti
Yeti
Yeti
Bathru Raconuler Histekopra, Human
Polar Bear
Avuz Niraldakost, Ranger
Atir Azintobul, Ghostly Speardwarf
Geshud Rakustthad, Swordsdwarf
Lolor Lolummomuz, Axedwarf
Giant Rat
Yeti
Stray Reindeer Bull (Tame)
`Stabbin' Rovod' Cattensesh, Swordsdwarf
Stray Donkey (Tame)
Stray Water Buffalo Bull (Tame)
Yeti
Rerrasôler, Cave Crocodile
Yeti
Stray Water Buffalo Cow (Tame)
Stray Yak Cow (Tame)
Rimtar Gikuttirist, Marksdwarf
Zaneg Shovethzon, Recruit
Bim Ilromaban, Recruit

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Town Ushikegeth, "Icehold" FPS: 150 (27) 1st Granite, 253, Early Spring									
Animals Kitchen Stone Stocks Health Justice									
Created Wealth:	185395*	Population:	100						
Weapons:	9608*	Miners	3	Axedwarves		None			
Armor and Garb:	1330*	Woodworkers	1	Axe Lords		None			
Furniture:	25115*	Stoneworkers	3	Swordsdwarves		4			
Other Objects:	92528*	Rangers	8	Swordmasters		None			
Architecture:	32858*	Metalsmiths	2	Macedwarves		None			
Displayed:	22490*	Jewelers	2	Mace Lords		2			
Held/Worn:	1466*	Craftsdwarves	3	Hammerdwarves		None			
Imported Wealth:	88715*	Nobles/Admins	5	Hammer Lords		None			
Exported Wealth:	60*	Peasants	4	Speardwarves		None			
Food Stores:	1611	Dwarven Childrn	35	Spearmasters		2			
Meat	371	Fishery Workers	1	Marksdwarves		None			
Fish	None	Farmers	25	Elite Mrksdwrvs		None			
Plant	154	Engineers	None	Wrestlers		None			
		Trained Animals	28	Elite Wrestlers		None			
		Other Animals	51	Recruit/Others		None			

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

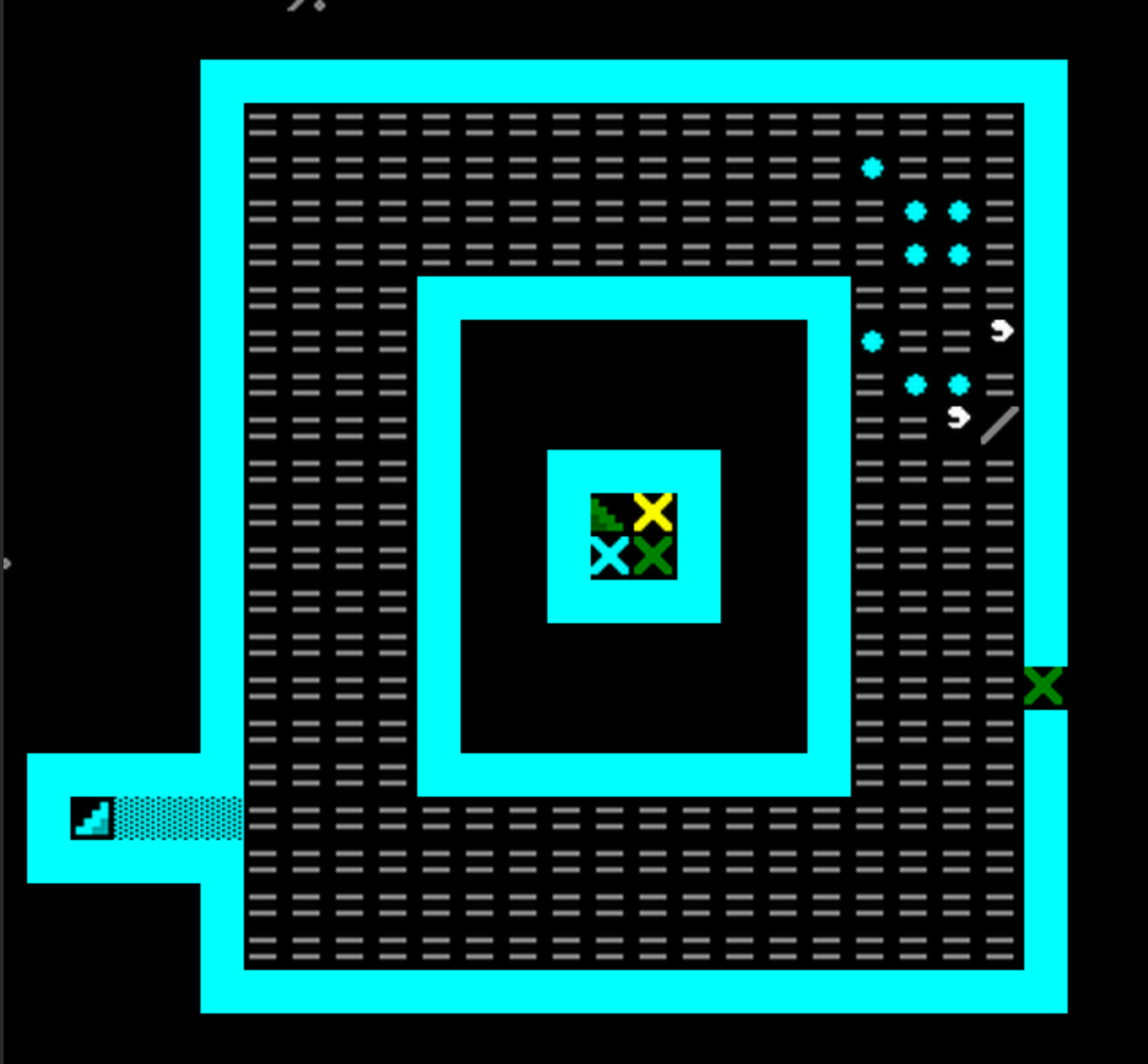


I also expand the current refuse room, and order all the corpses to be thrown into the moat. I can't let the dwarves get too used to death.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



These things take some time. Apparently the miners only had one pick between the three of them, and I quickly sorted that out, ordering Honeymoon to craft a few extra just in case. She's pretty handy, apparently she's not a half bad woodworker too. There was a new guy, forgot his name, with some impressive court papers detailed a long history of successful carpentry. Perhaps he might eclipse her skill?

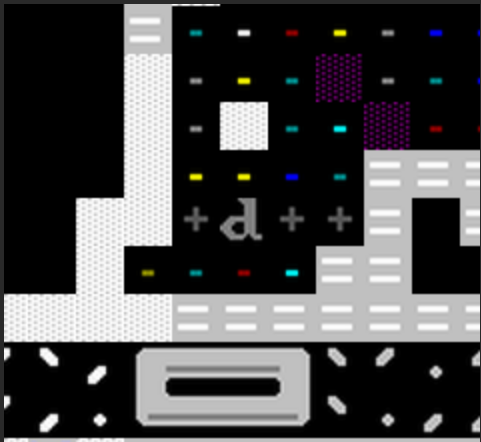
Generally speaking, the dwarves are confused out here. Most tend to just mill around and eat food, occasionally moving a block or a stone. There's no sense of organization or purpose to them. During the census, it was established that a full quarter of our population lack any skills except food processing. We have seven rangers all claiming great skill in animal training and trapping, skills fairly useless on a glacier like this. And, well, we have 35 children. No wonder things aren't getting done.

Some time passes, and strange news is heard: a child's dessicated corpse was discovered underneath a staircase, halfway to the magma forges. Perhaps he became lost, and no one took that route? A mystery.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Asmel Akgosoltar, Gem Cutter cancels Cut pyrite: Horrified.
Rakust Bomrekakmam, Dwarven Child has been found dead, dehydrated.

Later on that same day, three crundles dropped through a previously unknown hole in our cavern wall. They were quickly ripped apart, but in surprise, one of our dogs managed to jump right over the stone wall!



It took a bit of digging but we coaxed him back and patched the hole. After this event, I double checked the perimeter and discovered two other entrances. We were lucky it was just a few crundles.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



One of the completed walls.

A child has been possessed, it seems. Ral Monkwheel, son of our Chief Medical Dwarf, took only two items with him to the workshop he claimed. The fingerbone of a Yeti and an iron bar.

Craftsdwarf's Workshop

orthoclase blocks
Yeti second finger, left hand bone
iron bars

[B]
TSK
TSK

Later on, he finishes. A gauntlet made from the massive yeti fingerbone!

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

Ral Evudkol, Dwarven Child has created
Kuthdenggemesh, a jagged yeti bone right gauntlet!

Press Enter to close window

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

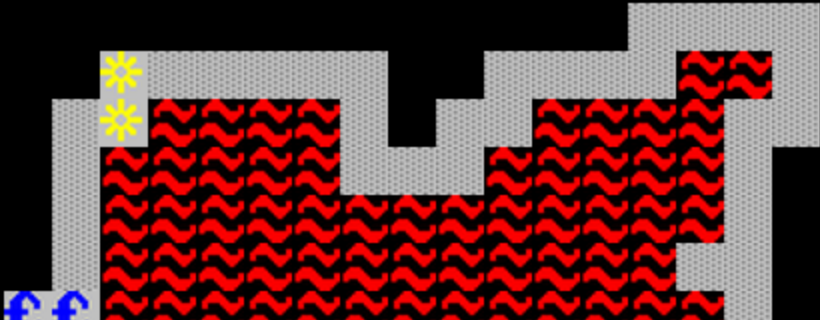
FPS: 150 (28) Accidental Conflict", a jagged yeti bone right gantl

This is a jagged yeti bone right gauntlet. All craftsdwarfship is of
the highest quality. This object is adorned with hanging rings of yeti bone
and menaces with spikes of iron.

Ral embedded iron spikes into the knuckles, and a complex bone chainmail protects the lower arm of whoever wears it. A very interesting artifact, for sure, but I have a feeling the bone won't stop a well-place blow. Ral returns to daycare, confused and thirsty.

As time passes I order the metal stockpile to be expanded, and further enlarge the crafting floor.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

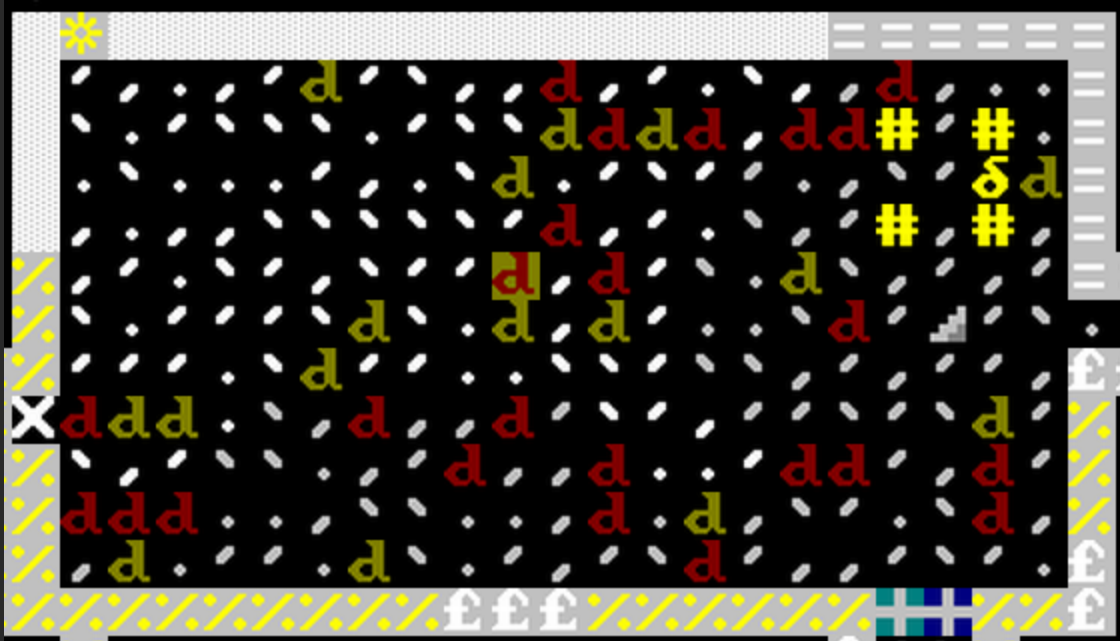


[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



A number of puppies come of age, and I order them trained for war.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The process involves dangling a yeti corpse from the ceiling, and slathering it in melted fat: the dogs learn to enjoy biting the thing. Eventually you remove the fat and find yourself with a large pack of ferocious yeti-killers. The dogs are then thrown outside the fort, acting as sentries and guards. This was good, because not a week later we were visited by a familiar sight:

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Next up: Puppies vs. Weremammoth - place your bets now!

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **July 01, 2015, 12:50:39 pm**

Yo. That last screenshot, the ice view depicting a weremammoth arrival on a barren icy landscape full of sacrificial puppies and vomit everywhere? It would make a great intro to the OP. Like, just a spoiler image depicting ICEHOLD in a single pic.

Also, that was a great intro post. I take it that "attrition" won't be what kills the extra population in the end?

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Gojira1000** on **July 01, 2015, 05:37:20 pm**

I think we may be developing a death-cult. I am all for it. And yeah, I'm so linking that pic to the initial post. (Edit - I updated to your new resized pic, Salmeuk)

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Salmeuk** on **July 01, 2015, 06:01:10 pm**

hehe it seemed awfully appropriate. There must be a whole colony of those fuckers out there, living underneath some snowpile.

I resized the image so it would play well on smaller screen resolutions, so you might want to re-quote it.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Salmeuk** on **July 02, 2015, 10:04:11 pm**

Stosbûb Azstrogogusp Busmas, "Stosbûb Devilportents the Natural Mystery"

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

A gigantic mammoth twisted into humanoid form. It is crazed for blood and flesh. Its eyes glow chartreuse. Its sandy taupe hair is long and wavy. Now you will know why you fear the night.

It is thin and scrawny.

Nish Endokdetes was the first to see it. As she led the wardog into the midst of the pack, she heard the first bark. Her screams alerted Asmel Keskalkilrud, "Asmel Shootbronze", Captain of The Bronze Tangles. Asmel and his squad burst from the stone barracks, expecting another yeti. What greeted them was a beast of nightmare.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
<http://mkv25.net/dfma/movie-2735-stosbbazstrogoguspbusmas>

Stosbûb charged the dogs first, shredding through the mass of panicked canines. Like a wagon wheel through a puddle the dogs were splashed aside. Then, Olon was there.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Swordsdwarf slashes The Weremammoth in the right upper leg with her -copper short sword-, tearing the fat!
The Weremammoth attacks The Swordsdwarf but She jumps away!
The Swordsdwarf attacks The Weremammoth but It jumps away!
Olon Bomrekvathez, Swordsdwarf: I have a part in this. I will take revenge!
The Weremammoth attacks The Swordsdwarf but She jumps away!
The Swordsdwarf slashes The Weremammoth in the left lower arm with her -copper short sword-, tearing the fat!
The Weremammoth kicks The Swordsdwarf in the left foot with its right foot and the injured part collapses into a lump of gore!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
The Swordsdwarf falls over.
The Swordsdwarf gives in to pain.
The Weremammoth grabs The Swordsdwarf by the fourth finger, left hand with its right upper arm!
The Weremammoth releases the grip of The Weremammoth's right upper arm on The Swordsdwarf's fourth finger, left hand.
The Weremammoth grabs The Swordsdwarf by the right lower arm with its right hand!
The Weremammoth releases the grip of The Weremammoth's right hand from The Swordsdwarf's right lower arm.
The Swordsdwarf loses hold of the -copper short sword-.
The Swordsdwarf loses hold of the (wombat leather hood).
The Swordsdwarf loses hold of the (cave spider silk cap).
The Weremammoth bites The Swordsdwarf in the head and the severed part sails off in an arc!
➔Olon Bomrekvathez, Swordsdwarf has been found dead.

Weilding her copper sword, Olon stuck thrice in quick succession. A few light cuts began to weep red, but Stosbûb remained unfazed. Faster than any creature as large as that has a right to move, Stosbûb stomped down on Olon's foot, flattening bone and muscle alike. In a fluid motion, Olon was lifted, disarmed, and decapitated.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Swordsdwarf bites The Weremammoth in the teeth, but the attack glances away!
The Weremammoth charges at The Swordsdwarf!
The Weremammoth collides with The Swordsdwarf!
The Swordsdwarf is knocked over and tumbles backward!
The Swordsdwarf stands up.
The Swordsdwarf misses The Weremammoth!
The Weremammoth grabs The Swordsdwarf by the left lower leg with its left lower arm!
The Weremammoth locks The Swordsdwarf's left knee with The Weremammoth's left lower arm!
The Swordsdwarf misses The Weremammoth!
The Weremammoth bends The Swordsdwarf's left lower leg with The Weremammoth's left lower arm and the left knee collapses!
A ligament in the left knee has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Weremammoth releases the grip of The Weremammoth's left lower arm from The Swordsdwarf's left lower leg.
The Swordsdwarf falls over.
The Swordsdwarf gives in to pain.
The Weremammoth grabs The Swordsdwarf by the right lower leg with its right upper arm!
The Weremammoth locks The Swordsdwarf's right knee with The Weremammoth's right upper arm!
The Weremammoth bends The Swordsdwarf's right lower leg with The Weremammoth's right upper arm and the right knee collapses!
A ligament in the right knee has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Weremammoth releases the joint lock of The Weremammoth's right upper arm on The Swordsdwarf's right lower leg.
The Weremammoth releases the grip of The Weremammoth's right upper arm on The Swordsdwarf's right lower leg.
The Weremammoth grabs The Swordsdwarf by the right hand with its right hand!
The Weremammoth locks The Swordsdwarf's right wrist with The Weremammoth's right hand!
The Weremammoth bends The Swordsdwarf's right hand with The Weremammoth's right hand and the right wrist collapses!
A ligament in the right wrist has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Weremammoth releases the joint lock of The Weremammoth's right hand on The Swordsdwarf's right hand.
➔The Swordsdwarf loses hold of the *copper short sword*.
The Swordsdwarf loses hold of the (sheep wool hood).
The Swordsdwarf loses hold of the (cave spider silk cap).
The Weremammoth bites The Swordsdwarf in the head and the severed part sails off in an arc!
Mebzuth Rithabod, Swordsdwarf has been found dead.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The militia captain misses The Weremammoth!
Asmel Keskalkilrud, militia captain: I have a part in this. I will have my revenge.
The Weremammoth grabs The militia captain by the right upper leg with its left lower arm!
The militia captain misses The Weremammoth!
The militia captain loses hold of the *copper short sword*.
The militia captain loses hold of the (giant cave spider silk hood).
The militia captain loses hold of the (llama wool cap).
The Weremammoth bites The militia captain in the head and the severed part sails off in an arc!
The militia captain has been knocked unconscious!
➔Asmel Keskalkilrud, Swordsdwarf has been found dead.

Asmel and Mebzuth were murdered in similar fashions, and Stosbûb focused it's attention on Nish and her child, Unib.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Weremammoth grabs The Dwarven Baby by the second finger, left hand with its left hand!
The Weremammoth releases the grip of The Weremammoth's left hand from The Dwarven Baby's second finger, left hand.
The Weremammoth grabs The Dwarven Baby by the right upper leg with its right hand!
The Weremammoth locks The Dwarven Baby's right hip with The Weremammoth's right hand!
The Weremammoth bends The Dwarven Baby's right upper leg with The Weremammoth's right hand and the right hip collapses!
A ligament in the right hip has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Dwarven Baby gives in to pain.
The Weremammoth releases the joint lock of The Weremammoth's right hand on The Dwarven Baby's right upper leg.
The Weremammoth releases the grip of The Weremammoth's right hand on The Dwarven Baby's right upper leg.
The Weremammoth grabs The Dwarven Baby by the first toe, left foot with its left hand!
The Weremammoth releases the grip of The Weremammoth's left hand on The Dwarven Baby's first toe, left foot.
The Weremammoth grabs The Dwarven Baby by the thumb, right hand with its left upper arm!
The Weremammoth releases the grip of The Weremammoth's left upper arm on The Dwarven Baby's thumb, right hand.
The Weremammoth bites The Dwarven Baby in the head and the severed part sails off in an arc!
➔Unib Udistolâth, Dwarven Baby has been found dead.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Weremammoth misses The Farmer!
The Farmer punches The Weremammoth in the left foot with her right hand, bruising the fat!
The Weremammoth grabs The Farmer by the first finger, left hand with its left hand!
The Weremammoth throws The Farmer by the first finger, left hand with The Weremammoth's left hand!
The Weremammoth releases the grip of The Weremammoth's left hand from The Farmer's first finger, left hand.
The Farmer slams into an obstacle!
The Farmer slams into an obstacle!
The Farmer stands up.
Nish Endokdetes, Farmer: Unib Pleatedbolts is dead. I am almost overcome by grief.
Nish Endokdetes, Farmer: I can't believe Unib Pleatedbolts is dead. Most shocking!
Nish Endokdetes, Farmer: Death... This is truly horrifying.
➡The Farmer is no longer stunned.

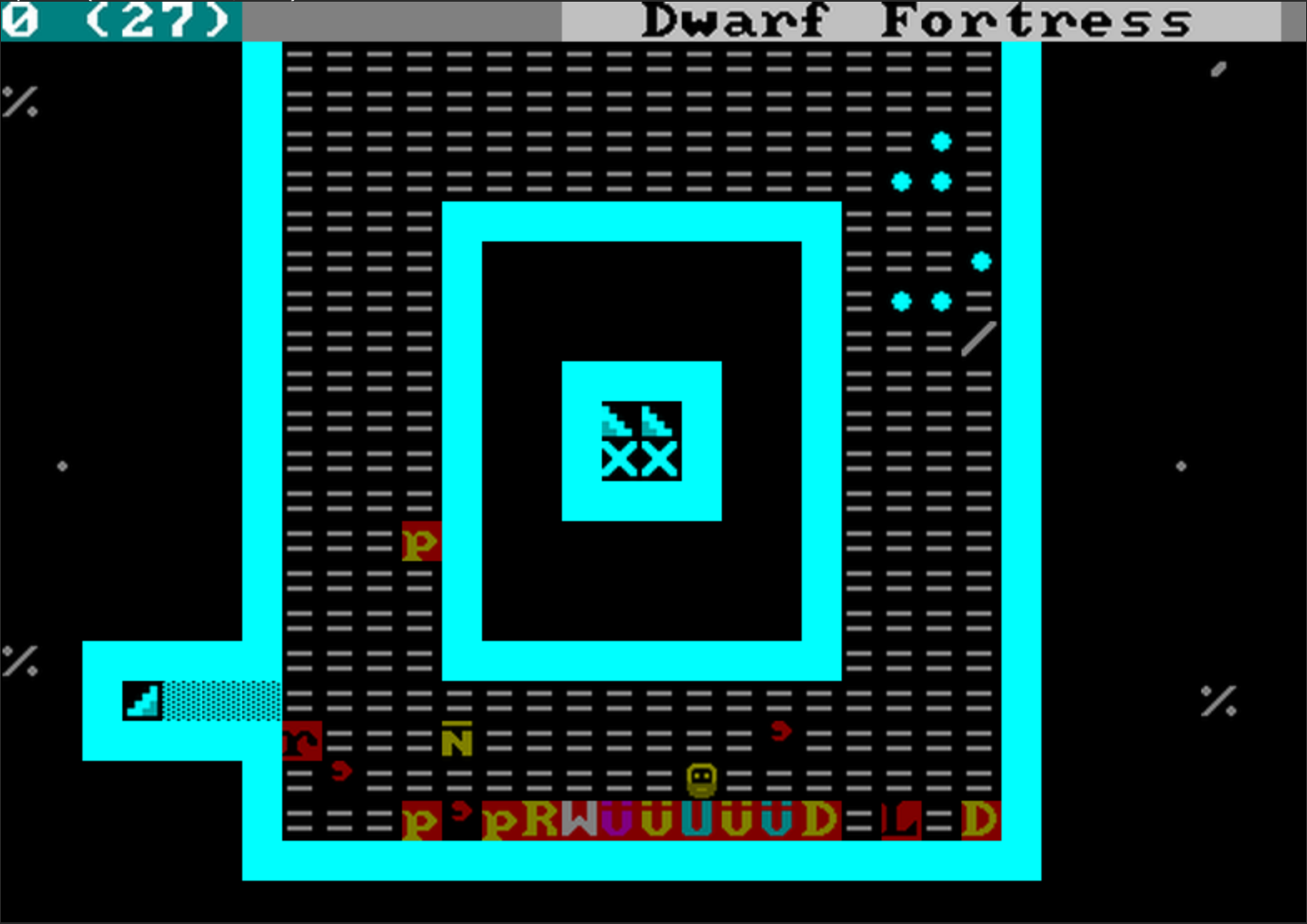
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Zuntîr Lertethamost, Ranger	Husband
Olin Istbarrovod, Dwarven Child	Eldest Daughter
Sarvesh Amkinasob, Dwarven Child	Second Eldest Daughter
Kogan Bomrekktam, Dwarven Child	Only Son
Unib Udîstâlath, Dwarven Baby	Youngest Daughter
Datan Muzishendok	Mother
Libash Thosbutkûbuk	Father
Uabôk Kekimendok	Paternal Grandmother
Ducim Medtobvathsith	Paternal Grandfather
Uucar Ottankilrud	Older Brother
As Cilobnônub, Strand Extractor	Older Brother
Sarvesh Gikutrigòth	Maternal Grandmother
Zefon Kadolmishthem	Maternal Grandfather
Kol Asdûgastesh	Aunt
Kib Kadôles	Aunt
Ast Ascatten	Aunt

Nish almost made it across, but then it was right behind her. Stosbûb grabbed Unib right from her mother's arms, and then Unib was gone. Crushed. Eaten. Nish witnessed it all - staring into the dripping maw of Stosbûb, unable to comprehend.

Overtaken by fury, Nish scrambled over the ice and struck Stosbûb in the foot. Perhaps surprised at the audacity, Stosbûb casually flung Nish off the bridge and moved on to other prey. Stunned by the fall, Nish lay in the pit next to the rotting corpses of beast and vermin. Nothing meant anything anymore, not without Unib, and when Stosbûb himself crashed to the floor of the pit she failed to react.

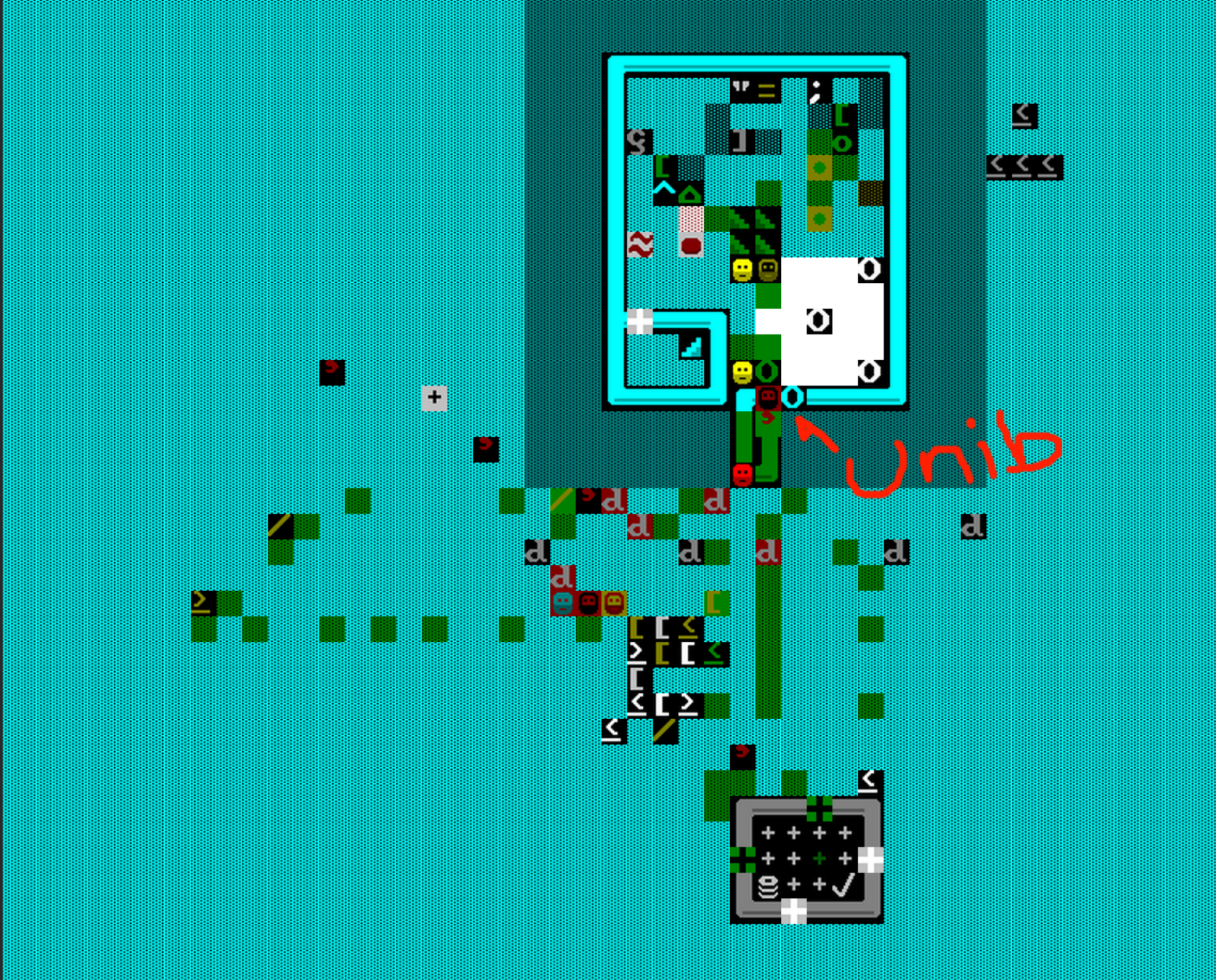
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



You see, after Nish was flung away, Stosbûb focused his attention on the nearest creature: an already-crippled puppy attempting to crawl away. Perhaps blinded by his thirst, the weremammoth stumbled over the mangled corpse of a wardog and fell. *Hard*. The puppy remained in his grip, and was killed as soon as Stosbûb came to his senses. Nish was next, run up against the ice and eaten alive. There was no hope here, not anymore.

The dwarves inside knew something was wrong when Nish never came back from the surface (she had just come from a party, you see, and everyone wanted to see more of the cute, little Unib), and one of the masons ventured above. Greeted by the sight of Unib's corpse strewn across the portal, he shouted for help.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The Bolts of Flying responded, a mixed-arms military squad and the oldest soldiers at the fort. Domas led the charge with his silver mace, vaulting over the edge of the pit and onto the pile of corpses below. He landed poorly, along with the rest of his squad, and were stunned for the start of the fight.

Wait, you ask who was fighting if everyone in The Bolts of Flying was incapacitated? Well, duh, *the rest of the fort*. That mason had gone and told everyone at the party about Unib, which had about the same effect as a bomb. Dwarves of all professions rushed to the surface, lunging off the bridge and into the moat.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

```
The Farmer misses The Weremammoth!
The Farmer attacks The Weremammoth but It jumps away!
The Farmer misses The Weremammoth!
The Farmer misses The Weremammoth!
The Weremammoth strikes The Farmer in the tongue with its x(sheep wool
cloak)x, bruising the left cheek's skin through the (llama wool cloak)!
The Farmer punches The Weremammoth in the upper body with his right hand,
bruising the fat!
The Weremammoth strikes The Farmer in the upper body with its x(sheep
wool cloak)x, bruising the muscle and bruising the liver through the
(llama wool cloak)!
The Farmer misses The Weremammoth!
The Weremammoth strikes The Farmer in the upper body with its x(sheep
wool cloak)x, bruising the muscle, jamming the left false ribs through
the liver and tearing the liver!
The Farmer gives in to pain.
The Farmer falls over.
The Farmer regains consciousness.
➔The Farmer gives in to pain.
```

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Gem Setter punches The Weremammoth in the left upper arm with his left hand, bruising the muscle!
The Weremammoth bites The Gem Setter in the left upper leg, tearing apart the muscle through the (pig tail fiber cloak)!
A sensory nerve has been severed!
The Weremammoth latches on firmly!
The Gem Setter falls over.
Endok Konosrutod, Gem Setter: I have a part in this. There is no need to feel vengeful.
The Gem Setter loses hold of the (turkey leather shoe).
The Gem Setter loses hold of the (llama wool sock).
The Weremammoth shakes The Gem Setter around by the left upper leg and the severed part sails off in an arc!
The left upper leg is ripped away and remains in The Weremammoth's grip!
The Gem Setter punches The Weremammoth in the lower body with his left hand, bruising the fat!
The Weremammoth grabs The Gem Setter by the (pig tail fiber cloak) with its left upper leg!
The Weremammoth releases the grip of The Weremammoth's left upper leg on The Gem Setter's (pig tail fiber cloak).
The Gem Setter punches The Weremammoth in the right foot with his left hand, bruising the fat!
The Weremammoth grabs The Gem Setter by the fifth toe, right foot with its left upper leg!
Endok Konosrutod, Gem Setter: This is my fight too. I will have my revenge.
The Gem Setter punches The Weremammoth in the right lower leg with his right hand, but the attack glances away!
The Weremammoth releases the grip of The Weremammoth's left upper leg on The Gem Setter's fifth toe, right foot.
The Weremammoth lets the Endok Konosrutod's left upper leg drop away as It attacks.
The Weremammoth bites The Gem Setter in the neck, tearing apart the muscle and shattering the upper spine's bone through the (pig tail fiber cloak)!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
A tendon in the upper spine has been torn!
The Weremammoth latches on firmly!
The Gem Setter gives in to pain.
The Weremammoth shakes The Gem Setter around by the neck, tearing apart the neck's muscle!
An artery in the neck has been opened by the attack!
The Gem Setter regains consciousness.
The Gem Setter gives in to pain.
The Gem Setter regains consciousness.
The Gem Setter gives in to pain.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

The Suturer punches The Weremammoth in the left foot with her left hand, bruising the muscle!
The Suturer loses hold of the (pig tail fiber left mitten).
The Suturer loses hold of the (alpaca wool left glove).
The Weremammoth bites The Suturer in the left upper arm and the severed part sails off in an arc!
The Suturer punches The Weremammoth in the right hand with her right hand, bruising the muscle!
The Suturer loses hold of the (leopard leather shoe).
The Suturer loses hold of the (cave spider silk sock).
The Weremammoth bites The Suturer in the left upper leg and the severed part sails off in an arc!
The Suturer falls over.
Olon Etesurvad, Suturer: Gruesome wounds! This does not scare me.
The Suturer punches The Weremammoth in the right upper arm with her right hand, bruising the muscle!
The Weremammoth bites The Suturer in the right foot, tearing apart the muscle through the (leopard leather shoe)!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
The Weremammoth latches on firmly!
The Suturer loses hold of the (leopard leather shoe).
The Suturer loses hold of the (cave spider silk sock).
The Weremammoth shakes The Suturer around by the right foot and the severed part sails off in an arc!
The right foot is ripped away and remains in The Weremammoth's grip!
The Suturer punches The Weremammoth in the right hand with her right hand, bruising the muscle!
The Weremammoth lets the Olon Etesurvad's right foot drop away as It attacks.
The Weremammoth bites The Suturer in the right upper leg, tearing apart the muscle through the (naked mole dog leather cloak)!
An artery has been opened by the attack and a sensory nerve has been severed!
The Weremammoth latches on firmly!
The Suturer punches The Weremammoth in the left upper leg with her right hand, bruising the fat!
The Weremammoth shakes The Suturer around by the right upper leg and the severed part sails off in an arc!
The right upper leg is ripped away and remains in The Weremammoth's grip!
Olon Etesurvad, Suturer: I cannot just stand by. I will take revenge!
The Suturer punches The Weremammoth in the left lower arm with her right hand, bruising the muscle!
The Suturer bites The Weremammoth in the left lower arm, tearing the muscle!
The Suturer latches on firmly!
The Weremammoth breaks the grip of The Suturer's upper front teeth on The Weremammoth's left lower arm.
Olon Etesurvad, Suturer: I've been injured badly. There is no hope!
The Weremammoth pushes The Suturer in the right hand and the injured part explodes into gore!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
The Suturer gives in to pain.
Olon Etesurvad, Suturer has been found dead.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

The Farmer misses The Weremammoth!
The Farmer attacks The Weremammoth but It scrambles away!
The Weremammoth pushes The Farmer in the right hand and the injured part collapses into a lump of gore!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
The Farmer gives in to pain.
The Farmer falls over.
The Weremammoth pushes The Farmer in the left lower arm and the injured part explodes into gore!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
The Stray war Dog slams into the Farmer!
The Farmer's lower body skids along the ground, but it is deflected by The Farmer's (sheep wool cloak)!
The Farmer slams into the Stray war Dog!
The Farmer slams into an obstacle!
The Stray war Dog slams into the Farmer!
The Farmer slams into an obstacle!
The Farmer regains consciousness.
The Farmer gives in to pain.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

The Weremammoth grabs The Dwarven Baby by the third toe, left foot with its right lower arm!
The Weremammoth releases the grip of The Weremammoth's right lower arm on The Dwarven Baby's third toe, left foot.
The Weremammoth grabs The Dwarven Baby by the right lower arm with its left hand!
The Weremammoth locks The Dwarven Baby's right elbow with The Weremammoth's left hand!
The Weremammoth bends The Dwarven Baby's right lower arm with The Weremammoth's left hand and the right elbow collapses!
A ligament in the right elbow has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Dwarven Baby gives in to pain.
The Weremammoth releases the joint lock of The Weremammoth's left hand on The Dwarven Baby's right lower arm.
The Weremammoth releases the grip of The Weremammoth's left hand on The Dwarven Baby's right lower arm.
The Weremammoth grabs The Dwarven Baby by the thumb, left hand with its left hand!
The Weremammoth bites The Dwarven Baby in the head and the severed part sails off in an arc!
→ Uabôk Konadolin, Dwarven Baby has been found dead.

Stosbûb dealt with the first few accordingly, maiming and killing all. Mistem, who despite all his mad intentions had taken a liking to Unib, takes a massive hit and his hand is crushed. One of our swordsdwarfs, the only remaining member of The Bronze Tangles, is instantly killed when Stosbûb turns around and punches her head clean off.

Then, the tide turns. Stosbûb slows, and punches start to land. He isn't hurt by them, however - his thick hide-covered muscle deflects everything. That is, until Amost Nomalziril shoots him in the stomach!

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

```
The flying {{iron bolt}} strikes The Weremammoth in the guts, tearing it!
The {{iron bolt}} has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Ranger stands up.
+ The flying {{iron bolt}} strikes The Weremammoth in the right lower leg,
tearing the muscle and bruising the bone!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
Amost Nomalziril, Ranger: Death is all around us. The horror...
Amost Nomalziril, Ranger: Death... The horror...
Amost Nomalziril, Ranger: Death is all around us. This is truly
horrifying.
```

No one had ever told Amost to carry a crossbow, or allowed him to access the ammunition. Apparently he thought himself above those rules and thank Armok he did. A second bolt buries itself into Stosbûb's right leg. At this point The Bolts of Flying have unburied themselves from the rotting corpses and entered the fight. As they engage the beast, it's form starts to shrivel and collapse upon itself, and soon a small goblin is standing before them. It doesn't take long for Domas to land the final blow: a strike to the neck that severs the spine.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

FPS: 150 (27) **The Kills of Domas Cattendatan**
One Notable Kill
Stosbûb Devilportents the Natural Mystery the goblin, d. 253
Three Other Kills
One crundle (♀) in Icehold
Two yetis (♂) in Icehold

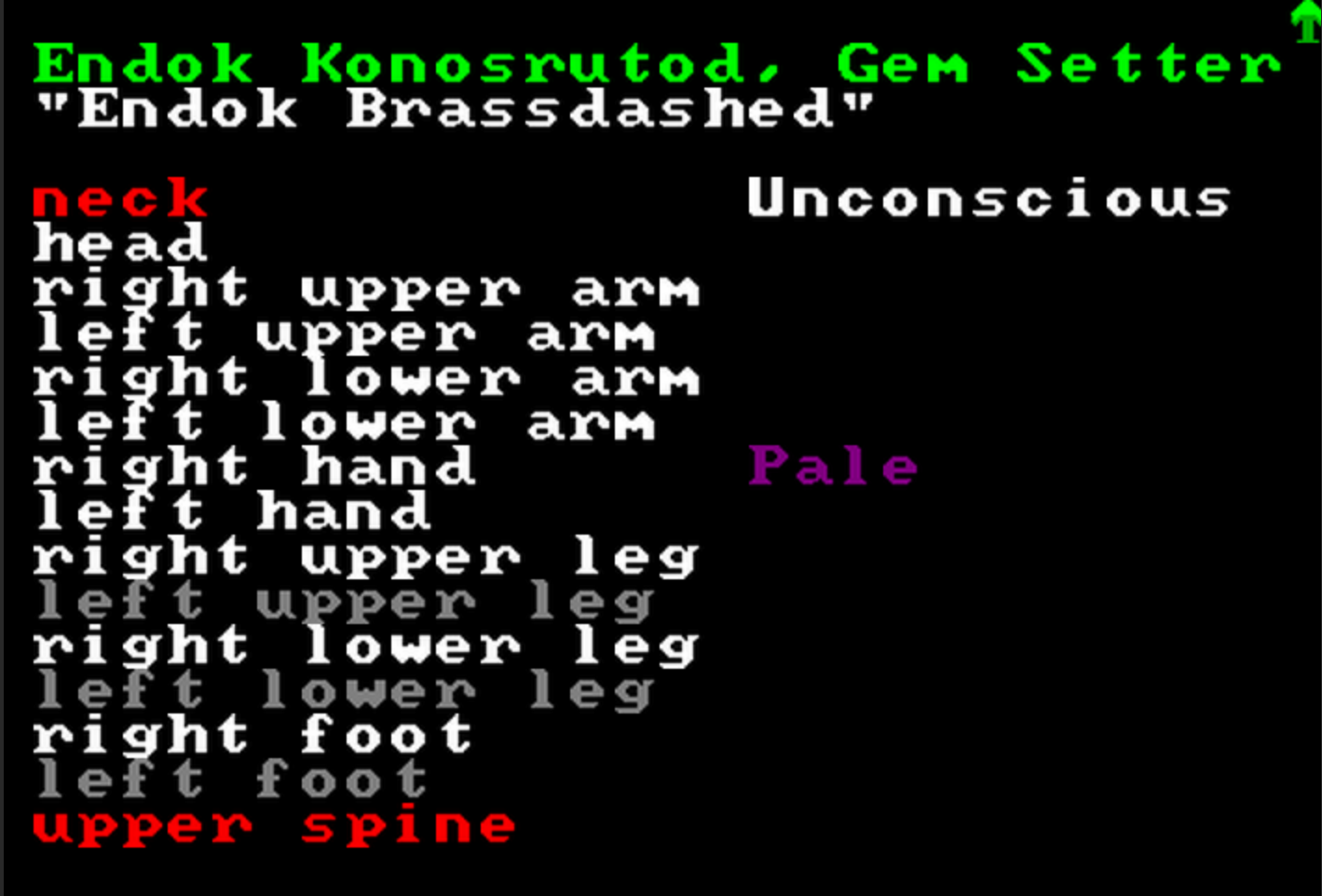
<http://mkv25.net/dfma/movie-2737-stosbubsdeath>

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



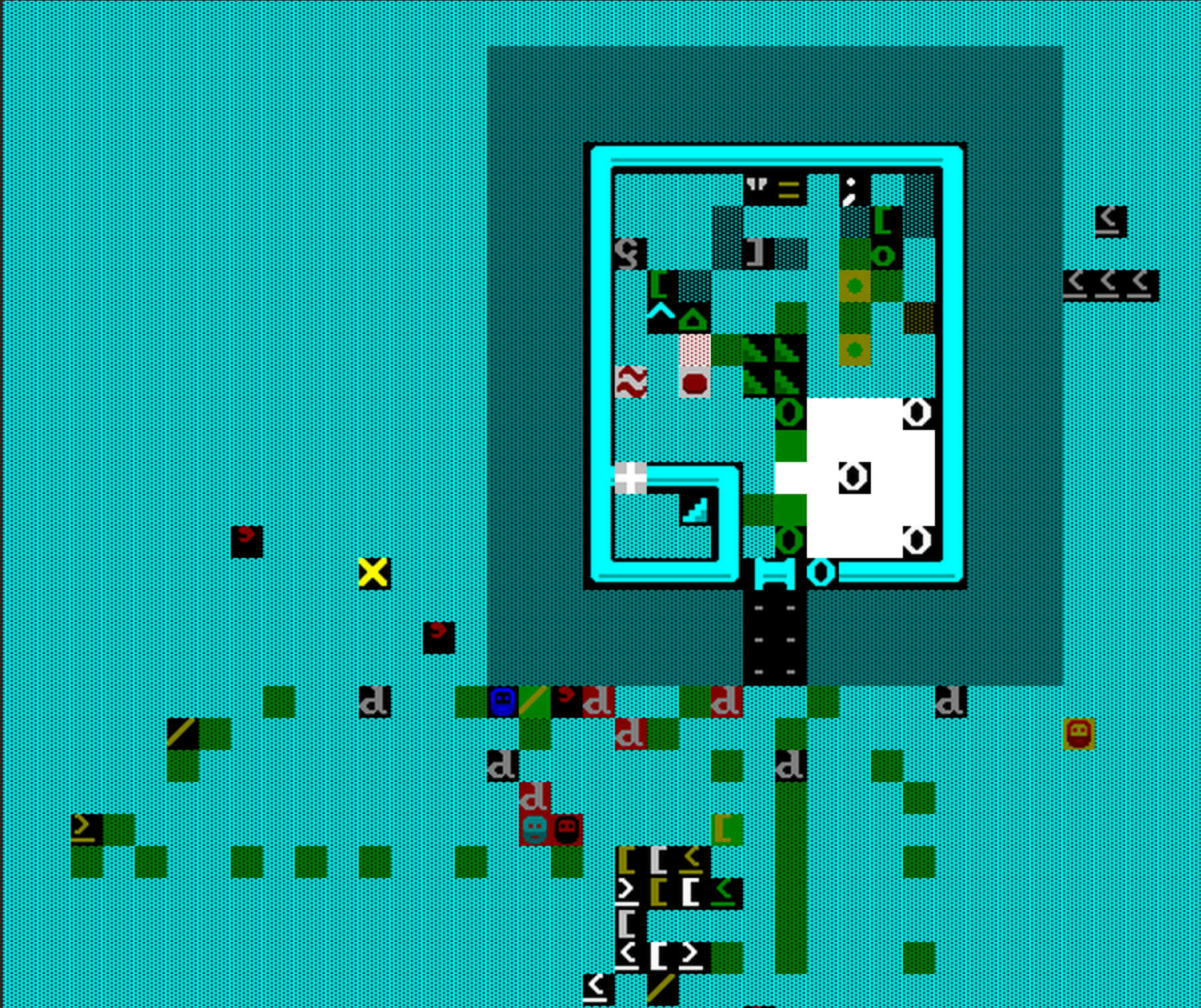
Only dwarves and dogs remain. Many are bleeding, crying, screaming, or some combination of the three.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Engok, the still-breathing gem setter, has no right leg and his head sits at a strange, inhuman angle. The few who avoided injury are breathing heavily, exhausted after rushing to the fight. That's when they hear the slam of the ice bridge, shutting them out amongst the dead.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



They shout and scream to open the gate in case there's another mammoth, but no one responds. They then realize they *are* the dead.

Werecurses transmit through wounds inflicted by those accursed. This means that, out of the 16 dwarves now locked outside, 11 might be cursed. Those safe inside face a difficult question: how do we deal with eleven potential Stosbûb's?

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Those were some amazing combat logs, holy hell. Also, I really have no clue why he had that crossbow, or why half the adults decided to charge out of the base and mob Stosbub. Life goes on, I suppose.

People fighting Weremammoths over a pit of slippery ice is something you truly have to play in order to *truly* comprehend. You *think* you get a good idea by reading the story but it's one of those things were you just *had* to be there...

This guy understands. This guy sees that someone left the party, so he goes to see if they are smoking a cigarette outside or something, and this is what he sees. This guy understand the true mess that is Icehold. (<http://i.imgur.com/mFJa8bK.jpg>)

Quote

Those safe inside face a difficult question: how do we deal with eleven potential Stosbûb's?

Make a weremammoth pit out of the moat...Surround the fort with raising drawbridges that send people sliding into the pit. Create a dumping pit to offer food to the dwarves locked outside between transformations. Like, if you micromanage it well you can have an offshoot community digging themselves a new fort right under the glacier surface, connecting to the moat, but never to the fort itself.

My god this truly is another Doomforests...

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Gojira1000** on **July 03, 2015, 12:58:27 am**

Slow, awed clap :o

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **neblime** on **July 05, 2015, 10:28:11 pm**

well, hopefully we will have the population back down to a sensible level after this hehe
did any named dwarves die?
also wow those wardogs did jack :\\

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Gwolfski** on **July 06, 2015, 03:38:50 am**

me wanna go pls

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 06, 2015, 04:00:59 am**

I imagine that everyone else is going to die off at some point and leave us with a fortress of nothing but weremammoths.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Salmeuk** on **July 06, 2015, 07:00:56 am**

Quote from: neblime on July 05, 2015, 10:28:11 pm
well, hopefully we will have the population back down to a sensible level after this hehe
did any named dwarves die?
also wow those wardogs did jack :\\

They were utterly ineffective, beyond that puppy somehow forcing the weremammoth off the bridge.

Quote from: Gwolfski on July 06, 2015, 03:38:50 am
me wanna go pls

I will have time later today to post.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Gojira1000** on **July 06, 2015, 08:52:43 am**

Quote from: Gwolfski on July 06, 2015, 03:38:50 am
me wanna go pls

Added! Sorry your lawyer was so terrible, but welcome to Icehold. Please don't feed the weremammoths.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Gwolfski** on **July 06, 2015, 01:51:19 pm**

Quote from: Gojira1000 on July 06, 2015, 08:52:43 am
Quote from: Gwolfski on July 06, 2015, 03:38:50 am
me wanna go pls
Added! Sorry your lawyer was so terrible, but welcome to Icehold. Please don't feed the weremammoths.

he was teribble. thats why hes in 1000001 pieces

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Salmeuk** on **July 07, 2015, 09:36:01 am**

Honeymoon called for their names.

"Mebzuth?"

The gathered dwarves looked amongst themselves, but most knew Mebzuth was one of the first to die.

"Olon?"

No response. The dwarves remained still.

"Asmel?"

Silence.

She went on, skritchng off names in the ledger when no response was heard. She then copied that same name to a different page, this one labelled "Unknown Condition". This list contained:

- Olon Bomrekvathez, Swordsdwarf
- Mebzuth Rithabod, Swordsdwarf
- Nish Endokdetes, Farmer
- Unib Udistalåth, Baby
- Asmel Keskalkilrud, Swordsdwarf
- Vabôk Konadolin, Baby

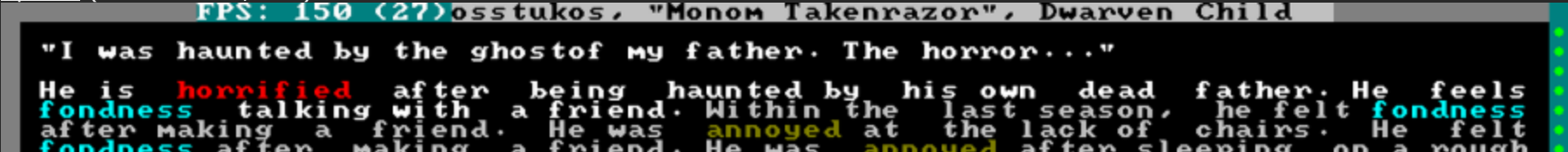
Olon Etesurvad, Suturer
Likot Lotoldók, Swordsdwarf
Atir Zolakrigòth, Ranger
Monom Kûbukstâkud, Spearmaster
Stâkud Bomrekirtir, Spearmaster
Äs Cilobnônub, Strand Extractor
Oddom Sashasilral, Farmer
Ingish Alâthomrist, Beekeeper
Ustuth Alâthzugob, Baby of Ingish
Endok Nonosrutod, Gem Setter
Id Vabôkkôn, Leatherworker
Bomrek Vodlimul, Ranger
Ber Letmosaned, Farmer
Amost Nomalziril, Ranger
Domas Cattendatan, Mace Lord
Äs Cilobnônub, Strand Extractor
Kûbuk âbirmeng, Farmer
Bomrek Vodlimul, Ranger
Cilob Ästhiz, Suterer

and perhaps most concerning of all:

Mistêm Sôddeduk, Overseer

Honeymoon took charge, though only temporarily. So she hoped. She considered the situation, and was at bit of a loss for what to do. Even hardened thieves and scoundrels won't take the loss of a friend lightly, and she was surrounded by grief and hopelessness.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



When the ghost of a long-dead dwarf appeared and beckoned them to visit the surface, she trusted the apparition and adjourned the meeting.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



Mistêm held his bleeding hand against his chest, breathing heavily. That *thing* was dead. He was alive. A few moments of relief were granted by this realization. Then, he recalled a very important and well understood fact about werebeasts: the infection is passed through bites and wounds. A month from now he, along with the majority of dwarves in front of him, would tranform into a horde of unfathomable monstrosities.

This was something he should have felt pleasure in, for wasn't his purpose in life to destroy the sodden bunch of dwarves that clung to this lonely, horrid glacier? The esteemed and rather populated Cult of Self-Perservation, however, was something Mistêm found rather enticing at the moment. He wasn't sure what would happen if all of them changed at once. They might rage against one another, maiming and killing until one final creature stood, only to return to dwarfhood and weep for those just murdered. This was extremely unlikely to happen to him, and he considered his options:

1. Convince the dwarves to let him inside the fortress, and one month from now surprise those inside. Surely death awaits should he take this option, as the severed spinal cord of the weremammoth in front of him clearly shows.
2. Become that last-man-standing and escape to his master's tower, whereupon he could deliver important information about lever location and potential tunnel-building routes.
3. Obtain a pick and make my own, secret existence amongst the stone and darkness below.

Mistêm was fairly pragmatic for a zombie-worshipping cultist, and thought to try that last option first.

Honeymoon ventured to the surface, wanting to know more. Shouting over the walls, she was answered by multiple dwarves at once. A faint conversation beyond the walls followed, and then a single voice was heard.

"Honeymoon, we know you know that were the walking dead and we've all accepted that. There's uninjured out here, though, and you can't just let them die." Honeymoon recognized the voice as that of Stâkud, oldest member of The Bolts of Flying and one of the best spearfighters in the fortress.

"List their names and bring them to the surface. I need to confirm the absence of wounds before I even consider what to do with them." Honeymoon was thourough and precise about the examination, having those dwarves in question strip naked on the ice and prove their good health.

The names of those who showed no sign of injury:

Domas Cattendatan, Mace Lord
Äs Cilobnônub, Strand Extractor
Kûbuk âbirmeng, Farmer
Ustuth Alâthzugob, Baby of Ingish and Edëm
Bomrek Vodlimul, Ranger
Cilob Ästhiz, Suterer

Honeymoon also asked for the names of the dead:

Olon Bomrekvathez, Swordsdfarf
Mebzuth Rithabod, Swordsdfarf
Nish Endokdetes, Farmer
Unib Udistalåth, Baby
Asmel Keskalkilrud, Swordsdfarf
Vabôk Konadolin, Baby
Olon Etesurvad, Suturer
Likot Lotoldók, Swordsdfarf
Atir Zolakrigòth, Ranger

She considered for a moment, and realized that she absolutely refused to trust the injured dwarves not to force their way inside should she open the ice gate. This was a prison, after all. She felt a bit stumped about the situation when she heard the voice of Mistêm, Overseer.

"Honeymoon, throw us a pick. The uninjured can dig into the ice and away from the rest of us." There was a deeply sympathetic tone to his voice, as if his only concern was for the survival of those unwounded.

A few of those outside spoke up in agreement. One of them was Domas, macelord and killer of Stosbûb. "Moon, listen. You've known me for some time now. I don't lie. I have just felled this terrible beast, against all odds and all too late. Give the pick to me, and I can guarantee that it won't leave my grip."

Good, Mistêm thought. This was going my way.

Honeymoon consulted with those below, and after a lengthy argument the majority decided Domas could be trusted. A pick was selected and thrown over the wall. Domas had told the truth, and when Mistêm attempted to pass off his bloodied stump of a hand as "an injury from slipping off the bridge" Domas absolutely refused to believe his story. When Mistêm grabbed for the pick, Domas knocked him back and told the others to hold him down.

"No, Mistêm, I won't blindly trust your word . Whatever authority you used to hold over me has no place here." Mistêm spat onto the ice but said nothing else.

Domas then surprised everyone with a bit of ingenious thought. "I have enought time to carve a small room for each of you. When the next moon rolls around, whoever turns into a weremammoth can stay locked up, while those unchanged can be let free."

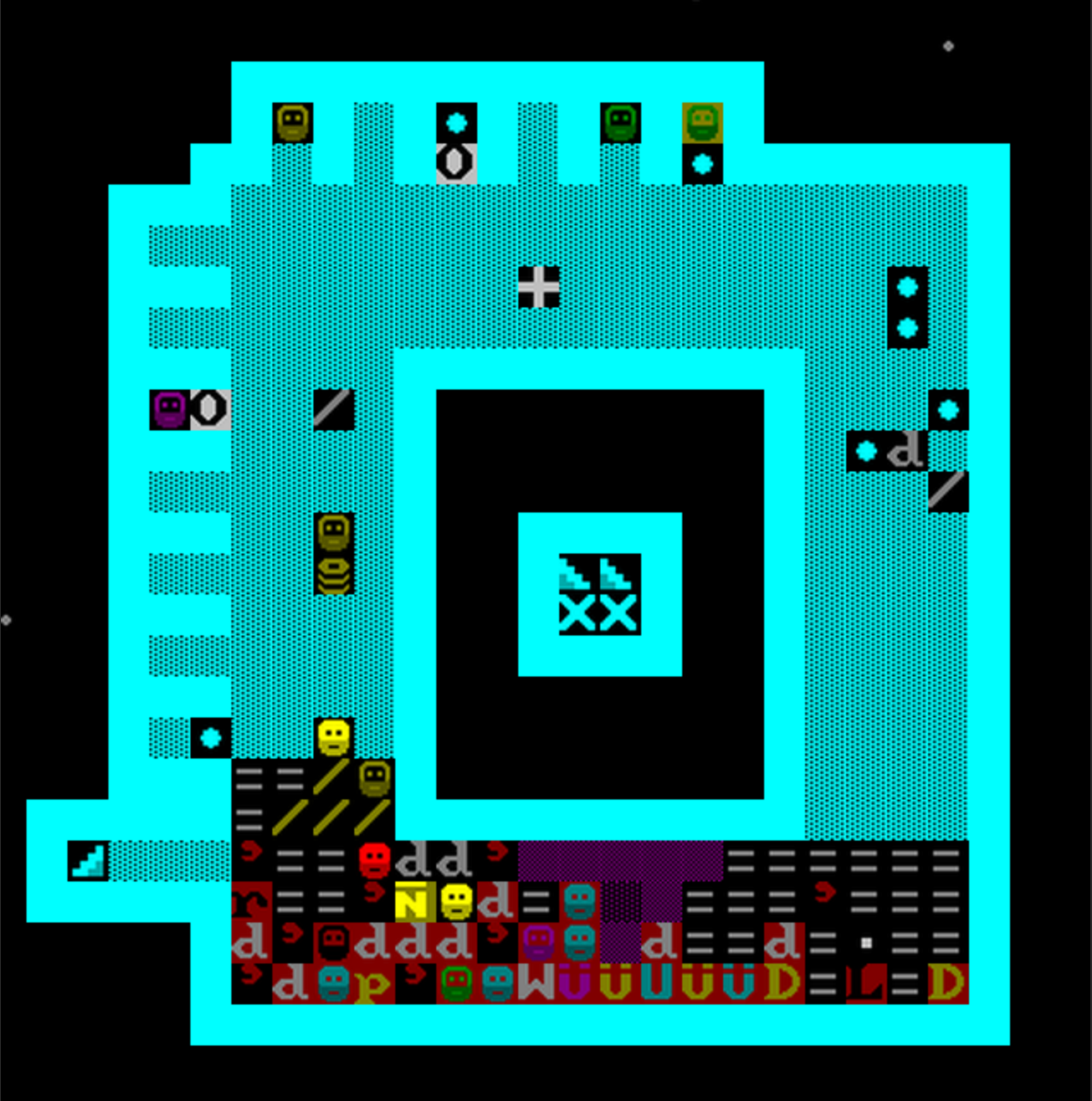
And so the plan was enacted. However, As Roofpunches had a different idea. Sneaking around to the other side of the moat, he clambered up the rough ice walls. He had never really climbed anything before, and absolutely shocked the dwarves inside when his head popped up.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Luckily, Dumas prevented the others from climbing. Ingish had tried to scale the wall with her baby, saying she could just give him back to the others, but Dumas pulled her down - it was nearing the next moon and he couldn't risk it. They made slow progress on the ice holes, and they soon realized there wasn't going to be enough time. As the moon approached everyone became wary of one another, and a few started acting crazy and broken. When Endok, the gem setter who's leg had been torn off, began to scream and shift Stâkud was ready.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

The Weremammoth Gem Setter attacks The Spearmaster but She jumps away!
The Spearmaster stabs The Weremammoth Gem Setter in the right lower arm
with his (*<Bronze spear>*) and the injured part is cloven asunder!
An artery has been opened by the attack, a ligament has been torn and a
tendon has been torn!
The Weremammoth Gem Setter misses The Mace Lord!
The Mace Lord bashes The Weremammoth Gem Setter in the left upper leg
with her silver mace, fracturing the bone!
The Spearmaster kicks The Weremammoth Gem Setter in the upper body with
his left foot, bruising the muscle!
The Weremammoth Gem Setter misses The Spearmaster!
→Endok Konosrutod, Weremammoth Gem Setter has bled to death.

The fight was short and Endok's twisted body soon collapsed, leaking blood from countless wounds. Ingish and Oddom had been killed before Stâkud could react, however, and their bodies were added to the growing pile of dead. This meant, however, that only Endok had been truly infected by the curse. Another month was to be waited, however, since Endok himself may have spread the curse amongst those outside.

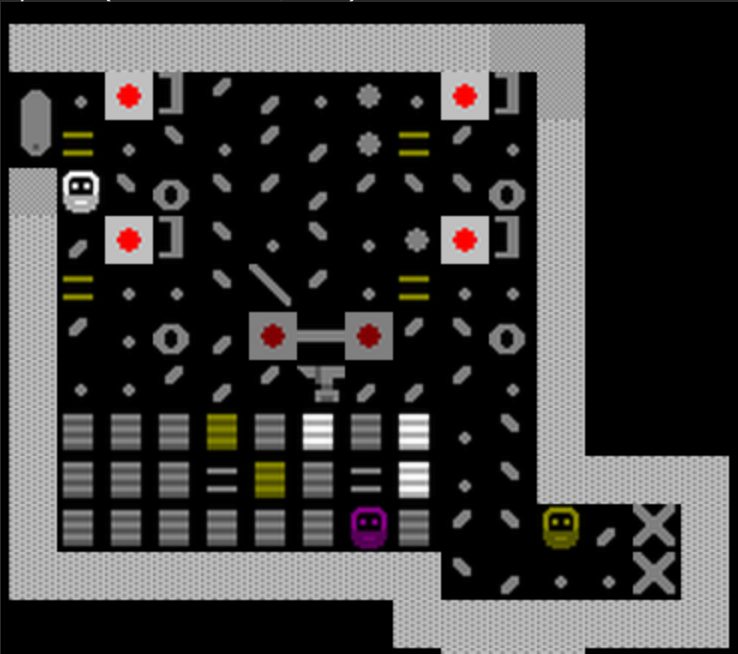
The dwarves inside returned to a normal routine as they waited to see who would survive. A new section was carved out near the caverns, meant to be an expanded farm once flooded via screwpump.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

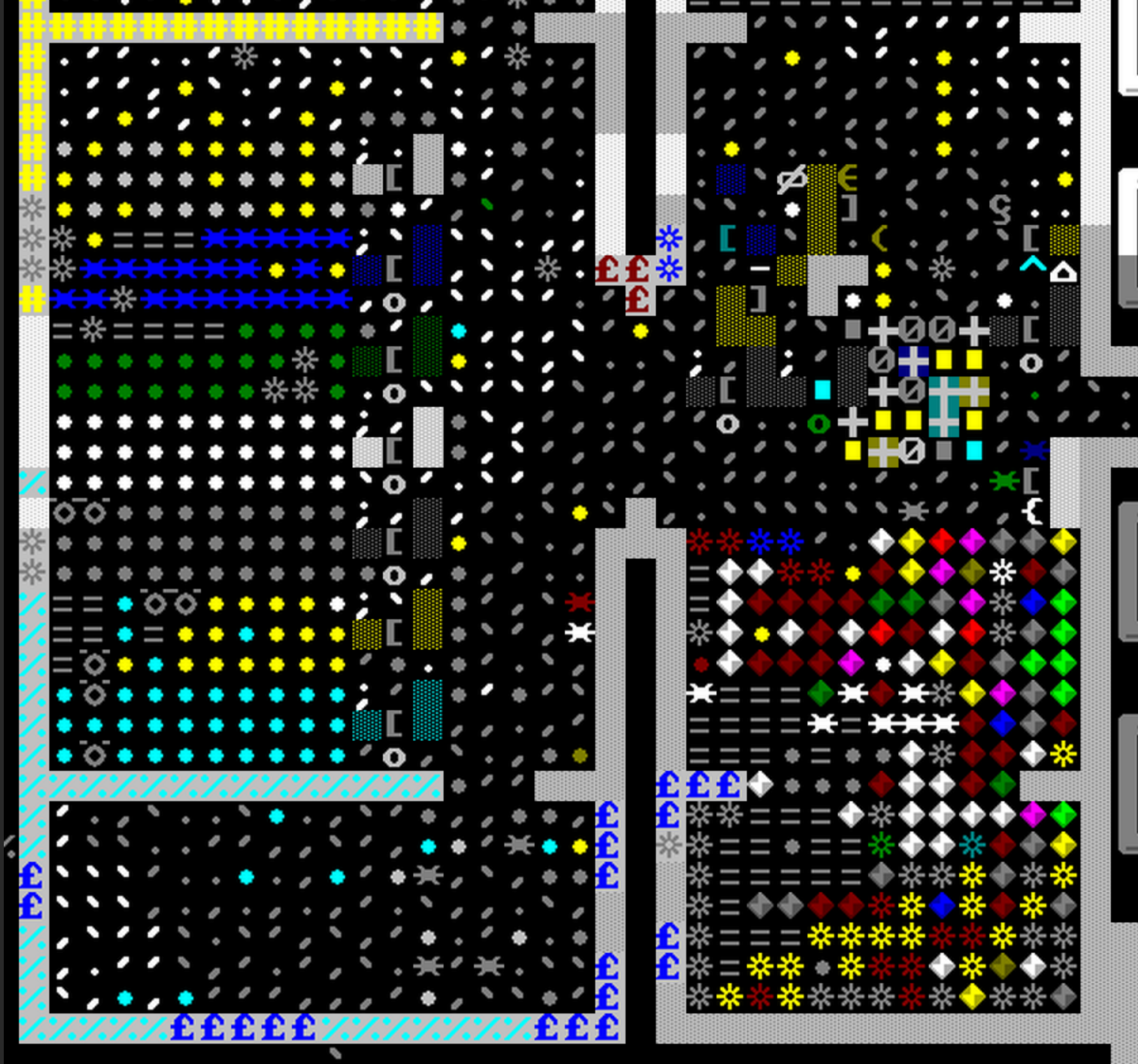


Various sections of the fortress were enlarged and smoothed.

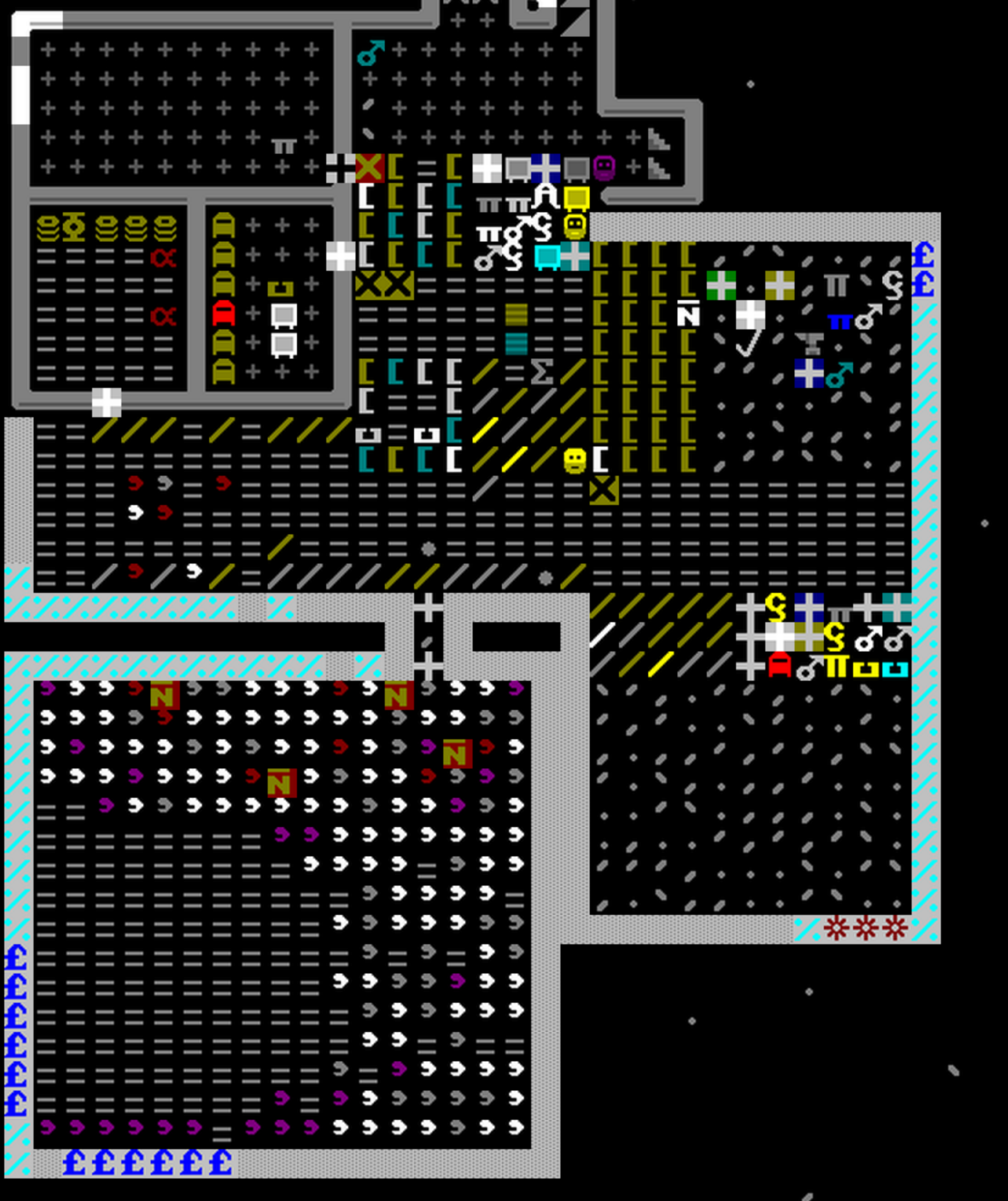
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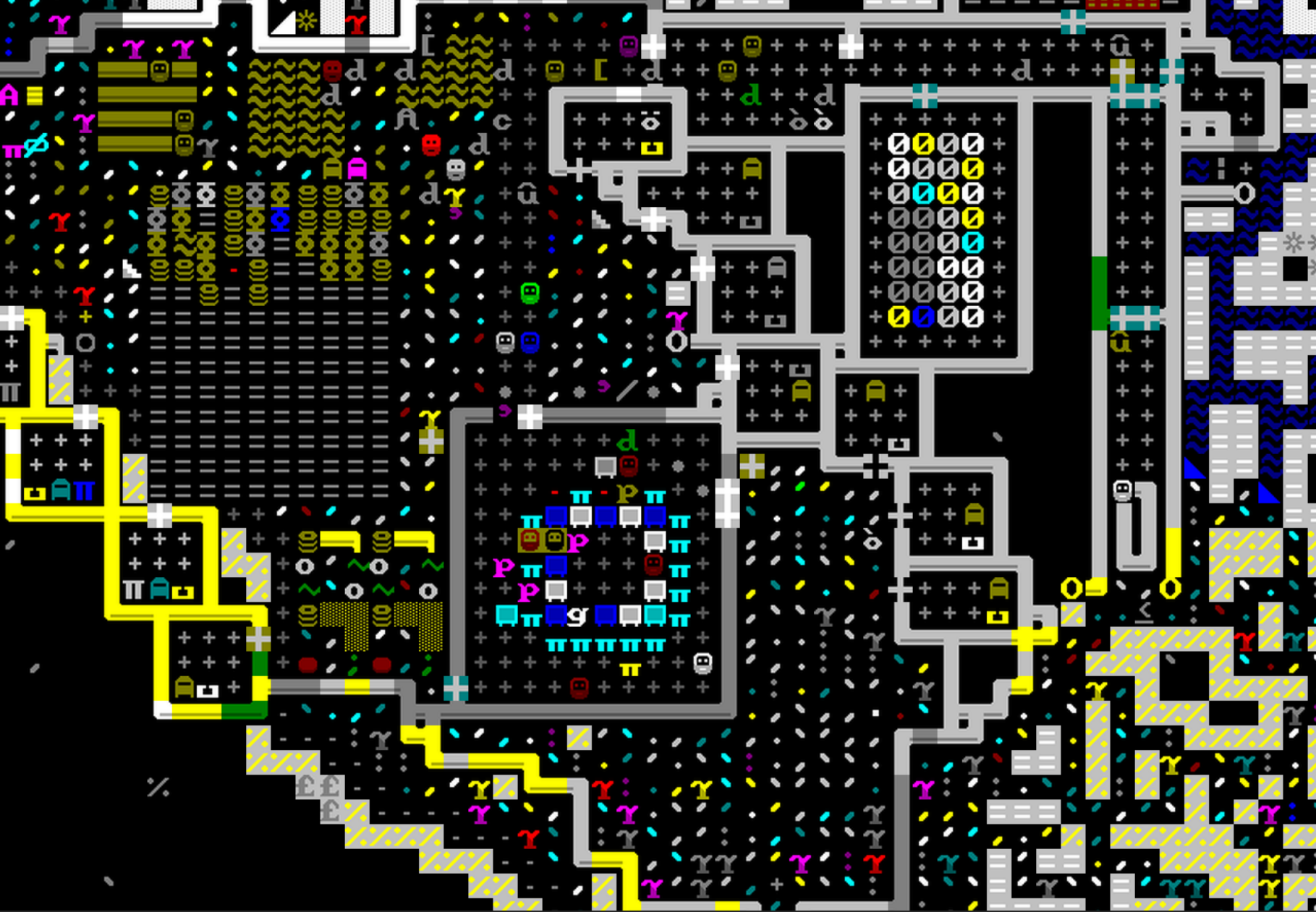
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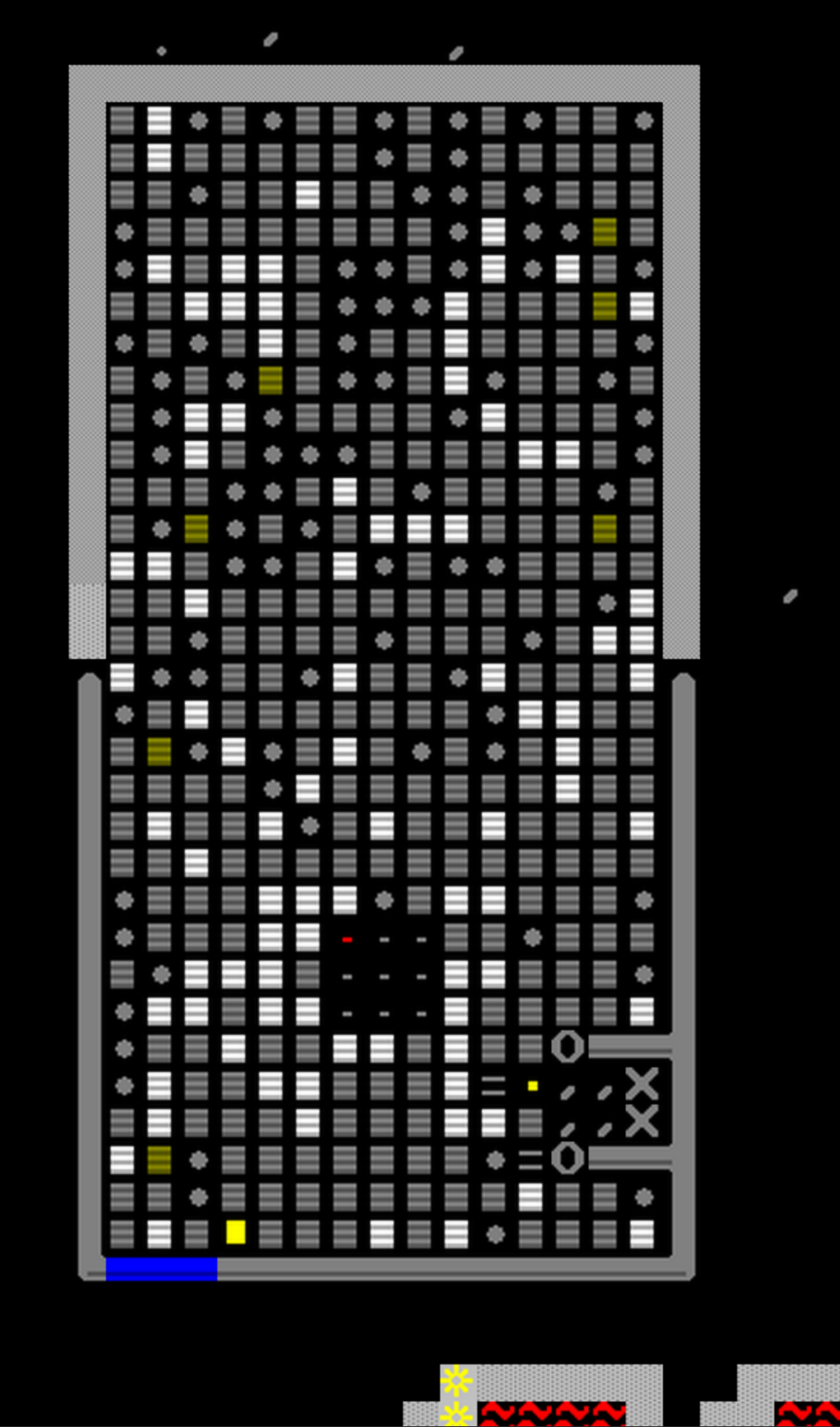
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Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Outside, the few who remained did their best to hold on and stay warm. They drank straight from the kegs thrown over the wall, and occasionally ate a yeti biscuit or two.

It was Avuz who finally turned.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Avuz Kescalodom, Farmer has transformed into a weremammoth!

Domas, the macelord, wasn't prepared. Avuz had lied about his injury, knowing Domas might just finish him off then and there. He hid the wound well, and transformed in an instant. Avuz, in his newly-acquired form, assaulted Domas, ripping apart the ligaments connecting Domas's shoulder to his body and biting off his head. A ranger was killed similarly before Stâkud, spearmaster, could intervene. Avuz was then killed quickly, but with Domas dead and two more dwarves wounded those outside were forced to face yet another month on the ice.

Time passes. Tonight, the moon comes - it floats above the horizon. After spending the night lazily drifting across the blackened sky, it leaves. It's passing marks the arrival of Autumn, acting also as proof that Icehold has finally banished the fell curse of the Weremammoth. The gate is dropped, the wounded are saved, and the dead are buried.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Bomrek Uodlimul, Ranger has been found dead, completely drained of blood!

It's only when the bloodless corpse of Bomrek is found, tucked away in one of the ice caves at the bottom of the moat, that the dwarves learn of the vampire amidst their numbers.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Gojira1000** on **July 08, 2015, 08:54:22 am**

This fortress has become a John Carpenter movie.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **July 08, 2015, 11:47:15 am**

Quote from: Gojira1000 on July 08, 2015, 08:54:22 am
This fortress has become a John Carpenter movie.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **neblime** on **July 10, 2015, 08:54:24 pm**

how's the population doing after that :D
hopefully the vampire will help too

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Salmeuk** on **July 13, 2015, 03:56:52 am**

Autumn passes uneventfully. Reintegration went about as smooth as it could for the survivors, and despite the witnessed horrors the mood eventually stabilized. The revelation of a vampire, while concerning, was something that could wait. At least until these ogres were cleared out:

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



They had climbed over the cavern lake walls and into the screw pump channel, bursting into the hallway.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

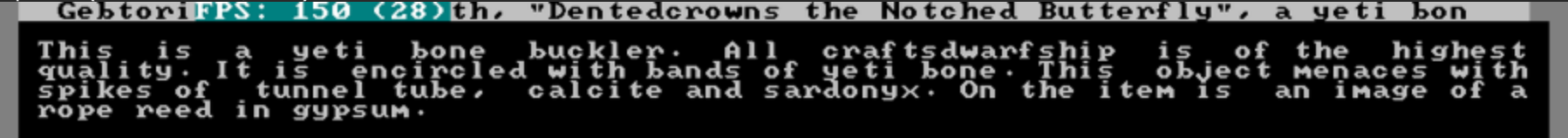


Two dwarves died (their names quickly forgotten), crushed and pulped before the newly-formed military squads could arrive. The Ogres died swiftly, but the fight left our recruits with a number of injuries.

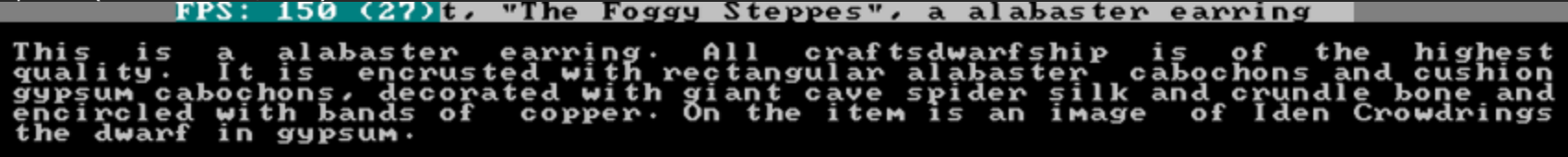
The hallway from where the ogres had come was walled off, and their corpses were hauled and flung into the moat.

Time passes, a few artifacts of minor noteworthiness are created. No one seems to get any better at anything, however, and the objects are written off as the work of possessive spirits.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Some time in winter a Giant Cave Spider attacks the fortress. No one is sure how it got where it did, somehow sneaking 30 z-levels up the most heavily-pathed staircase in the fortress, but hey no one died. Just irreversible mental scarring from having fangs the size of bananas inject venom directly into your brain. Heh, mental scarring. . .

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

→The Wrestler bashes The Giant Cave Spider in the left third leg with his -silver mace-, chipping the chitin!
The Giant Cave Spider misses The Wrestler!
The Giant Cave Spider shoots out thick strands of webbing!
The Giant Cave Spider bites The Wrestler in the head, tearing the muscle through the (sheep wool hood)!
Giant cave spider venom is injected into the The Wrestler's dwarf blood!
The Stray war Dog scratches The Giant Cave Spider in the right first foot, lightly tapping the target!
The Giant Cave Spider bites The Wrestler in the head, tearing the muscle through the (sheep wool hood)!
The Wrestler has been stunned!
Giant cave spider venom is injected into the The Wrestler's dwarf blood!
The Giant Cave Spider latches on firmly!
The Stray war Dog scratches The Giant Cave Spider in the left second foot, chipping the chitin and bruising the fat!
A tendon has been torn!
The Giant Cave Spider shakes The Wrestler around by the head, tearing apart the head's muscle!
An artery in the head has been opened by the attack!
The Giant Cave Spider shakes The Wrestler around by the head, tearing apart the head's muscle!
An artery in the head has been opened by the attack!
The Giant Cave Spider bites The Wrestler in the head, tearing apart the muscle through the (sheep wool hood)!
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The Giant Cave Spider bites The Wrestler in the head, tearing apart the muscle through the (sheep wool hood)!
Giant cave spider venom is injected into the The Wrestler's dwarf blood!
The Giant Cave Spider latches on firmly!
S: Search

The end of winter brought a change in Mistêm's mood. He had been completely surprised by the tenacity of these dwarves, and felt that even in his position of power there just wasn't anything he could do. By stepping down and passing the job of overseer, he was choosing to simply wait for the right moment. While he had been given power during this past year, he had spent a good half of it trapped outside trying to come to terms with his impending death. This left little time to actually go through with his plans. And, he thought, insurrection should not be taken lightly, for should you fail there are no second chances. Not here, not at this damnded prison outpost known as Icehold.

Ok, woo, thanks for reading. I was much less verbose during the latter half since not much really happened. This seems to be a recurring pattern, where you just finish cleaning up whatever mess you caused in the first half of the year only to find your turn is over. The mess is clean, though, but shit guys I hate to break it to you but the vampire is our mayor. And our mayor is a vampire. Standard affair these days, really, but something that should be addressed before one of us named ones dies.

Also, the mason workshops are all set to take a specific color of stone, according to the stone they are made from. That might be confusing for newer players, but it makes for efficient block production / specific color furniture.

I rebound the hotkeys to useful places, f1-f6 take you through the important floors in descending order. There are a few other nooks and crannies but this fortress is surprisingly easy to navigate. Levers should be all labelled, but just ask if it doesn't make sense.

I was attempting to create a second trader-only bridge onto the newly-roofed surface building, but couldn't finish in time. Ideally, this would let us safely enclose the traders while we do business without opening the fortress up to evil. Do as you will but that's my explanation for the weird ramp placement.

oh, and I started this but you should totally finish it: floor off the moat with lead. I dug it an extra 2 z-levels deep for a total of 4, and lead floors would probably be overkill, but *doooo iiiit you know you want to*.

We still have too many dwarves.

Save is here. (<http://dffd.bay12games.com/file.php?id=10988>)

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 13, 2015, 08:10:39 am**

Heh heh heh. I have a plan for knocking the population back to what it should be, but it involves everyone else losing their immortal soul. On the bright side, they wouldn't be at risk from the vampire mayor anymore.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **July 13, 2015, 10:17:04 am**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on July 13, 2015, 08:10:39 am
Heh heh heh. I have a plan for knocking the population back to what it should be, but it involves everyone else losing their immortal soul. On the bright side, they wouldn't be at risk from the vampire mayor anymore.

Thats as good a method as any.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Gojira1000** on **July 13, 2015, 10:57:15 am**

Excellent - Deus, you are up!

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 13, 2015, 01:22:25 pm**

Excellent. Though, granting immortality to everyone hasn't worked out well for me in the past. It might be a better idea to give it only to a chose few who can then lord over and feed off the mortal slaves for eternity.

... and I was planning to play as a good guy in this game.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 13, 2015, 04:58:53 pm**

... I unpaused the game for nearly two seconds after opening it for the first time when I got this announcement:

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



It's going to be one of *those* kinds of years, I guess.

Deus' Diary, 1st of Granite, 254.

Someone shouting my name woke me from my dreams. Not my real name; Nish was the only one who I'd told that to since my exile, and she was dead. But I knew that they were looking for me, for whatever reason. Shaking off the horrors of the past that night brought me, I looked at a world that was scarcely better. Mosus, our seventeen-year-old militia commander is staring at me.

"The dead walk," she says simply, striding back towards the surface without waiting to see if I would catch up with her. She needed that kind of self assurance to keep her authority over dwarves three or four times her age, of course, but it was still irritating to experience. "Pull everyone inside the gates," I orderd rapidly. "We can set up a training room for the militia there until we can find out a safe way to engage them."

I had long ago come to terms with the fact that this place was cursed. Our bloodsucking mayor and the weremammoth moat had been more than enough to convince me of that. But I would be damned if I didn't keep the place that Nish died in free from the taint of necromancy. Whatever it took.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**

Post by: **Taupe** on **July 13, 2015, 08:24:37 pm**

That awkward moment when you plan to turn everything into a soulless undead abomination, but everyone else has already beaten you to the punch.

Quote

"The dead walk," she says simply, striding back towards the surface without waiting to see if I would catch up with her. She needed that kind of self assurance to keep her authority over dwarves three or four times her age, of course, but it was still irritating to experience.

Actually a badass quote.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 14, 2015, 02:43:05 pm**

Deus' Diary, 7th of Granite

I think I'm going to go mad. The moaning I expected. I heard stories from survivors of attempts to purge a necromancer's tower when I worked as a mercenary. They never left out the moaning. I was as prepared as I could be for that, even if it is unnerving. I didn't expect the way they *move*, any part of them not being directed by whatever spell they use hanging like tattered clothing. The zombies rot slowly in the cold, but their joints and muscles still get damaged from the force they put behind blows and the loads that the sorcerers make them carry. With some of them you can hear the crunch of bone on bone with every step.

Still, only one person has died to them so far. As Roofpunches got locked outside the fortress in the initial rush. She ended up trying to climb the moat again, but an elf corpse dragged her back down, and after that... well, I'm glad that my children were underground. With any luck they didn't hear anything.

14th of Granite.

We've locked Id Orbmater in one of the unused bedrooms until we can decide what to do with her. She didn't seem all that worried about getting found out. She just smirked as we closed the door and the noise of the zombies died away.

"They wouldn't attack me, you know," she told me. "I could walk right by them and take care of their masters for you. Or, if you don't trust me, I could always turn some of you. It's cost you your soul, but you'd be able to save everyone you love."

She laughed as I closed the door. "One bite," she called, "And you'll be hooked!"

I think I prefer the sound of the moaning.

15th of Granite.

The last of our ghosts has been laid to rest today. The necromancers also seem to have vanished, leaving their minions behind. For all I know, they could just be hiding, waiting for more corpses to desecrate.

26th of Granite.

Spoiler: Inheritance (click to show/hide)

Deduk Veiledsack, being the rightful heir, has inherited the position of baron of Boltblade.

I have no idea how a noble ended up here. I can only assume that his parents sent him here in an attempt to prevent him from assassinating them or something. In any case, he can't take his rightful position until we get rid of the zombies.

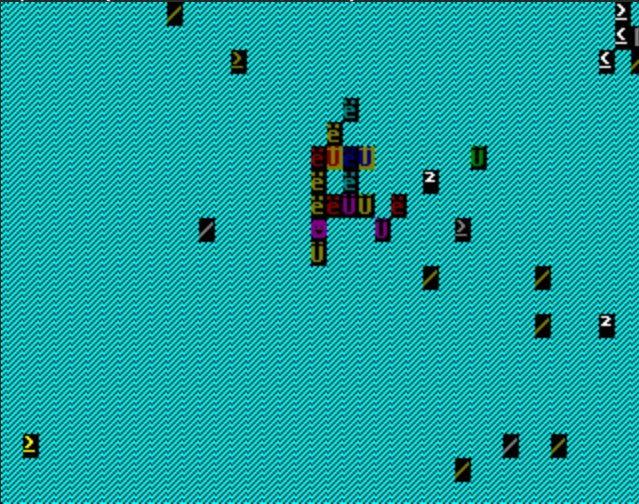
Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Dumbestdorf** on **July 15, 2015, 04:25:40 am**

I'd like to be dorfed, if you don't mind. As Ipeps, a very strong but completely idiotic woodcutter or hauler, sent here after a bunch of dwarves tried to bully him or her yet another time (and it didn't end too well for them this time).

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 17, 2015, 06:34:28 pm**

Deus' Diary, 1st of Slate
I've released Id Orbmasters from her prison and given her a mace. The others that know of her... affliction aren't particularly happy about it, but I'd rather know whether she was telling the truth before risking infecting others with her curse. Even if she does flee rather than doing anything helpful, she'll at least be gone and it'll be one less pest to worry about.

5th of Slate
The zombies were smarter than Id thought, apparently. She had barely crossed the bridge before they attacked her:
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Black Pat has been elected mayor. I'm trying to get as much steel equipment made as we can. With any luck it'll give us some hope of combating the dead.

13th of Slate
The blue stone is bizarrely light in my hands.
"We found it in the deepest mines," Tulon told me reluctantly. "The metalworkers have managed to extract an ore harder than steel from it."
I nod. "Is there more of it?" I asked softly.
"Some," she answered. She shifted uncomfortably, setting her pick on the floor. "The others... they don't want to dig it out, though. There are legends of terrible curses unleashed by digging up adamantine."
For a moment, I can't speak. I look at her, laughing. "What could we possibly provoke that we haven't already been through? Our civilians have been turning into mad beasts, we're under siege from zombies, and our mayor wanted to drain us of our blood up until the zombies killed her! And to be honest, I'm not entirely sure that Black Pat wouldn't do exactly the same thing given the chance!"
Tulon was still standing there, staring at me like a child. I sighed angrily.
"Tell them that they can either dig the stone, or I will find a hammer and convict them of every crime I can think of," I tell her.
"There are more of them than there are of you," Tulon said. She seemed to think that she was being subtle. I lay my hand on the hilt of my sword and nod towards the door. She took the hint and left, muttering under her breath as she slammed the door.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **neblime** on **July 18, 2015, 03:27:01 am**

woah woah woah hold up, zombies attack vampires now?

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **July 18, 2015, 04:42:04 am**

Quote from: neblime on July 18, 2015, 03:27:01 am
woah woah woah hold up, zombies attack vampires now?
On the bright side the position of mayor is now opened...

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 18, 2015, 12:55:51 pm**

I'm guessing it was something to do with her being active in the militia, but it was kind of a surprise.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **July 18, 2015, 01:35:24 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on July 18, 2015, 12:55:51 pm
I'm guessing it was something to do with her being active in the militia, but it was kind of a surprise.
Could this also be caused by the zombies being led by sentient beings, instead of being just roaming undead creatures?

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Gojira1000** on **July 18, 2015, 01:46:22 pm**

Pat is still alive? Excellent. And that does solve the vampire issue (though yeah, since when do zombies attack vampires?) Things continue to be interesting on the glacier.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 18, 2015, 10:14:37 pm**

Deus' Diary, 4th of Hematite
Cilob Cavefastened has finished working after nearly a month in a workshop. I can't deny that it's a beautiful bed, but that doesn't change the fact that it's made of stone.
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Bünengonggash Domas Taron, "Sootheflayed the Guilds of Yelling", a drt bd
This is a diorite bed. All crafts dwarfship is of the highest quality. It is encircled with bands of rectangular diorite cabochons, reindeer bone and cushion cut morions.
On the item is an image of dwarves in schist. The dwarves are laboring. The artwork relates to the foundation of Razortargets by The Decent Figure of The Stake of Rings in 55.
On the item is an image of blazing suns in spore tree.

17th of Hematite
Black Pat has lost the position of mayor to some engraver or other. At least now we don't have to worry about our leader strangling us, but I can't say I'm all that comfortable with a thirteen-year-old being in charge.
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Monom Enkosstukos, "Monom Takenrazor", mayor
"My trust is earned, and not by many."
Within the last season, he was eager to be elected. He felt satisfied at work. He felt pleasure near a fine Seat. He felt fondness talking with a friend. He felt pleasure near a fine Seat. He felt pleasure near a fine Table. He felt fondness talking with a sibling. He was blissful dining in a legendary dining room. He was disgusted after retching on a miasma. He was horrified after seeing Medtob Craftedthroats die. He felt pleasure near a fine Table. He felt pleasure near a fine Seat. He felt pleasure near a fine Seat. He was embarrassed after sleeping without a proper room. He felt pleasure near a fine Table. He felt pleasure near a fine Table. He felt pleasure near a fine Seat. He felt pleasure near a fine Table. He felt pleasure near a fine Table. He felt pleasure near a fine Door. He felt pleasure near a fine Door. He felt pleasure near a very fine Door. He felt pleasure near a fine Door. He felt pleasure near a fine Door. He felt pleasure near a fine Door. He felt pleasure near a fine Table.
He is the son of Mafol Archlined and Asmel Honorink.
He is a citizen of The Stake of Rings. He is a member of The Fenced Lance. He is a former member of The Heavy Bell. He is the mayor of The Fenced Lance. He arrived at Ushilkegeth on the 4th of Slate in the year 252.
He is thirteen years old, born on the 9th of Limestone in the year 241.
He is corpulent. His eyes are ochre. His hair is extremely long. His head is somewhat narrow. His nose bridge is somewhat concave. His hair is gold. His skin is raw umber.
He is susceptible to disease, weak and clumsy.
Monom Enkosstukos likes rutile, billon, star ruby, sheep wool, suns, bucklers, mountain gnomes for their ability to hold liquor and pineapple plants for their fruit. When possible, he prefers to consume strawberry wine and fonio flour. He absolutely detests brown recluse spiders.
He has a sum of patience, but he has a questionable spatial sense, a little difficulty with words, a very bad sense of empathy, a poor kinesthetic sense and a large deficit of willpower.
Like others in his culture, he holds crafts dwarfship to be of the highest ideals and celebrates talented artisans and their masterworks, has a great deal of respect for the law, greatly prizes loyalty, values family greatly, sees friendship as one of the finer things in life, believes that honesty is a high ideal, greatly respects artists and their works, really respects those that take the time to master a skill, deeply respects those that work hard at their labors, respects fair-dealing and fair-play, values cooperation, finds merrymaking and partying worthwhile activities, values martial prowess, values leisure time, respects commerce and finds nature somewhat disturbing. He personally sees perseverance in the face of adversity as bull-headed and foolish and finds romance distasteful. He dreams of creating a great work of art, and this dream was realized.
He eschews practical concerns for philosophical discussion, puzzles, riddles and the world of ideas. He has a strong sense of duty. He has a low sense of self-esteem. He lives an orderly life, organized and neat. He tends to be a bit stubborn in changing his mind about things. He finds helping others emotionally rewarding. He sometimes acts with little determination and confidence. He tends to share his own experiences and thoughts with others. He likes to brawl. He is slow to trust others. He does not easily hate or develop negative feelings. He has a calm demeanor. He lives a fast-paced life. He has an active imagination. He blows his breath out when he's annoyed. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.
A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

27th of Hematite
Watching the magma at the lower levels of Icehold, I'm tempted to try pumping it all the way up to the surface. It honestly seems like the only way to get rid of the undead infesting the surface. Even selling your soul for immortality isn't enough to make them go away... We don't have the numbers to combat them directly, at least. Perhaps we should just smoosh them with a bridge.

2nd of Malachite
We've started crafting armour for the militia at long last. I can't see it helping much, but it'll shield us from attacks that may come from underground.

16th of Galena
The metalsmiths tell me that they've run through all of the adamanatine that we found. They were only able to make a small amount of armour and three swords and spears out of it, but what we have is truly astounding stuff. The blade feels as light as a feather compared to a steel one, but it still cuts through stone under its own weight. I've made sure that all of the soldiers with one of those weapons have been told in no uncertain terms not to draw them for any reasons other than training or combat; it seems like the perfect situation for someone to accidentally sever a hand or something.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **July 25, 2015, 04:25:47 pm**

Sorry for the delay, people. We're just getting into winter, and not a lot is going on. The new militia recruits are halfway competent now, and I found out that the door to the stockpile of yeti meat was locked (was that for any particular reason or is it ok to turn it all into yeti meat roasts?). We also have a tube running into the magma sea for the dumping of various things, and Id Orbmasters has a slab (real name Amkash Vicuonust Jepumnilum Adho, so I guess she was secretly an elf as well?)

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **August 03, 2015, 11:03:31 pm**

Poke poke.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 06, 2015, 04:33:39 am**

Oh. Er, sorry. I thought I'd posted the last update on this for some reason. I'll see if I have the writeup saved somewhere and post it this evening.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 06, 2015, 02:56:28 pm**

Yup. Sorry for the delay. I kind of ran out of steam halfway through the year in any case. I guess I was just hoping the zombies would go away once the vampire plan didn't work.

Deus' Diary, 8th of Opal
Mistem Mistymanor, Vesh's Minion, has created a ring made from dog bone that he's calling the Foggy Calamities. It's nothing particularly special, so I've sent him to the newly created jail for killing a dog. Jerk.

1st of Obsidian
Honeymoon has become a legendary record keeper. Perhaps if our militia had similar skill levels, they'd be able to do something about all those zombies still lurking around the place.

5th of Obsidian
The zombies may actually prove to be a useful barrier against any other invaders that come our way. They started swarming something today, and when they eventually cleared out there was a weretortoise corpse on the ground. So long as we all stay inside and no one does anything stupid, they could be the a better defence than anything that a living dwarf could come up with.

<http://dff.d.bay12games.com/file.php?id=11040> (<http://dff.d.bay12games.com/file.php?id=11040>)

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **uber pye** on **August 06, 2015, 11:18:59 pm**

I got the file, intro now, play tomorrow-ish

my name is Kel Granitefuture people call me pyer, and i am 2 years old. I live in the town Icehold with my 3 brothers. mommy and daddy

are dead though.
people tell me that mommy and daddy were criminals and that is why we live here. i like-

"All right I'm done leading this mess, time to throw The Overseer's Stick"

THWACK



oww, whats this?

"that kids got The Stick! your up kid"

up for what?

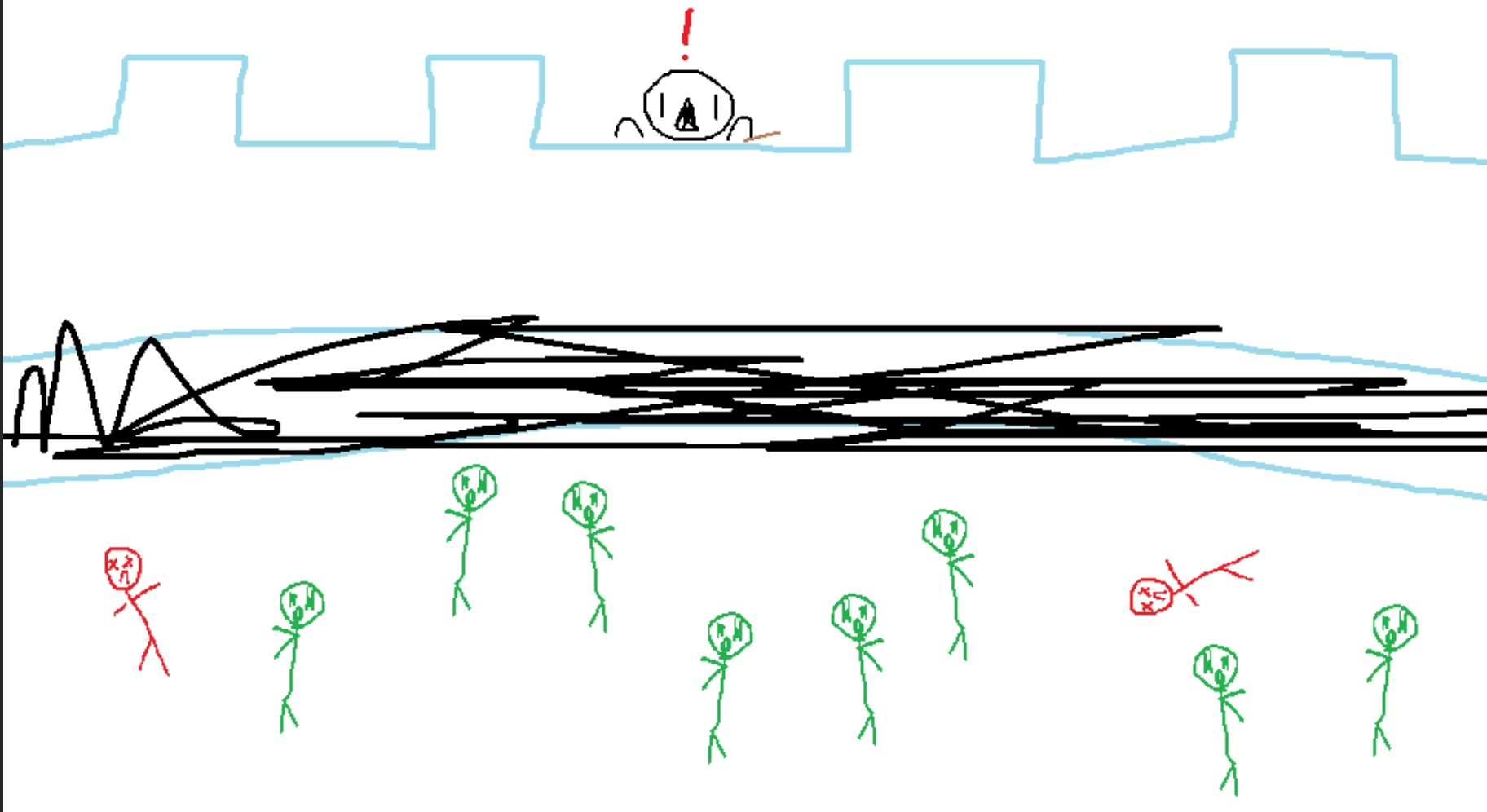
"you're overseer now"

ok... i guess.

ill explore more of the fortress. i only really see the caves and farm and stuff so ill see what is up on the surface.

Spoiler: huh? (click to show/hide)





WHAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!

thud

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **uber pye** on **August 10, 2015, 12:59:42 am**

you find a journal filled with crayon drawings and barely legible text it reads

17th of obsidian

now that i am overseer my brother told me i should keep a diary, hello diary!

he also told me i should deal with the zombies, while the fort is functioning fine.

oh no.

20th of obsidian

the old overseers have told me what they've tried to deal with the zombies

fighting them didnt work and



sending out a vampire didnt ether.



what if we burn them!



yeah!

21st of obsidian

the adults say that my plan is silly that it is too much work

ill show them whos silly ill sho them all!



Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **August 10, 2015, 09:45:19 pm**

Wow, this is...

Wow.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **FallacyofUrist** on **August 10, 2015, 10:18:46 pm**

I see absurdity. I like.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 10, 2015, 11:56:31 pm**

Deus' Diary

For some reason, a child is now in charge of this place. I guess I have no one to blame but myself, but I'm concerned about his plans to set the zombies on fire. I imagine it would involve magma at some stage, and I can't see that mixing well with all the ice that the dead are standing on...

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **neblime** on **August 11, 2015, 12:02:48 am**

hey can I sign up for a second turn?

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Evaris** on **August 11, 2015, 03:08:02 am**

ptw

Can't wait to see how the fire bit turns out.

Also, since when do zombies attack vampires?

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 11, 2015, 11:03:51 am**

I have no idea. I assume that the zombies are able to properly recognise that they're loyal to the necromancer's civ and therefore enemies of the vampire's civ or something like that, but I guess it could do with some !!science!!.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **uber pye** on **August 11, 2015, 04:01:27 pm**

28th of Obsidian

the new year is here and my plans are finished, the digging begens

the zombies will taste fire!

1st of granite

they left.

all the zombies just left...

DEFEATED ARE THE ZOMBIES!



20th of granite

the miners found a cave while digging out the magma transportation
the cave has a giant cave swallow!



also, im having people collect all the bolts left out on the surface, its so messy out there!

2nd of slate

some one saw a giant cave spider in the new cave



scary

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **August 11, 2015, 06:14:00 pm**

They **LEFT!?** Oh, so when I want to build a giant castle of ice, it's party time in the frozen wasteland for an entire year, but the second a new guy shows up the zombies suddenly get their shit together and go off to pursue careers in the private sector?

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **uber pye** on **August 11, 2015, 08:53:37 pm**

7th of slate

Kubuk the farmer got ghoasted!



13th of slate

he grabed a bunch of stuff and locked himself in the clothers workshop

kniting goast?



18th of slate

it is a sweater nitting goast!

Kûbuk âbirmeng, Farmer has created Shagogoshur, a cave spider silk tunic!

Shagogoshur, "Staticcircles", a cave spider silk tunic

This is a cave spider silk tunic. All craftsdwarfship is of the highest quality. It is encrusted with trillion cut resin opals, decorated with cave spider silk and tunnel tube and encircled with bands of cushion resin opal cabochons, rectangular alabaster cabochons and lead. It is made from cave spider silk cloth. This object menaces with spikes of tunnel tube and giant rat bone.

On the item is an image of The Accidental Conflict the jagged yeti bone right gauntlet in cave spider silk.

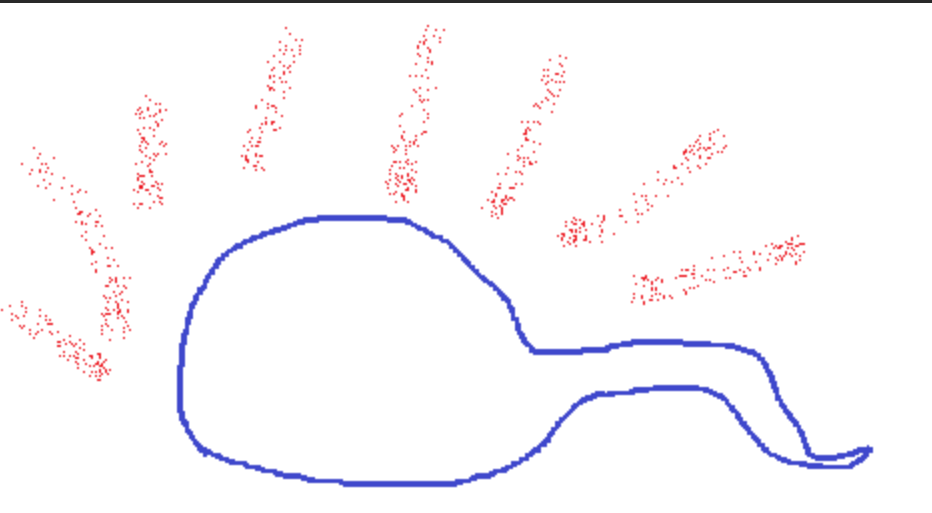
On the item is an image of The Enchanters of Fastening the silver crown in cave spider silk.

22nd of slate

uhho...

somthing came today

The Forgotten Beast Amxu has come! A great blob composed of water. It has a short tail and it squirms and fidgets. Beware its deadly dust!



5th of felsite

the magma transport system is halfway done muahahahaha!

also im gunna pritty up the meeting hall it needs more colors!

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**

Post by: **Taupe** on **August 11, 2015, 09:26:16 pm**

I would kill for an entire fortress presented this way.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**

Post by: **Ruhn** on **August 13, 2015, 10:25:55 am**

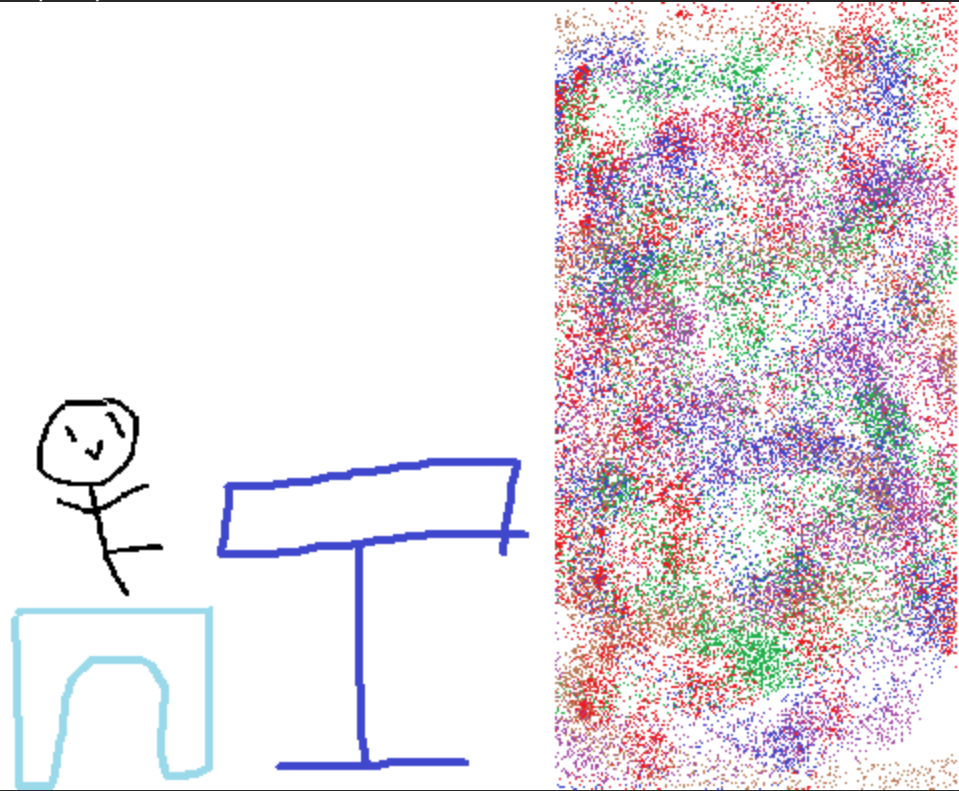
This has been a fun read so far, that fight with Stosbûb was insane!

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**

Post by: **uber pye** on **August 13, 2015, 05:43:29 pm**

2nd of Hematite

so pritty!



16th of hematite

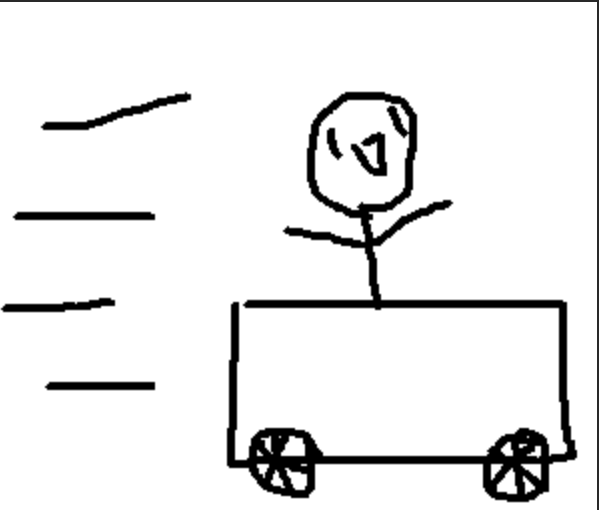
the magma transport system is compleat!
now we just need to powewr it, test it then it is ready to burn stuff!

14th of malachite

it is now powered! time for the magmaless test!

21st of Malachite

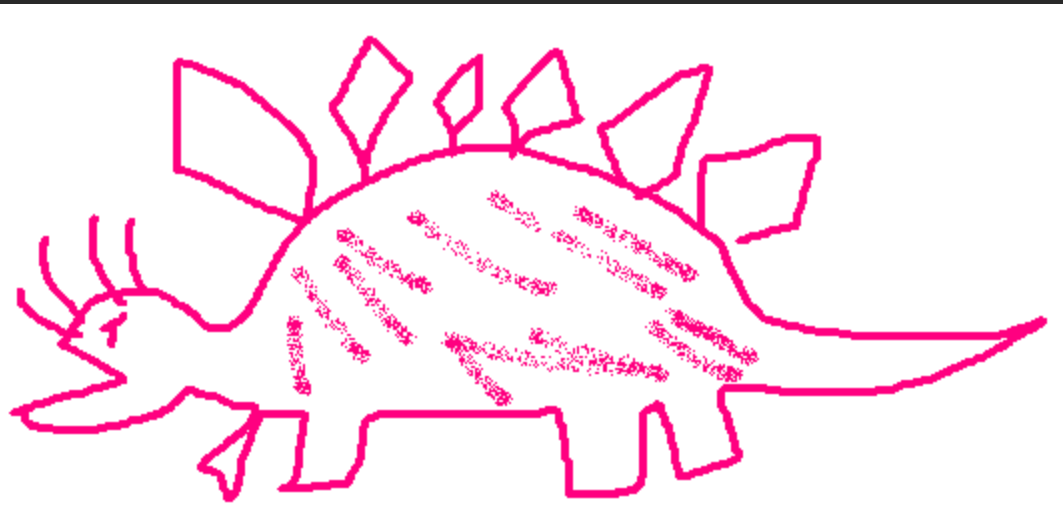
IT WORKS!!!!



muahahahahaha!
now it is time to add magma!

oh and another beasty came

The Forgotten Beast Nundre has come! An enormous feathered stegosaurid. It has four long, curving horns and it squirms and fidgets. Its indigo feathers are patchy. Beware its deadly blood!



he is keeping amxu company

24th of malachite

magma has been added to the resuvor!

its working!

25th of malachite

uh ho

it is melting the surface ice

26th of malachite

yay! it stoped before unloading the second portion of magma because the track melted

3rd of gelena

repairs have started on the magma holder it should work after this

7th of gelena

my brother alath seems distant today weird

10th of gelena

oh i thing alath has an idea he grabed a craftshop

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **August 13, 2015, 07:48:57 pm**

This is an awesome read! Could I perchance be dorfed as DeMarco? Mechanic if possible, but I don't care too much about the job. And what the hell, sign me up for a turn as well.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **uber pye** on **August 15, 2015, 02:32:20 am**

21st of gelena

ok the repairs and improvments have been made

28th of gelena

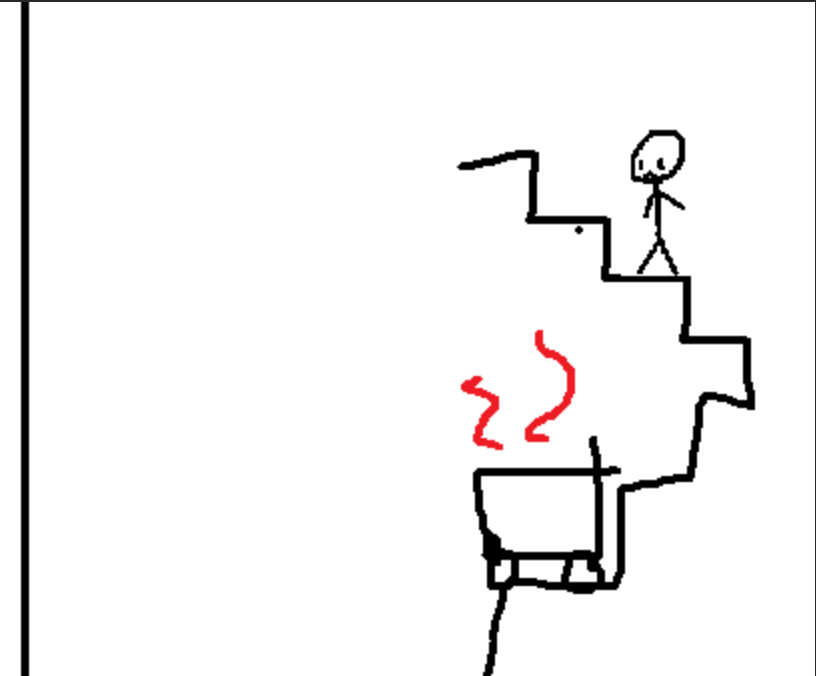
we hit anaother problem time to fix it!

13th of limestone

a caravan has arived!

17th of limestone

ah no...

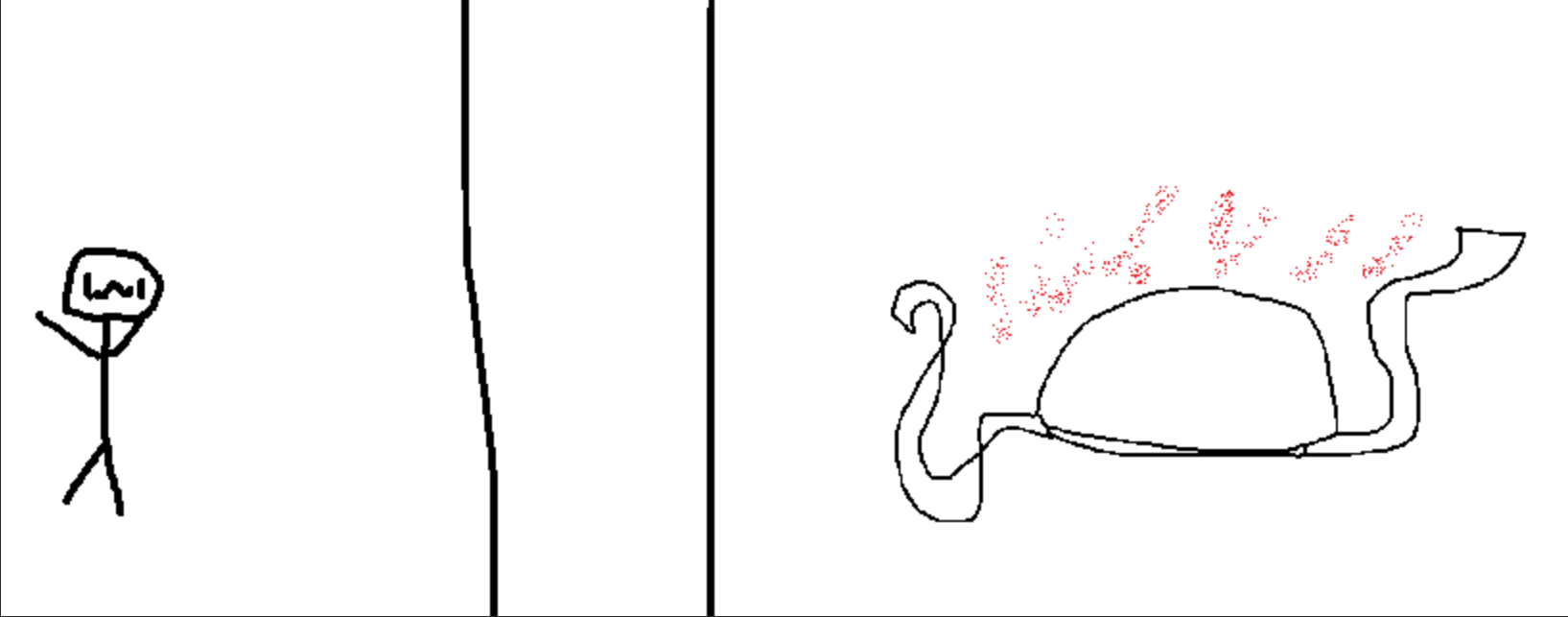


it didnt fall in it's hole like it should
lets just get one of the replacement one and leave this one there

22nd of limestone

another?

The Forgotten Beast Kor Thologgez has come! A towering scaly ribbon worm. It has an enormous shell and it squirms and fidgets. Beware its poisonous vapors!



hes on the otherside of the wall!

28th of limestone

the old minecart got unjammed!

i guess its time to see if 2 minecarts can work on the same track

5th of sandstone

it works! no crashes!

8th of sandstone

all is going well-ish
the magma well is filling up but it is melting some ice but in a non-breaking way

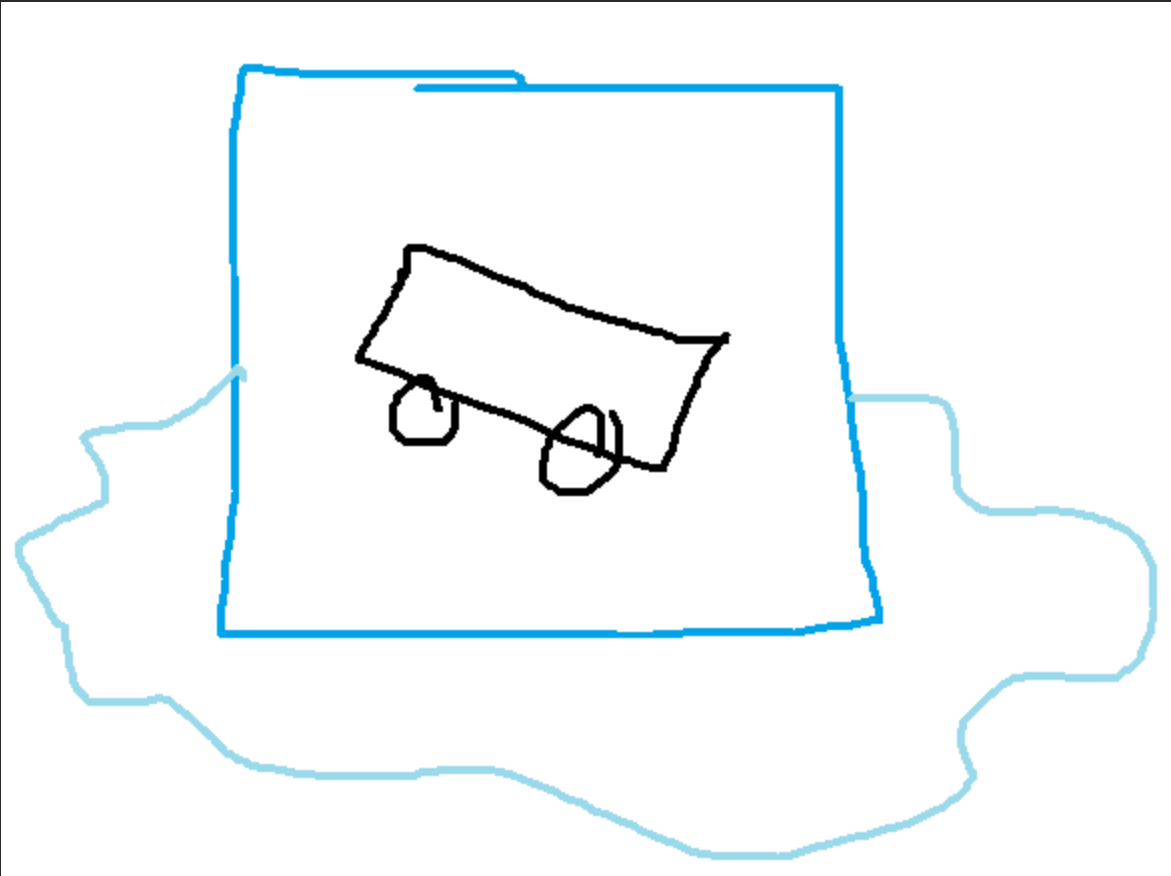
all the mercants had was food

also zaneg had a babby

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **uber pye** on **August 15, 2015, 09:00:17 pm**

13th of sandstone

ok the break part of the magma system just broke
the two minecarts crashed and spilled their magma melting the ice, solidifying the magma



the good news is that it dosnt actualy need breaks!

14th of sandstone

i think it crashed because someone was on the tracks
im gunna need to make it safer

also i think my brother aleth went crazy

7th of timber

the repairs are made and the magmaing is back on!

16th of timber

it broke again after two carts crashed after loading in a third minecart.

i will get this right evantually!!

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **uber pye** on **August 19, 2015, 03:29:04 pm**

6th of moonstone

olin has locked himself in a craft workshop after gathering things for a month

11th of moonstone

olin finnished his work!
Olin Istbarrovod, Dwarven Child has created Toradengig Tarem Shazak, a tunnel tube bracelet!

Toradengig Tarem Shazak, "Bodyflax the Fate of Symmetry", a tunnel tub br

This is a tunnel tube bracelet. All crafts dwarfship is of the highest quality. It is encircled with bands of tunnel tube, cushion cobaltite cabochons, rectangular diorite cabochons and octagon cut resin opals. This object is adorned with hanging rings of resin opal and menaces with spikes of tunnel tube and llama wool. On the item is an image of a lesser yam plant in tunnel tube.

On the item is an image of Mong Dangerimage the human and Bravedlathered the Pristine Rapidity of Tulips the ettin in copper. Bravedlathered the Pristine Rapidity of Tulips is striking down Mong Dangerimage. The artwork relates to the killing of the human Mong Dangerimage by the ettin Bravedlathered the Pristine Rapidity of Tulips in The Autumnal Glacier in 156.

On the item is an image of a tall cross in diorite.

yay

now if only we had use for a legendary wood worker

24th of moonstone

ok time to try the magma track again

3th of opal

it works!
i am so done trying to make this thing better

but my turn is almost over so phase two will need to wait

9th of opal

for a bit Kor the forgotten beast had some torglodite toys

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



i think he broke them bucause he stoped playing with them

12th of oapl

rovod the engraver has gone missing

this looks like a job for detective pyer!



13th of opal

im stumped, i cant find him



mabye he'll be found some day

24th of opal

i noticed today that we have clay
we need to do somthing with it!

16th of obsidian

i am done. time to throw the stick of leadership!

the save:<http://dffd.bay12games.com/file.php?id=11067> (<http://dffd.bay12games.com/file.php?id=11067>)

Spoiler: [Bonus!!!](#) (click to show/hide)



sorry



so sorry

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **uber pye** on **August 19, 2015, 04:05:08 pm**

EDIT: opoos double post

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **October 09, 2015, 04:06:21 am**

For the record, I refuse to let Icehold sink into obscurity. I've pm'd the next guy on the turn list. This disaster of a penal colony is officially back in business.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **October 11, 2015, 02:03:49 am**

Fun update: I've had no response from the next person on the list. I just contacted Pearofclubs, to see if he is still alive. Unless he answers within the next two days, I'll be jumping back into this for a second turn.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **October 12, 2015, 09:41:34 pm**

How do second turns work here? If somebody new requests a go, do they get appended before or after the second turn folk?

Because I have free time and wouldn't mind running the place into the ground for a bit, but I have no idea where I'll be multiple turns from now. :D

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **October 12, 2015, 09:58:03 pm**

Right now nobody cares because nobody is playing because nobody is managing this fortress. If you seriously feel like playing, just go ahead. Jump in. Grab the save and play a turn. People might complain, but that's better than letting the thread sit idle after two months of inaction.

Like, I've contacted the next two players and they didn't respond. The next people are me (will play if you don't, altho I think I'm next in breadbowl or something), then the OP who died, Gwolsky whom I believe is busy, and absolutely nobody else. That makes you the rightful claimant to the save, on the grounds of "actually posting here since august"

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **October 12, 2015, 10:59:45 pm**

Alright, sounds good. Can't download the save right now, but I'll get to it later tonight and dorf myself and a Research Assistant as appropriate.

Prologue

Speech given by Dr. 'Quasar' Honoredglaze on the 28th of Obsidian in the main dining hall of Icehold

Gentlemen, ladies. If I may have your attention?

It is good to see you all alive in this frozen hellhole, uncouth and foul though you each may be. As I strongly doubt any of you have the education to know me, or my work, it appears introductions are in order.

I am Professor 'Quasar' Honoredglaze. I am what you folk would call a "natural philosopher" if you were capable of remembering words with more than two syllables in them.

Oh, yes? You in the back? Oh, you *have* heard of me?

Uh... y- yes, okay, that was me indeed, though I'd object to the use of the term 'crazy doctor'. I'm quite sane, I assure you. I check every day, using a customised methodology I developed myself.

And I'd also like to assure you, those "kidnapped orphans" you mentioned were never in any danger. All seventeen of them were in the *control group*, you see. Also, it's hardly kidnapping if they don't have parents, is it?

Regardless, I found myself here, in the company of you... uh... *wonderful*... people. Honestly, I could not have asked for a better outcome. Here, admist all these potential minions and/or test subjects of many shapes and sizes, free from such petty distractions as "the law" and "basic ethical standards", I may finally be able to advance dwarven knowledge into a magnificent new age, where SCIENCE rules over superstition.

So, it is in the interests of SCIENCE, and of providing a leader capable of eloquency for the organisation of this miserable hole, that I humbly offer my services as the new years overseer.

Also, I'm the only one who knows how to make the antidote. Agree or die.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **October 13, 2015, 01:01:16 am**

The gathered dwarves were confused. few of them fully followed the speech given by Dr. Lastname, and those who did weren't sure if it was a joke or not. Of course, in *some* fortresses, allegations of strange experiments and child kidnapping would make the voters think twice, but this was Icehold, where all of them had done something unstellar in the past. In the end, many of them turned their head toward saner members of the fortress, most notably the manager Honeymoon.

"*Well, it's better than a baby*" she simply said, before people nodded their heads and began cheering.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **October 13, 2015, 04:09:57 am**

Excellent! The potential minions are cheering my speech and seem fully engaged. With any luck, my scientific ambitions may proceed with alacrity.

Mental note: the minion known as 'Honeymoon' displayed a pragmatic mindset and encouraged the others to my support, and so will be the first to receive the antidote.

Also, this table pleases me.

FPS: 94 <42>

'Quasar' Duralfikod, "'Quasar' Honoredglaze", Mad Natural Philosopher

"I was near to a Table. How pleasurable!"

He feels pleasure near a fine Table. He feels pleasure near a fine Table. He feels pleasure near a fine Seat. He feels pleasure near a fine Table. Within the last season, he didn't feel anything talking with a friend. He felt pleasure near a fine Seat. He felt pleasure near a fine Table. He felt pleasure near a fine Table. He felt pleasure near a fine Seat. He felt pleasure near a fine Seat. He was blissful dining in a legendary dining room. He felt pleasure near a fine Table. He felt pleasure near a fine Door. He was shocked at the unexpected death of somebody. He grieved at somebody's death. He is the son of Likot Orderclasps and Shorast Brushedring. He is a faithful worshipper of Uesh. He is a citizen of The Stake of Rings. He is a member of The Fenced Lance. He is a former member of The Heavy Bell. He arrived at Ushilkegeth on the 25th of Hematite in the year 252. He is twelve years old, born on the 18th of Galena in the year 243. He is corpulent. His hair is extremely long. He has a very high-pitched voice. His head is extraordinarily broad. His raw umber eyes are slightly wide-set. His somewhat narrow ears are slightly flattened. His hair is flax. His skin is raw umber. His eyebrows are somewhat high. He is very slow to heal and very weak. 'Quasar' Duralfikod likes bauxite, aluminum, indigo tourmaline, giant chinchilla leather, the color heliotrope, bracelets and turkeys for their wattle. When possible, he prefers to consume manta ray, water buffalo cheese and sorghum beer. He absolutely detests jumping spiders. He has a good intellect and good intuition, but he has poor creativity and little natural inclination toward music. Like others in his culture, he holds crafts dwarfship to be of the highest ideals and celebrates talented artisans and their masterworks. has a great deal of respect for the law, greatly prizes loyalty, sees friendship as one of the finer things in life, greatly respects artists and their works, really respects those that take the time to master a skill, deeply respects those that work hard at their labors, respects fair-dealing and fair-play, values cooperation, finds merrymaking and partying worthwhile activities, values martial prowess, values leisure time, respects commerce and finds nature somewhat disturbing. He personally values family, finds blind honesty foolish and has a negative view of those who exercise power over others. He dreams of creating a great work of art, and this dream was realized. He is not bothered in the slightest by deviations from the norm or even extreme differences in lifestyle or appearance. He takes no pleasure in his talents and appearance. He presents himself modestly and frowns on any flashy accoutrements. He generally acts impartially and is rarely moved to mercy, and he is disturbed by this as someone who dislikes those that seek to acquire power over others. He is quite ambitious. He does not easily fall in love and rarely develops positive sentiments. He is generally quite confident of his abilities when undertaking specific ventures. He tends to avoid crowds. He is often cheerful. He isn't particularly curious about the world. He tends not to reveal personal information. He doesn't focus on material goods. He doesn't often experience strong cravings or urges. He scratches his head when he's thinking. He becomes very rigid when he's angry. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

To know what one is capable of, one must first know with what resources one has to work. Naturally, the most important resource is the dwarven one.

Dwarves

Citizens <69>	Pets/Livestock <81>	Others <12>	Dead/Missing <166>
Udil Dakostudesh, Miner			No Job
Tulon Sosadnokim, Miner			Attend Party
Lorham Ustuthtoral, Miner			Attend Party
'Zaneg' Sakzuliklist, Vengeful Plotter			Sleep
Rintar Mebzuthberdan, Mason			No Job
Sigun Zithisnokim, Engraver			On Break <Chained>
Bëmbul Erithulzest, Engraver			Detail Floor
Monom Enkosstukos, Engraver			Detail Floor
'DeMarco' Urvadstelid, Engraver			Detail Floor
Olin Dodoksakrith, Mason			Sleep
Cilob Asthiz, Mason			Pickup Equipment
'Black Pat' Kanzuditeh, broker			Dump Item
Rovod Ducimam, Furnace Operator			Melt a Metal Object/R
Adil Alathrag, Furnace Operator			Store Item in Barrel
Edëm Shorastes, Weaponsmith			Prepare Lavish Meal/R
Thob Almoshoddom, Weaponsmith			Store Item in Stockpile
Asmel Akgosoltar, Gem Cutter			No Job
Mistêm Soddeduk, Uesh's Minion			Dump Item
Urist Dodokor, Leatherworker			Store Item in Stockpile
'Neblime' Tatloshmistem, Poacher			Pickup Equipment
Thob Oramreg, Engraver			Weave Thread into Cloth
Avuz Regstizash, Engraver			Drink
'Quasar' Duralfikod, Mad Natural Philosopher			Drink
Limul Mengistbar, Fishery Worker			Eat
Kûbuk Abirmeng, Farmer			Store Item in Barrel
Oddom Dodokilrom, Brewer			Weave Thread into Cloth
'Lord Lubbie' Nilbuzat, Volunteer Administrator			Plant Seeds
Asmel Libadtobul, chief medical dwarf			Sleep
Udil Unalstakud, mayor			Attend Party
Shorast Ebalmorul, Planter			Store Item in Barrel
'Honeymoon' Ibrukcatten, manager			Sleep
Stâkud Bomrekirtir, militia captain			Go to Combat Training
Deduk Bisekfath, baron of Bolthlade			Individual Combat Drill
Sarvesh Nishalod, Spearmaster			Individual Combat Drill
Udib Inethostuk, Spearmaster			Individual Combat Drill
ønul Nokzamfikod, Swordmaster			Watch Biting Demonstration
'Deus' Lertethamost, captain of the guard			Lead Biting Demonstration
Dumed Logemil, Swordmaster			Individual Combat Drill
Mebzuth Tomemsigun, Swordmaster			Individual Combat Drill
Shorast Nosingathel, Mechanic			Individual Combat Drill
Uvash Itonarzes, Engraver			Spar
Mosus Ingishdolek, militia commander			Spar
Eral Esdoras, Mace Lord			Sleep
ønul Nefastamost, Dwarven Child			Eat
Ëblel Kolenam, Dwarven Child			
Ûshrir Tathtaksazir, Dwarven Child			
Astesh Uutoktishis, Dwarven Child			
Lolor Kamukerith, Dwarven Child			
Deler Logemlerteth, Dwarven Child			
Ral Evudkol, Dwarven Child			
Ast Ishducim, Dwarven Child			
Sarvesh Amkinasob, Dwarven Child			
Kogan Bomrekkutam, Dwarven Child			
Olin Istbarrovod, Dwarven Child			
Mörul Letmosothil, Dwarven Child			
Monom Avuzkobel, Dwarven Child			
Udib Ruthoshiden, Dwarven Child			
Urvad Zuglarerib, Dwarven Child			
Zulban Odgubas, Dwarven Child			Sleep
Sigun Solonabod, Dwarven Child			
Kûbuk Sibreksheshek, Dwarven Child			
Uucar Nishestun, Dwarven Child			
'pyer' Lolokzalud, the best!			
Mosus Kalurilral, Dwarven Child			
Ineth Olinum, Dwarven Child			
Urdim Alaknil, Dwarven Child			
Lokum Abirvutok, Dwarven Child			Sleep
Asën Vaboktenshed, Dwarven Child			
Geshud Berdanalath, Dwarven Child			

There are 69 dwarves in Icehold, of whom 26 are children. An odd ratio for a glacial prison/death sentence, but perfect for my purposes! Children are similar to adults in most attributes, but being untainted by social bias and the chemical humors of puberty makes them most excellent test subjects! I daresay we can find many uses for the small ones in the months to come.

As for the adults, the most disgusting sample of the foulest, most uncouth cretins you could possibly hope to share a home with. They lack such basics as manners, politeness and a vocabulary in excess of double digits, although I suppose their lack of empathy is a point in their favor.

Resources

Town Ushilkegeth, "Icehold" FPS: 100 <49>									
Animals Kitchen Stone Stocks Health Justice									
Created Wealth:		1675511*		Population:		69			
Weapons:		230118*		Miners		 3		Axe Lordes	
Armor and Garb:		358281*		Woodworkers		 1		Axe Lords	
Furniture:		55845*		Stoneworkers		 7		Swordsdwarves	
Other Objects:		505100*		Rangers		None		Swordmasters	
Architecture:		87600*		Metalsmiths		 5		Macedwarves	
Displayed:		51266*		Jewelers		 1		Mace Lords	
Held/Worn:		387301*		Craftsdwarves		 6		Hammerdwarves	
Imported Wealth:		69093*		Nobles/Admins		 1		Hammer Lords	
Exported Wealth:		34804*		Peasants		None		Speardwarves	
Food Stores:		416?		Dwarven Childrn		 26		Spearmasters	
Meat		2426		Fishery Workers		 1		Marksdwarves	
Fish		None		Farmers		 6		Elite Mrksdwrvs	
Plant		669		Engineers		None		Wrestlers	
		Seeds 451		Trained Animals		 A 23		Elite Wrestlers	
		Drink 141		Other Animals		 A 58		Recruit/Others	
		Other 480							

We have a comical amount of raw meat, for some reason, which seems fitting for these savage ignoramii, but very little in the way of drink. Following up on this, I found our most skilled brewer, one 'Oddom Clasppeaked' (with us for poisoning 11 nobles to death), weaving.



An abominable lack of commitment to fine alcohol! As my first order, therefore, I will have him cease all other labours and return to brewing. I assume this will endear me to the drunken rabble that occupy this place.

Maps

The final point of survey is the geographical makeup of the Icehold. For such a small fortress, it is disturbingly labyrinthine, and much of it's structure is given over to absurdities.

Why do we have a well beneath which lies not water, but an upright spike? Is it some sort of execution device? I must remember to test it.



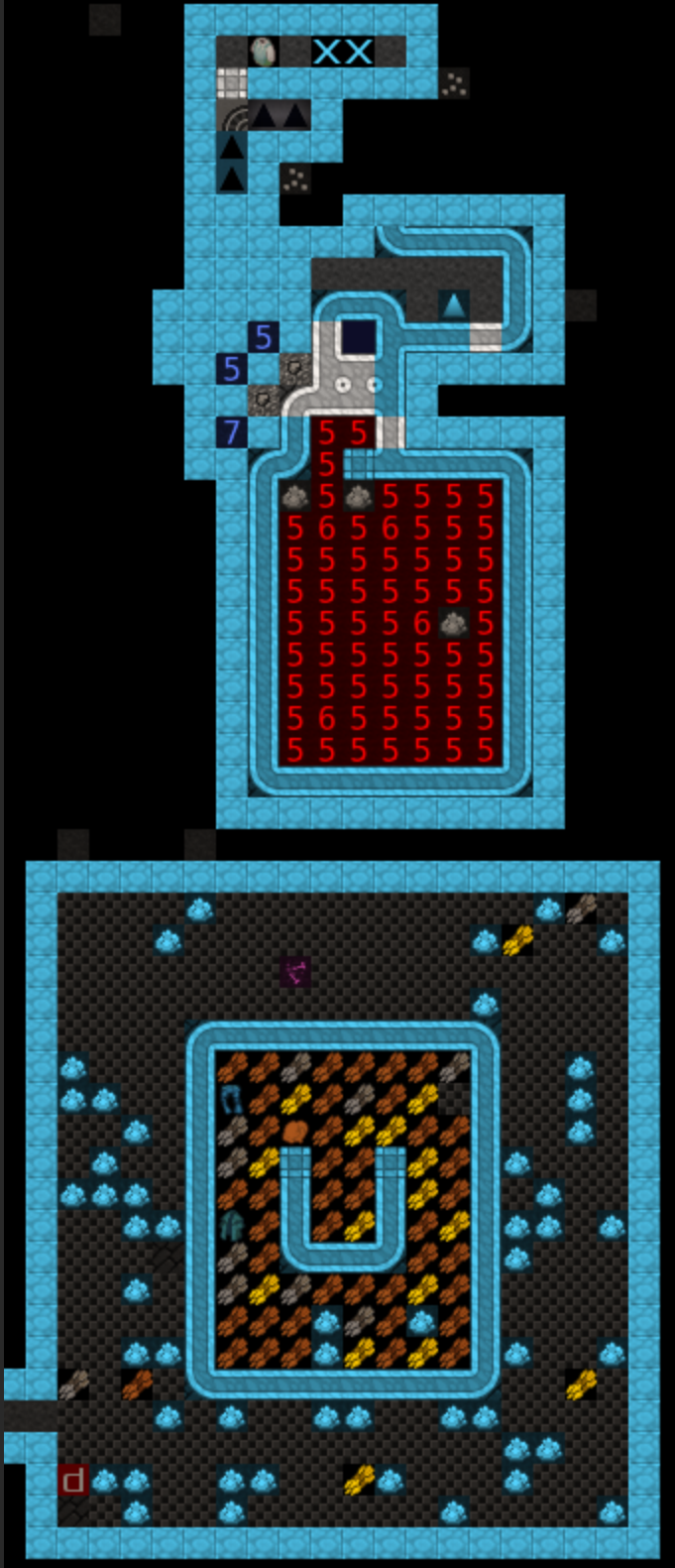
Why has a small section of the graveyard been walled off and given to a young child for use as a bedroom? Could they be testing the effects of an increased awareness of mortality on young minds? If so, where's the control group? This is a terrible experiment!



Why do we have two rooms alongside the staircase filled entirely with Yeti-bone crafts? Does this serve some purpose? While I would certainly expect these cretins to give superstitious credit to the warding power of crafts against evil, surely even they could see that filling entire rooms with them *might* be overdoing it?



And this! Magma encased in ice? The fools! Don't they know that's not physically possible? It's clearly a mass hallucenation, and thus useless to my experiments.



Possible Avenues of Research

We have several avenues of research available. Obviously, the effects of exposure to extremes of hot and cold temperature is one. Basic research, but always worthwhile in order to verify that the laws of physics remain unchanged since the last time this test was performed. I will set aside a few subjects.

More interestingly, we have two forgotten beasts locked outside, both with notable poisonous abilities. One of them, a Stegosaurid, appears to be slowly rotting away, possibly from exposure to it's own blood.

```
Kor Thologgez, Forgotten Beast
"Kor the Deep Holes"

A towering scaly ribbon worm. It has an enormous shell and it squirms and
fidgets. Beware its poisonous vapors!

Its shell is dented. Its body is dented.


Mund`re, Forgotten Beast
"Mund`re"

An enormous feathered stegosaurid. It has four long, curving horns and it
squirms and fidgets. Its indigo feathers are patchy. Beware its deadly blood!

Its right eyelid is rotten. Its left eyelid is rotten. Its tongue is
rotten. Its mouth is rotten. Its throat is rotten. Its left eye is rotten. Its
right eye is rotten. Its fourth toe, left rear foot is rotten. Its fourth toe,
right rear foot is rotten. Its third toe, left rear foot is rotten. Its third
toe, right rear foot is rotten. Its second toe, left rear foot is rotten. Its
second toe, right rear foot is rotten. Its first toe, left rear foot is
rotten. Its first toe, right rear foot is rotten. Its fourth toe, left front
foot is rotten. Its fourth toe, right front foot is rotten. Its third toe,
left front foot is rotten. Its third toe, right front foot is rotten. Its
second toe, left front foot is rotten. Its second toe, right front foot is
rotten. Its first toe, left front foot is rotten. Its first toe, right front
foot is rotten. Its fourth horn is rotten. Its third horn is rotten. Its
second horn is rotten. Its first horn is rotten. Its tail is rotten. Its left
rear foot is rotten. Its right rear foot is rotten. Its left rear leg is
rotten. Its right rear leg is rotten. Its left front foot is rotten. Its right
front foot is rotten. Its left front leg is rotten. Its right front leg is
rotten. Its head is rotten. Its neck is rotten. Its lower body is rotten. Its
upper body is rotten.
```

The safe capture and containment of these creatures should therefore be a priority. We cannot afford to miss this opportunity!

Another interesting opportunity lies with the undead who plague the surface. Though they remain hostile, their robust nature and inability to feel pain makes it possible to use them in tests that conventional sapient creatures could not withstand. Perhaps more importantly, studying their method of motion might glean some insights as the mechanism of their reanimation. The clods will call it "dark magic", undoubtedly, but I remain convinced there must be a scientific explanation. Perhaps some sort of parasite, or invisible demon, manipulating the once living matter as if a puppet.

Ideally, of course, we would capture one of the necromancers themselves and converse. It would be a fine thing to speak with someone intelligent for once, no matter how unrelentingly hostile.

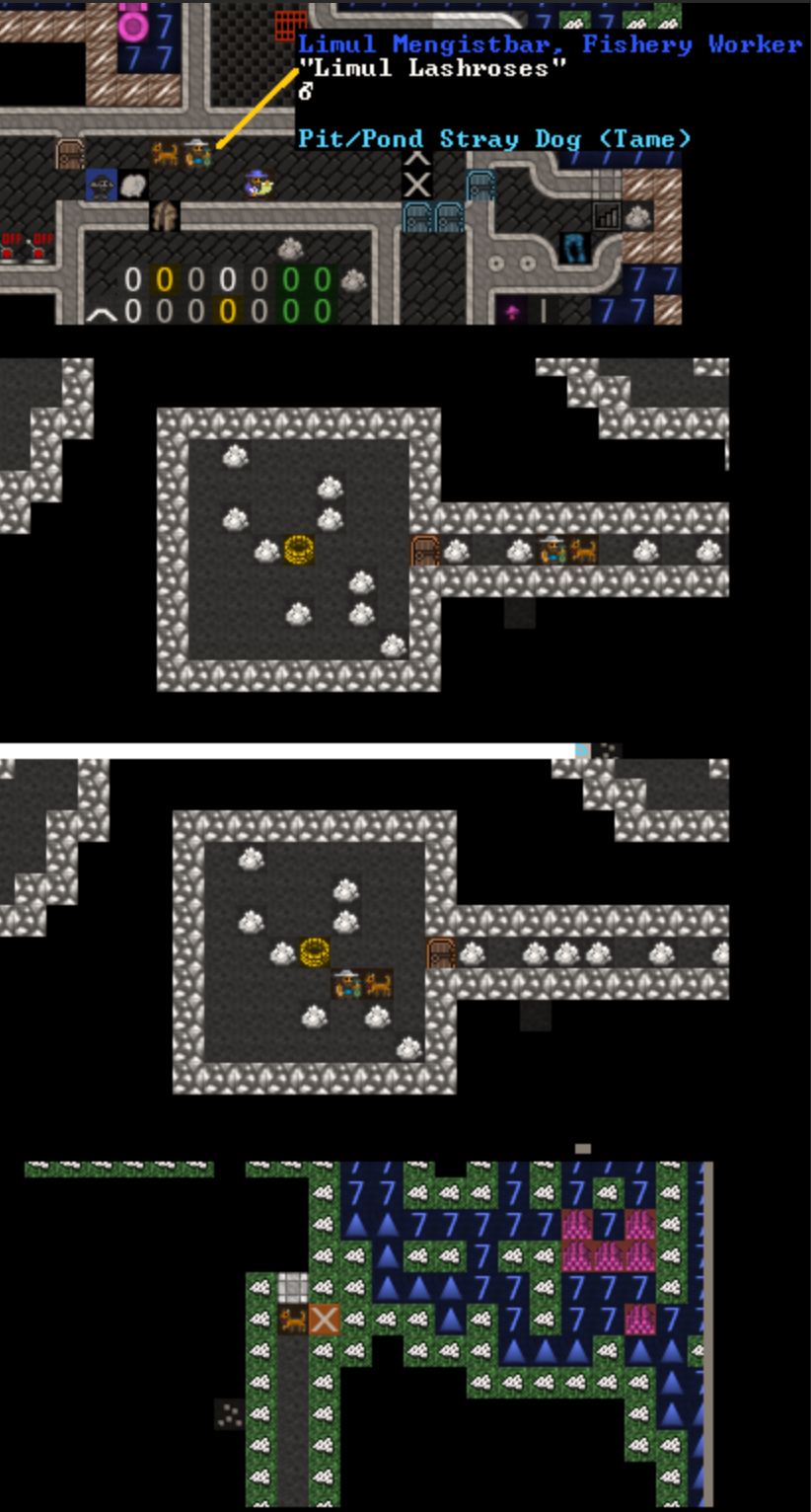
We shall see what can be done!


Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **October 13, 2015, 09:46:22 am**

It may be worth making a new thread to continue this fort, since OP hasn't been online since July.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **October 14, 2015, 02:46:00 am**

Experiment 1 – Testing of presumed execution device.
Apparatus: Strange architectural structure discovered in the depths of Breadbowl, consisting of a multi z-level well built over an upright copper spike.
Hypothesis: instant death.
Trial A:
Test subject: 1x stray dog.



The Stray Dog's lower body takes the full force of the impact, bruising the muscle and bruising the guts!
The Stray Dog's upper body takes the full force of the impact, bruising the muscle and bruising the left lung!
The Stray Dog's mouth takes the full force of the impact and the part splits in gore!
The spinning <copper spear> misses The Stray Dog!  **DAMMIT!**
→The Stray Dog stands up.

His left lung is mangled beyond recognition. His upper body is bruised. His guts is mangled beyond recognition. His lower body is bruised. His mouth is mangled beyond recognition. His hair is cinnamon. His ears are cream. His tail is light brown. His head is beige. His front paws are ash gray. His rear paws are dark taupe. His skin is burnt umber. His eyes are azure.

Results: Subject failed to meet the copper spike. However, subject successfully met the walls twice on the way down, and the floor face first. Significant but not lethal damage to mouth and jaw sustained. Symptoms indistinguishable from an ordinary fall from height.
Note: An execution device that merely maims its subject? Pointlessly cruel and worse: inefficient! It is of no use to me.

One of the minions, "Asmel Clinchedgilds" (serial homicide), has fallen silent, stopped obeying orders and taken up residence in a jewelers workshop. It is of little consequence.

```
Asmel Akgosoltar, Gem Cutter~cancels Construct lead Cabinet: Taken by mood.
Asmel Akgosoltar, Gem Cutter withdraws from society...
Asmel Akgosoltar has claimed a Jeweler's Workshop.
→Asmel Akgosoltar has begun a mysterious construction?

Jeweler's Workshop

marble blocks           [B]
rough red spinels       TSK
rough green tourmalines TSK
≡llama wool cloth≡      TSK
```

The kitchens stink to high heaven. Have these fools not heard of basic hygiene? No wonder Oddom didn't want to brew anything there.



But what do I care? It's not like I'm the one preparing the food.

Asmel produced an amulet called "Greatchurches". Congratulations, you superstitious moron.

Asmel Akgosoltar, Gem Cutter has created Saramarek, a red spinel amulet!

Press **Enter** to close window

FPS: 99 <44>

Saramarek, "Greatchurches", a red spinel amulet

This is a red spinel amulet. All crafts dwarfship is of the highest quality. This object menaces with spikes of red spinel. On the item is an image of a giant grasshopper in green tourmaline. On the item is an image of two mechanisms in llama wool.

Experiment 2 – Preservation of Dwarven physique via extreme cold.

It is well known that low temperatures and ice preserve meat and body tissue. However, it is also well known that rapid encasement in ice kills any creature unfortunate enough to be caught in it.

Hypothesis: Previous deaths were caused by the expansion of water into ice during the freezing process, crushing the subject. I will therefore be testing encasement within already-frozen ice, to see if a test subject can be preserved alive to be revived at a future date.

Apparatus: 'Dwarf-mold' made of ice, constructed on the surface, with door in the front allowing test subject to be removed, studied and (in the event of a successful test) revived.

Test Subject: Corpulent dwarven child, 7 years old, self-identifies as "Zulban Mobbedcaves", son of "Atir Blizzardcrafts" (cruelty to animals, deceased) and "Adil Boltsclapped" (serial arsonist).



Report 1: Subject was brought to the surface. Significant quantities of vomit produced. Subject, unable to resist due to nausea, was easy to direct into ice mold. Door is now locked, and so the experiment begins. If my hypothesis is correct, I predict a gradual increase in hibernatory behaviour (sleep), leading to a state of stasis that can be prolonged indefinitely.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **October 14, 2015, 03:18:32 am**

This is needlessly cruel and underserved. Keep up the good work.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **October 14, 2015, 08:22:14 pm**

Experiment 2 – Preservation of Dwarven physique via extreme cold.

Report 2: Subject "Zulban" has now been encased for a fortnight. The onset of stasis is taking significantly longer than expected. Subject cried for the first 2 days 7 hours, but has since been relatively quiet, with the exception of begging repetitively to be let out when it glimpses shapes through the translucent ice. As of sometime during day 11, this too has stopped.



Recent psychological evaluations have determined the subject is displaying an intense interest in the patterns of dried vomit on the door in front of it, presumably due to the lack of stimuli and ability to move.

Experiment 3: Observation of Manera Hunting Behaviour

The caged manera we have is a fascinating specimen, and we could potentially benefit from a careful observation of it's behavior. Of particular interest is it's unique method of stalking and ambushing prey. I envisage a future where hunting dwarves and their dogs creep silently along the cavern ceiling like spiders before dropping on unsuspecting prey.

Hypothesis: Test subject will be attacked.

Apparatus: 1x caged manera. 1x small, unused room near the primary dining hall, carefully sealed provide an absence of light, the manera's preferred habitat.

Test Subject: Dwarven child, 7 year old male, self-identifies as "Morul Cobaltweakened".



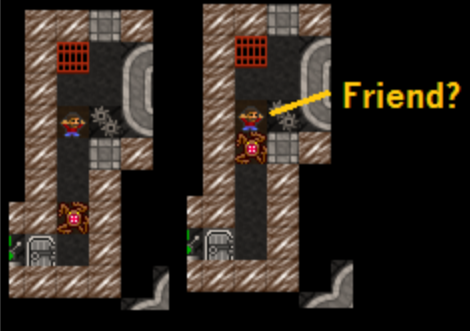
Note 1: Test subject was brought to the testing room by means of a ruse (was told he would be "meeting a new friend"). Obviously, subject was not made aware of the nature of the test prior to testing.



Note 2: Lever was pulled, and the manera was released. Test subject responded to the noise of the cage opening, fleeing to and cowering in the far corner. Manera took a moment to exit the cage and silently climb the wall, attaching itself to the roof.



Note 3: To my surprise the manera ignored the test subject, moving away from him and towards the door. Thankfully, it is locked and tightly sealed.



Note 4: The test subject stopped cowering and ventured into the center of the room. The manera turned and approached the test subject, who peered into the darkness nervously.



Note 5: Rather than engaging in the expected hunting behavior, the creature ignored the test subject, allowing the child to do as it pleases. The child in turn seems to have relaxed in the presence of the creature, and has named it "Mister Toothy".



Result: Abject failure. Not only did we not see any sign of hunting behaviour from the manera, what little behavior it did exhibit was completely incompatible with modern theories on predator-prey relationships! I can only assume this creature is entirely abnormal.

After an uneventful days worth of observation, I released the test subject. He has asked to be allowed to return some other time to visit "Mister Toothy".

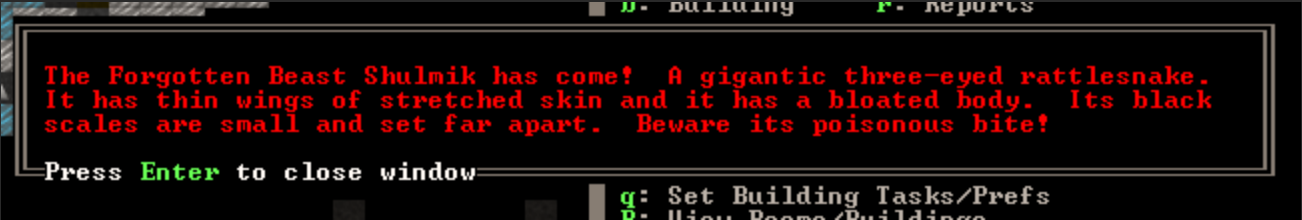


Experiment 2 – Preservation of Dwarven physique via extreme cold.

Report 3: Subject "Zulban" has been encased for a full month. It appears the subject has lost a small amount of weight and is now merely "very fat" rather than "corpulent". This has given the subject some room to move in the mold. This is less than ideal for our purposes, but not enough to merit calling off the test.



Subject alternates between sleep (it seems stasis is at last setting in) and complaints of dehydration and hunger. We can only hope the onset of cryogenic stasis will outpace the subject's metabolic requirements.



A 3-eyed rattlesnake of unparalleled size roams the topmost cavern layer. Generally I would be ecstatic at the presence of another poisonous beast to study, but the creature's ability to bite the heads off of live trolls is likely to prove an obstacle to administering it's venom to test subjects in a controlled environment.



The Forgotten Beast attacks The Troll but He jumps away!
The Troll attacks The Forgotten Beast but It jumps away!
The Forgotten Beast grabs The Troll by the first finger, left hand with its left wing!
The Forgotten Beast throws The Troll by the first finger, left hand with The Forgotten Beast's left wing!
The Troll slams into an obstacle!
The Troll misses The Forgotten Beast!
The Forgotten Beast bites The Troll in the left hand, tearing apart the fat!
Forgotten beast extract is injected into the The Troll's troll blood!
The Forgotten Beast latches on firmly!
The Troll stands up.
The Forgotten Beast pushes The Troll in the right lower leg, bruising the muscle!
The Troll misses The Forgotten Beast!
The Forgotten Beast shakes The Troll around by the left hand!
The Troll misses The Forgotten Beast!
The Forgotten Beast shakes The Troll around by the left hand!
The Forgotten Beast charges at The Troll!
The Forgotten Beast collides with The Troll!
The Troll is knocked over!
The Forgotten Beast shakes The Troll around by the left hand!
The Troll stands up.
The Forgotten Beast pushes The Troll in the right hand, bruising the muscle!
The Troll misses The Forgotten Beast!
The Forgotten Beast shakes The Troll around by the left hand!
The Troll misses The Forgotten Beast!
The Forgotten Beast bites The Troll in the head and the severed part sails off in an arc!
Forgotten beast extract is injected into the The Troll's troll blood!

Sadly, it may prove necessary to terminate it. I feel confident these thugs will be able to handle that much on their own, at least. And keeping our hopes up, it's possible one of them will get themselves bitten in the process. We can but hope!

A cyclops emerged from the raging blizzard outside. An unwelcome interruption that didn't even have the common decency to provide an opportunity for testing: a cyclops is little more than a large deformed human, after all. Hardly worth studying.

I asked the violent morons with weapons to kill it. One of them, Stakud Bomrekirtir (aka. "The Eye Stabber", notable serial killer), said she already did. By herself. While the others were still putting their boots on.



Excellent initiative that minion.

Experiment 2 – Preservation of Dwarven physique via extreme cold.

Report 3: Subject "Zulban" has been encased for a month and a half. Judging by previous tests performed in the mountainhome, it is likely the subjects metabolic requirements have it experiencing both extreme **starvation** and **dehydration**.



Subject also displays increased activity lately, fidgeting within the ice mold as if searching for something. Unfortunately, this additional

movement seems to have retarded the onset of cryogenic stasis.

It is now exceedingly unlikely that the subject will achieve stasis before death.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **October 14, 2015, 08:28:47 pm**

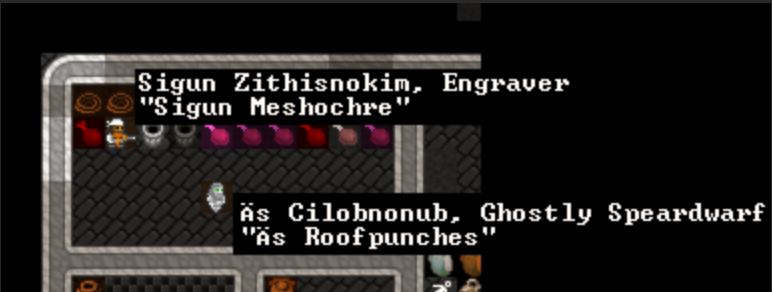
Quote
Generally I would be ecstatic at the presence of another poisonous beast to study, but the creature's ability to bite the heads off of live trolls is likely to prove an obstacle to administering it's venom to test subjects in a controlled environment.
Pure gold.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **October 15, 2015, 03:25:46 am**

Experiment 2 – Preservation of Dwarven physique via extreme cold.
Final Report: It became apparent that Test Subject "Zulban" was not going to enter a state of cryogenic stasis. I had it released, whereupon it fled in silence.



A spectre has been sighted! It takes the form of As Roofpunches (ghostly serial killer, deceased), and visits Sigun Meshochre (blasphemy, treason) in jail.



I'm not sure why Sigun Meshochre is in jail, or even why we have a jail in this place, and I honestly don't care. It is disturbingly meta, and my brain power would be better spent on this perfect opportunity to test a pet hypothesis of mine.

You see, a common dwarven superstition involves the paying of respect to the dead by means of engraving a slab. This is supposed to "lay them to rest" and prevent them from coming back as a spirit.

Rediculous, of course. Mere "respect", as a means of shackling the dead? No. Something else is going on here.

Experiment 4 - Testing the ability of engraved stones to restrain the dead
The occult power of words is well established in myth and legend: the power of *names* doubly so. It is possible that by engraving a dwarf's name into a stone slab we are not 'laying them to rest' as such, but instead trapping their consiousness within the slab, dooming them to a hellish eternity as an insensate, inanimate object, unable even to scream as their mind dissolves into insanity in the complete absense of both stimuli and agency.
Test Subject: As Roofpunches, (ghostly serial killer, deceased)
Procedure: The test subjects name will be engraved as poorly as possible upon a baldly generic stone slab, while the engraver concentrates on how utterly worthless the test subjects entire existence was, and how they were dumb and also smelled. The slab will then be 'installed' (read: dumped) in the refuse stockpile, next to a dead dog.



Hypothesis: This procedure will have the same effect as a complete memorial service, causing the disappearance of the test subject's ghost. This will lend evidence to my theory and, at the very least, prove that "respect" is not the essential catalyst for laying dwarfs to "rest".

Result: →Ås Cilobnonub, Ghostly Speardwarf has been put to rest.

SCIENCE, ladies and gentlemen!

Experiment 3: Observation of Manera Hunting Behaviour

Addendum: Apparently, Morul Cobaltweakened has been visiting "Mister Toothy" on a daily basis and holding extended conversations with it.



The child is clearly insane.

I informed some of the more violent of my idiotic minions of the large rattlesnake in the caverns, and told them they could do whatever they wanted with it. Sure enough, bloodlust won out over common sense or any sort of scientific endeavor. Truly these people are the dregs of the world.

Neblime, Deus, Stakud 'Eye Stabber' and **Deduk, Baron of Boltblade** gathered the rest of the militia and had **Lorbam** dig into the first cavern layer.



Immediately they were confronted with Shulmik tearing apart a large rat. The snake stopped, dropped the rat's corpse, and sniffed the air. There was a new scent in the caverns... it began to move, far faster than a beast of it's size should be able to.

The first to come upon it was a war dog. Things briefly went surprisingly well, the dog biting at the snakes wings and body, tearing the scale... until the snake retaliated, tearing apart it's legs, injecting venom, and biting off it's tail. If the dog survives, however, I'll be interested to see what happens to it.

Then Udib Citysneak (serial theft, trespassing), wielder of an adamantine spear, dived from the shadows, bashing Shulmik in the center eye and stabbing it through the body, before giving it a kick for good measure.

The Stray war Dog misses The Forgotten Beast!
The Forgotten Beast bites The Stray war Dog in the lower body, tearing apart the muscle and spilling her guts!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
Forgotten beast extract is injected into the The Stray war Dog's dog blood!
The Spearmaster bashes The Forgotten Beast in the center eye with the shaft of his *adamantine spear*, but the attack glances away!
The Forgotten Beast misses The Spearmaster!
The Spearmaster stabs The Forgotten Beast in the body with his *adamantine spear*, tearing the muscle and tearing the guts!
The Forgotten Beast falls over.
The Forgotten Beast misses The Spearmaster!
→The Spearmaster kicks The Forgotten Beast in the tail with his left foot, fracturing the bone!

Shortly thereafter, I'm told, things dissolved into a melee, with the three speardwarves (Udib, Deduk and Stakud) piling on.

The Forgotten Beast misses The baron of Boltblade!
The baron of Boltblade punches The Forgotten Beast in the teeth with his left hand, fracturing it!
The Spearmaster stabs The Forgotten Beast in the body with his *adamantine spear*, tearing the muscle and tearing the guts!
The *adamantine spear* has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Forgotten Beast breaks the grip of The The Eye Stabber's upper front teeth on The Forgotten Beast's left wing.
The Forgotten Beast misses The baron of Boltblade!
The Spearmaster pulls on the embedded *adamantine spear*.
The The Eye Stabber scratches The Forgotten Beast in the left wing, tearing the fat and bruising the muscle!
The Forgotten Beast misses The baron of Boltblade!
The baron of Boltblade stabs The Forgotten Beast in the right wing with his =adamantine spear=, tearing the muscle!
The =adamantine spear= has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Spearmaster stabs The Forgotten Beast in the right wing with his *adamantine spear*, tearing the muscle!
The baron of Boltblade pulls on the embedded =adamantine spear=.
The Forgotten Beast misses The Spearmaster!
The The Eye Stabber stabs The Forgotten Beast in the head with her <bronze spear>, tearing the muscle, chipping the skull and tearing the brain!
A tendon in the skull has been torn!
The <bronze spear> has lodged firmly in the wound!

The snake is dead, and the upper caverns are now accessable.

Unfortunately, the dog that was bitten died shortly thereafter to it's wounds. No syndrome symptoms distinguishable from the obvious blood loss and disembowelment were identified.



Experiment 2 – Preservation of Dwarven physique via extreme cold.

Addendum: Zulban Mobbedcaves reports no longer being able to sleep indoors due to excessive heat, and instead returns to sleep in the ice mold every night.



That's two for two. Why are there so many insane children in this prison?

In fact, why are there so many children in this prison? WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH OUR JUSTICE SYSTEM? (I say this as a convicted serial orphan-kidnapper, of course)

Another Beast! And it's arrived from the same direction as Kor The Deep Holes to boot!



And that trap is nearly complete!



I may be able to capture both at once! Hahahahah!

Aaaahahahahahah!

MWAAAHAHAHAHAHA- *cough* *cough*

ahem

Sorry about that, it happens sometimes. I'd like to take a moment to assure everyone I'm quite sane. I check every day.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **October 15, 2015, 07:22:36 pm**

What?

```
The Forgotten Beast misses The Forgotten Beast!  
The Forgotten Beast bites The Forgotten Beast in the shell, but the  
attack glances away!  
The Forgotten Beast bites The Forgotten Beast in the body, bruising the  
skin!  
The Forgotten Beast latches on firmly!  
The Forgotten Beast bites The Forgotten Beast in the shell, but the  
attack glances away!  
The Forgotten Beast bites The Forgotten Beast in the shell, bruising it!  
The Forgotten Beast shakes The Forgotten Beast around by the body!  
The Forgotten Beast struggles in vain against the grip of The Forgotten  
Beast's mouth on The Forgotten Beast's body.  
The Forgotten Beast pushes The Forgotten Beast in the body, but the  
attack glances away!  
The Forgotten Beast charges at The Forgotten Beast!  
The Forgotten Beast collides with The Forgotten Beast!  
The Forgotten Beast bounces backward!  
The Forgotten Beast shakes The Forgotten Beast around by the body!  
The Forgotten Beast bites The Forgotten Beast in the mouth, bruising the  
muscle!  
The Forgotten Beast latches on firmly!  
The Forgotten Beast bites The Forgotten Beast in the right wing, bruising  
the skin!  
The Forgotten Beast latches on firmly!  
The Forgotten Beast struggles in vain against the grip of The Forgotten  
Beast's mouth on The Forgotten Beast's right wing.  
The Forgotten Beast shakes The Forgotten Beast around by the right wing!  
The Forgotten Beast struggles in vain against the grip of The Forgotten  
Beast's mouth on The Forgotten Beast's right wing.  
The Forgotten Beast shakes The Forgotten Beast around by the right wing!  
The Forgotten Beast breaks the grip of The Forgotten Beast's mouth on The  
Forgotten Beast's mouth.  
The Forgotten Beast shakes The Forgotten Beast around by the right wing!  
The Forgotten Beast bites The Forgotten Beast in the shell, but the  
attack glances away!  
The Forgotten Beast breathes a cloud of Kor the Deep Holes's forgotten  
beast extract vapor!  
The Forgotten Beast is caught in a burst of Kor the Deep Holes's  
forgotten beast extract!  
The Forgotten Beast shakes The Forgotten Beast around by the right wing!  
The Forgotten Beast bites The Forgotten Beast in the shell, bruising it!  
The Forgotten Beast latches on firmly!  
The Forgotten Beast shakes The Forgotten Beast around by the right wing!  
The Forgotten Beast shakes The Forgotten Beast around by the right wing!  
The Forgotten Beast struggles in vain against the grip of The Forgotten  
Beast's mouth on The Forgotten Beast's right wing.  
The Forgotten Beast shakes The Forgotten Beast around by the right wing!  
The Forgotten Beast breaks the grip of The Forgotten Beast's mouth on The  
Forgotten Beast's shell.  
The Forgotten Beast shakes The Forgotten Beast around by the right wing!  
The Forgotten Beast bites The Forgotten Beast in the shell, but the  
attack glances away!  
The Forgotten Beast attacks The Forgotten Beast but It jumps away!  
→The Forgotten Beast is caught in a cloud of Kor the Deep Holes's  
forgotten beast extract!
```

The great beasts are territorial! Or maybe this is some sort of courting display? An incredible discovery regardless, but with an unfortunate side effect: I won't be able to catch them if they kill one another!

Arak vs Kor, slug vs ribbon worm. They are bruising and denting each other, but failing to tear the disgusting membranes that serve as skin.

Arak

A towering feathered slug. It has wings and it has a gaunt appearance. Beware its noxious secretions!
Its right wing is bruised. Its guts is bruised. Its body is bruised. Its left wing is bruised.

Kor Thologgez

A towering scaly ribbon worm. It has an enormous shell and it squirms and fidgets. Beware its poisonous vapors!
Its body is dented. Its body is bruised. Its mouth is bruised. Its shell is bruised.

Eventually, however, the clash of titans ends. Kor's mouth gets a good grip on Araks body, and...



I am disappointed. Arak never showed any sign of emitting any form of chemical, and died to a savage bite to the body, so it's abilities will forever remain a mystery. Kor breathed in it's own vapors, however.

The Forgotten Beast is caught in a burst of Kor the Deep Holes's forgotten beast extract!
Kor Odrozvesh Thologgez, Forgotten Beast
"Kor Fataldusts the Deep Holes"

body
shell
mouth

Numb

No apparent physical response, but the creature is behaving slightly differently, bashing the rocks about it as if it cannot feel it's body.

Another dwarf, one of the weavers, has gone silent and claimed a clothiers shop. An irrelevant distraction. Get him to work or pick up the slack yourselves, I do not care.

Thob Oramreg, Engraver cancels Weave Thread into Cloth: Taken by mood.
Thob Oramreg, Engraver withdraws from society...

I spotted Asmel Praisedcanyons (medical malpractice) having a fight with a helmet snake.

The chief medical dwarf punches The Helmet Snake in the head with her right hand, bruising the muscle!
The chief medical dwarf grabs The Helmet Snake by the body with her right lower arm!
The chief medical dwarf punches The Helmet Snake in the head with her right hand, bruising the muscle!
The chief medical dwarf releases the grip of The chief medical dwarf's right lower arm on The Helmet Snake's body.
The chief medical dwarf grabs The Helmet Snake by the teeth with her left hand!
The chief medical dwarf releases the grip of The chief medical dwarf's left hand on The Helmet Snake's teeth.
The chief medical dwarf grabs The Helmet Snake by the teeth with her right upper arm!
The chief medical dwarf releases the grip of The chief medical dwarf's right upper arm on The Helmet Snake's teeth.
The chief medical dwarf grabs The Helmet Snake by the head with her right lower leg!
The chief medical dwarf passes out from exhaustion.

And by "fight" I mean "grabbing it by the head over and over until he fell unconscious." I considered sending someone to help him, but it looked like he was having so much *fun* I didn't want to spoil the experience for him by having someone else get the kill.

I may have made a slight miscalculation.



Asmel's dead, the helmet snake is called Gangrealms now, and it's biting dogs on the staircase.

And now it's dead too, after one of the dogs bit it in the brain. All's well that ends with less than a dozen casualties.

And I see Rimtar Oarwalked (homicide) is looting Asmel's corpse rather than burying him. An admirable dedication to pragmatism over useless sentimentality.

A woman has arrived. I am... astounded.

A human diplomat from Aredmong has arrived.

Esme Mizbosemod, law-giver vampire

Diplomat

FPS: 100 (46)

Esme Mizbosemod

A medium-sized creature prone to great ambition.

Her straight hair is extremely long. She is incredibly muscular. Her green eyes are incredibly close-set. Her nose is incredibly upturned. Her eyebrows are high. Her nose bridge is somewhat concave. Her ears have small lobes. Her hair is white. Her skin is ecru.

Esme Mizbosemod, law-giver vampire

"Esme Whimssmiths"

<<large llama wool loincloth>>, Lower body

<<large long sheep wool skirt>>, Lower body

<<+large rope reed fiber dress+>>>, Upper body

<<large sheep wool robe>>, Upper body

<<large donkey leather cloak>>, Upper body

<<+<+large sheep wool cap+>>+>>, Head

<<large cow leather hood>>, Head

<<large alpaca wool left glove>>, Left hand

<<large wombat leather left mitten>>, Left hand

<<large alpaca wool right glove>>, Right hand

<<-human nail bracelet->>, Right hand

<<large wombat leather right mitten>>, Right hand

<<large sheep wool sock>>, Left foot

<<large rope reed fiber sandal>>, Left foot

<<+<+large sheep wool sock+>>+>>, Right foot

<<large rope reed fiber sandal>>, Right foot

<<human hair crown>>, Head

<<-human bone earring->>, In Right ear

<<human tooth amulet>>, Head

<<human bone ring>>, Thumb, right hand

Zulban

Esme

She appears young and attractive, but there is a sense of age about her, and her hair is as white as snow. She wears jewelry of her own kinds bone, and a carefully preserved crown of someone elses hair sits atop her own long, straight hair.

She holds herself with dignity: tall, haughty and arrogant. Some of the prisoners start to leer, at least until she makes eye contact, and gives them a smile.

That smile.

This one is different from that pitiful mayor we once had. This one is confident in her power. I do not doubt for a moment that she could kill every dwarf in this prison, should the whim take her.

SHE'D MAKE A BRILLIANT TEST SUBJECT. Shame we don't have anything in place to capture her.

I wonder what she wants?

Out of character:

We've got a diplomat, but I don't have any plot reason for us to have diplomats. And she's a vampire with two bodyguards. I'm *certain* there's an excellent tale to be spun here, but it escapes me right now.

If someone else wants to tell us what reason an awesome vampire matriarch like Esme has to come to a glacial dwarven prison of death, it would help.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **October 15, 2015, 07:41:26 pm**

To vampires, this outpost would make an excellent food source. nobody will miss those dwarves. Hell, maybe the prison itself is the price our king pays for an alliance with the human civilisation. They give us something, he feeds her some useless prisoners. Hell, a predilection for children blood could definitely explain why we have so many children sent here.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **October 15, 2015, 07:49:41 pm**

For some reason I was expecting her surname to translate to Weatherwax. I guess Granny never becomes a vampire no matter the reality.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Shofet** on **October 16, 2015, 01:06:19 pm**

She must be sacraficed!!!! Science must be done on vampires.

I would like to request a dwarf, crime being one act of cannabilism.

Also I would like to propose an experiment on starving dwarves presented with fresh dwarven corpses.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **October 16, 2015, 02:08:35 pm**

Wouldn't work. Corpses are inedible until butchered and dwarves don't understand the logic of hungry->here is a butcherable object->butcher for meat.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **October 16, 2015, 03:42:48 pm**

Quote from: Shofet on October 16, 2015, 01:06:19 pm

Also I would like to propose an experiment on starving dwarves presented with fresh dwarven corpses.

Dwarven laws are sacred, and they prohibit the butchering of *pets*. Good luck feasting on your aunt.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **October 16, 2015, 07:55:29 pm**

First things first: Shofet:

FPS: 105 (49)Shofet' Nishalod, "Shofet' Tradeday", Cannabal

"I had a sparring session. How pleasurable!"

He feels pleasure after a sparring session. Within the last season, he was embarrassed after sleeping without a proper room. He didn't feel anything after seeing a dog die. He was grouchy when caught in a snow storm. He didn't feel anything after seeing a dog die. He didn't feel anything while in conflict. He was afraid after experiencing trauma. He was horrified after seeing the cyclops Ili Matchbronze the Orange of Flight die. He is married to Sarvesh Roarrampart. He is the son of Olin Helmsboots and Zon Orbspaint. He is a citizen of The Stake of Rings. He is a member of The Fenced Lance. He is a former member of The Torch of Tributes. He is a former member of The Slippery Lanterns. He arrived at Ushilkegeth on the 4th of Slate in the year 252. He is ninety-two years old, born on the 5th of Timber in the year 164. He is strapped with massive amounts of muscle and lard. His long sideburns are neatly combed. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is neatly combed. His very long hair is neatly combed. His somewhat narrow head is very short. His slightly close-set bronze eyes are protruding. His eyelashes are short. His ears have small lobes. His hair is dark chestnut with some gray. His skin is raw umber. He is absolutely inexhaustible, amazingly agile, incredibly tough and mighty, but he is susceptible to disease and slow to heal. 'Shofet' Nishalod likes claystone, electrun, red flash opal, leopard leather, knuckle worm tooth, the color rust, pigs for their snorts, olms for their gills and spelt for their beer. When possible, he prefers to consume potato plants and passion fruit wine. He absolutely detests mussels. He has a stunning feel for spatial relationships, unbreakable focus, an unbreakable will, a great affinity for language, a great kinesthetic sense, a sharp intellect, a natural ability with music, good intuition and an ability to read emotions fairly well, but he has a meager ability with social relationships, poor creativity and little patience. Like others in his culture, he holds crafts dwarfship to be of the highest ideals and celebrates talented artisans and their masterworks, has a great deal of respect for the law, greatly prizes loyalty, values family greatly, sees friendship as one of the finer things in life, believes that honesty is a high ideal, greatly respects artists and their works, really respects those that take the time to master a skill, respects fair-dealing and fair-play, values cooperation, finds merrymaking and partying worthwhile activities, values martial prowess, values leisure time, respects commerce and finds nature somewhat disturbing. He personally sees perseverance in the face of adversity as bull-headed and foolish and sees working hard as a foolish waste of time. He dreams of crafting a masterwork someday. He is vengeful and never forgets or forgives past grievances. He lives at a high-energy kinetic pace. He dislikes receiving advice, preferring to keep his own counsel. He can handle stress. He tries to do things correctly each time. He is often cheerful. He enjoys the company of others. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

He is a speardwarf of The Bronze Tangles, and serves alongside Stakud (Eye Stabber), Deduk (Baron of Boltblade) and Udib (Spearmaster).

Now, back to your regularly scheduled interview with a vampire:

It appears Esme wishes to speak with Deduk Vieldsack (impersonating a Noble), Baron of Boltblade and Legendary speardwarf. None of us said anything to dissuade her of this, for obvious reasons.

Deduk, for his part did his best to make her comfortable.



Chains, raw meat and the company of an idiotic, impatient sociopath! Deduk certainly knows how to show a lady a good time. What more could a vampire of discriminating taste ask for?

In the end it was irrelevant. Her message was for all the criminals of Icehold, not just the Baron. Honeymoon wrote the conversation down: I'll provide a copy here:

Esme: "Ah, Baron. Such a... "nice"... place you've carved out for yourself he-"

Deduk: "That's bullshit and you know it, lady."

Esme: "Yes. Yes, I suppose I do, criminal. Very well, let's get to the point. I have an offer to make to every dwarf of this forsaken prison, but it requires the telling of a story first, so listen well. That goes for those eavesdropping as well."

"Ninety-two years ago, I confronted a man called "San Mushroomdip". At the time, he was law-giver of The Foggy Nation. He had been corrupted by power, and sought to extend his life by any means."

San Mushroomdip was a human born in 141. He was the youngest son of Dacap Splashmoss and Kisnast Heldpacks.

In 160, San settled in Jugglerocean.

In 160, San became the law-giver of The Foggy Nation.

In the midspring of 163, San became obsessed with his own mortality and sought to extend his life by any means.

In the early winter of 164, the human vampire Esme Whimssmiths confronted San.

In the early winter of 164, the human vampire Esme Whimssmiths fought with San. While defeated, the latter escaped unscathed.

In the early winter of 164, San ceased to be the law-giver of The Foggy Nation.

"I defeated him, and in exchange for his life, he confessed to occult dealings and agreed to formally pass his title on to me. I was hailed as a hero, and became the leader of a nation overnight."

Esme Whimssmiths was a human vampire born in 62. She was of unknown parentage.

In the early spring of 92, Esme became the chieftess of The Tempests of Glistening.

In the early spring of 130, Esme took up residence in Spatteredechoed of The Group of Calm in Murderhills.

In the early autumn of 135, Esme profaned The Beloved Monastery of Scintillating in Murderhills.

In the early autumn of 135, Zebna cursed Esme to prowl the night in search of blood in Murderhills.

... lots of "aroused suspicion, fled"...

In the early winter of 164, Esme aroused general suspicion in Trotfancied after a murder.

In the early winter of 164, Esme confronted San Mushroomdip.

In the early winter of 164, Esme fought with San Mushroomdip. While defeated, the latter escaped unscathed.

In the early winter of 164, Esme stopped being a fishery worker in Trotfancied.

In the early winter of 164, Esme settled in Jugglerocean.

In the early winter of 164, Esme became the law-giver of The Foggy Nation.

"Seventeen years later my true identity was discovered. By that stage I had learned the art of influencing weak-willed minds and been joined by enough of my kin that hiding myself was no longer needed. A full take-over was easily accomplished with minimal bloodshed."

In the late winter of 181, Esme aroused general suspicion in Jugglerocean after a murder.

In the late winter of 181, Esme laid a series of oppressive edicts upon The Foggy Nation.

"The Foggy Nations belongs to a higher order of being now."

"I think things have worked out remarkably well for that nation, all things considered. They are ruled kindly and fairly by me and my kin. We have built schools, roads, hospitals. And all we ask in turn is obedience, and the occasional... harvest."

Esme Mizbosemod, "Esme Whimssmiths"

The Foggy Nation <member>

The Foggy Nation <law-giver, 164 to present>

Three Hundred Seventy-Four Kills

Sixty-seven humans <♀> in Murderhills

Seventy-eight humans <♂> in Murderhills

Twelve dwarves <♀> in Murderhills

Three dwarves <♂> in Murderhills

Three humans <♀> in Tellincense

Sixteen humans <♂> in Soothesports

Thirteen humans <♀> in Soothesports

Twelve humans <♂> in Circledwet

Eight humans <♀> in Circledwet

Seven humans <♀> in Trotfancied

Thirteen humans <♂> in Trotfancied

Sixty-three humans <♂> in Jugglerocéan

Sixty-three humans <♀> in Jugglerocéan

Two humans <♂> in Scaldwhispers

Four humans <♀> in Perplexbasic

One human <♀> in Mirroredchestnut

One human <♂> in Hazesubmerges

Two humans <♂> in Grovecleaned

One human <♀> in Steamypatterns

One human <♂> in Puzzledhollow

Two humans <♂> in Gearedraked

One human <♂> in Tellincense

One human <♀> in Grovecleaned

Deduk: "Yeah yeah, I get the idea. Sick vampire shit. Whadda ya want from us?"

Esme: "I was getting to that. Much later I discovered that Sans compulsion, his desire for immortality, had not sprung from nowhere. He had been contacted by a group of necromancers known as The Vises of Turquoise, who seek to spread their influence across the world."

"You probably know them by the name of their tower: Houroars. At the very least, you know them by the hordes of undead that occasionally plague your doorstep. Which brings me to my offer."

"I have no fondness for the The Vises of Turquoise. My immortality is a gift from the gods, an evolution from prey to predator. There could be nothing more natural. Necromancy, on the other hand, is foul. Tainted. The pitiful attempts of man, dwarf and elf to imitate perfection."

"So, should you wish it, I have no misgivings about occasionally sending some of my forces to harass them on your behalf. Pick off the weak and isolated among them. And we can bring you trade goods, as well. Weapons, cloth, trinkets, wood: whatever you wish. I've brought some with me right now, as a sign of good faith."



Deduk: "What's the catch?"

Esme: "Nothing a group of hardened psychopaths would miss. Just, once a year.. a *small* tribute. Do you understand?"

Deduk: "Nope.."

Esme: "Something you have much of, but is still *new*? A tribute of *little* consequence but pure, untainted by the humours of age?"

Deduk: "What are you getting at?"

Esme: "Kids, you moron. Provide a place where we may drink the childrens blood once every year."

Deduk: "Speak plainly woman!"

Esme: "Oh my god, why am I talking to you? Bookkeeper woman! Yes you, eavesdropping at the door and writing down everything we say! Take my offer to whoever is actually in charge!"

At which point, Honeymoon brought the offer to myself.

A fascinating opportunity, I must say! A chance to study the effects of rapid blood loss and the presumed analgesic effect of vampire saliva, observe the physical symptoms of vampiric immortality, and converse with an ageless creature? How could I pass that up?

I instruct Honeymoon to inform Esme that the overseer of Icehold will accept her kind offer, and will begin construction of a 'feeding room' of sorts, where the children will be stored. Future visits by Esme, or any of her kin, will be met with the respect and hospitality they deserve.

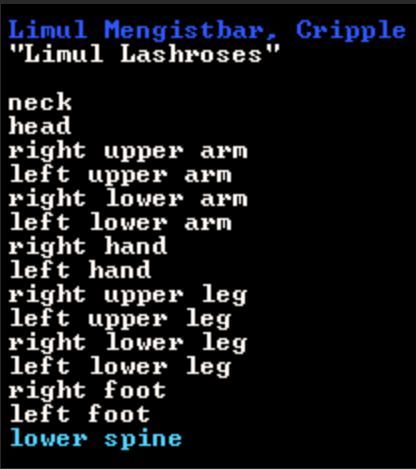


You have to admit, this makes for a very convincing noble impersonator tho.

Oh, and that was a pretty solid way of weaving this into the story. I laughed at the end.

Esme's caravan presents a perfect opportunity to offload some of the immense pile of yeti-bone detritus that has been accumulating in this place. I don't know, the fools have the perfect opportunity to excuse themselves from work entirely and instead they use it to craft toys and knick-knacks. I must admire their work ethic even whilst questioning their sanity.

I order every able-bodied moronic cretin in Icehold to haul stuff to the trade depot. Naturally, I then have to explain that this means all of them.



Except Limul Lashroses (parking in handicapped spaces). He can be excused by virtue of being paralyzed from the waist down. I am not a cruel man.

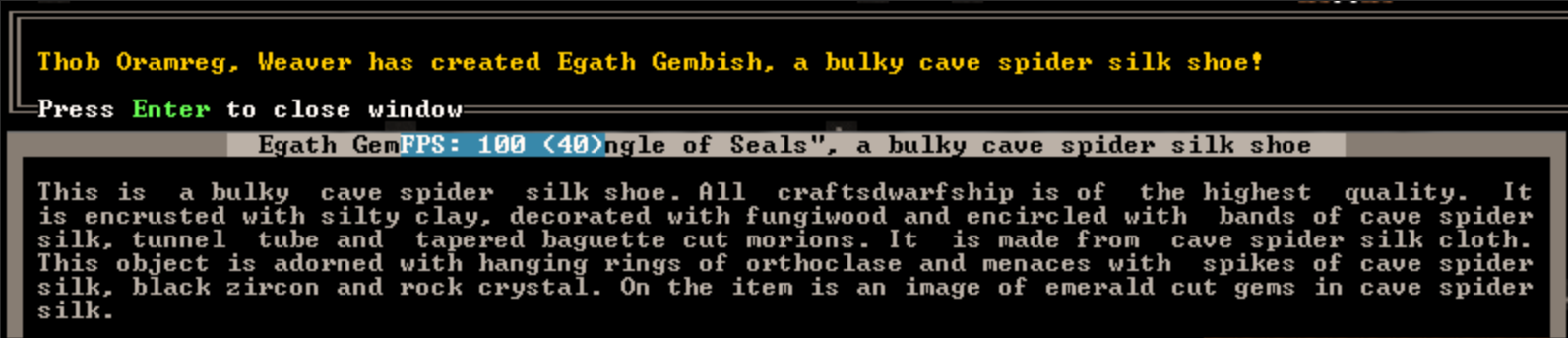
Speaking of which, I've thought of a new experiment! Construction of the necessary infrastructure will begin as soon as Esme's people leave.

Why is this trap not working? You've been in there for the past month, you pathetic excuse for a horrifying enormous shelled intestinal parasite!



Knock down the support and trap yourself already!

Thob Omareg created a shoe, and is excitedly telling everyone about it. I am not certain why nobody has put him out of our misery yet.



One little polar bear and these empty-headed simpletons lose their minds! Damn thing hasn't even touched anyone yet and already Udil Floorskinned the miner (double homicide) has fallen into the moat and, true to his name, grazed the skin off of his arm. Shofet Tradeday (cannibalism) has run out into the middle of the blizzard, *in the nude I might add*, and split open his hand...

'Black Pat' Kanzuditeb, broker cancels Trade at Depot: Interrupted by Polar Bear.
Monom Enkosstukos, Engraver cancels Harvest Plants: Interrupted by Polar Bear.
Mistēm Soddeduk, Uesh's Minion cancels Bring Item to Depot: Interrupted by Polar Bear.
Rimtar Mebzuthberdan, Mason cancels Bring Item to Depot: Interrupted by Polar Bear.
Udil Dakostudesh, Miner cancels Bring Item to Depot: Interrupted by Polar Bear.
→Thob Almoshoddom, Weaponsmith cancels Bring Item to Depot: Interrupted by Polar Bear.

The Cannabal's right hand skids along the ground and the part splits in gore!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
The Cannabal gives in to pain.
The Cannabal's lower body skids along the ground, bruising the fat and bruising the guts!
→The Engraver slams into the Cannabal!

The Miner's upper body takes the full force of the impact, bruising the muscle and bruising the left lung through the x(emu leather cloak)x!
The Miner's right lower arm takes the full force of the impact and the part splits in gore!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
The Miner's right upper leg takes the full force of the impact, bruising the bone through the x(emu leather cloak)x!
The Miner's right lower leg takes the full force of the impact, bruising the bone through the x(giant cave spider silk trousers)x!
The Miner gives in to pain.
→The Miner falls over.



Udil Dakostudesh, Miner
"Udil Floorskinned"

neck
head
right upper arm
left upper arm
right lower arm
left lower arm
right hand
left hand
right upper leg
left upper leg
right lower leg
left lower leg
right foot
left foot
left lung

Unconscious

'Shofet' Nishalod, Cannabal
"Shofet' Tradeday"

upper body
lower body
neck
head
right upper arm
left upper arm
right lower arm
left lower arm
right hand
left hand
right upper leg
left upper leg
right lower leg
left lower leg
right foot

Unconscious
Dizzy

'Shofet' Nishalod, Cannabal
"Shofet' Tradeday"

<iron crossbow>. Left hand
coating of 'Shofet' Tradeday's dwarf tears <right ey
coating of 'Shofet' Tradeday's dwarf tears <left eye
spatter of 'Shofet' Tradeday's dwarf blood <right ha
spatter of 'Shofet' Tradeday's dwarf blood <upper li

... and Udil Bluntedmachine the mayor (election fraud) appears to have discovered a latent talent for melodrama.

Udil Unalstakud, mayor: I was nauseated by the sun. There is no hope!
The mayor retches.
The mayor vomits.
The mayor retches.
The mayor vomits.
The mayor retches.
The mayor vomits.
The mayor retches.
The mayor vomits.
The mayor retches.
The mayor vomits.
The mayor retches.
The mayor vomits.
The mayor retches.
The mayor vomits.
The mayor retches.
The mayor vomits.
→The mayor retches.

YOU'RE NOT DYING, IT'S JUST VOMIT! GET OVER IT!

Argh, this task is driving me to empirically verifiable insanity (I check every day). Why can't these idiots just leave me to my experiments?

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **October 16, 2015, 11:56:09 pm**

Out of character

I imagine that last sequence with Udil the mayor playing out something like this:

Udil steps outside, squinting in the bright light. For a moment, all is calm. Then, Udil falls to his knees, raising his hands and face dramatically, and proclaims:

"I WAS NAUSEATED BY THE SUN! **THERE IS NO HOPE!**"

Udil then emits a massive geyser of high-pressure projectile vomit and collapses on his back, flopping around like a dead fish, vomiting all the while.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **October 17, 2015, 01:16:23 am**

Yes. When we inevitably create a new thread for this fortress, the melodrama quote is definitely going to the front page.

Also, you... probably want to add an i somewhere in Cannabal.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Shofet** on **October 17, 2015, 04:21:38 am**

I realized I misspelled it. My apologies. Is my hand still attached?

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **De** on **October 17, 2015, 05:02:44 pm**

My working theory is that there was some sort movement that the King interpreted as politically dangerous and he had a bunch of people sent away to Icehold because he was worried that executing them would lend fervor to any dissent he faced. He focused on family with children, reasoning they would serve as political hostages. The large number of births are because it's a glacier, it's cold and boring there, and there's no birth control available. It all makes perfect sense really.

Edit: Frozen wasteland, exiled criminals, a population mostly made up of minors, undead, monsters and a deal with vampires: this is an ideal setting for a moderately well selling dystopian YA novel.

Further thoughts: If you do decide to make a new thread (here's looking at you Taupe), may I suggest changing the parameters. Pop cap: 30, Strict cap: 100, children ratio: 100/100. Let's embrace the YA dystopia thing.

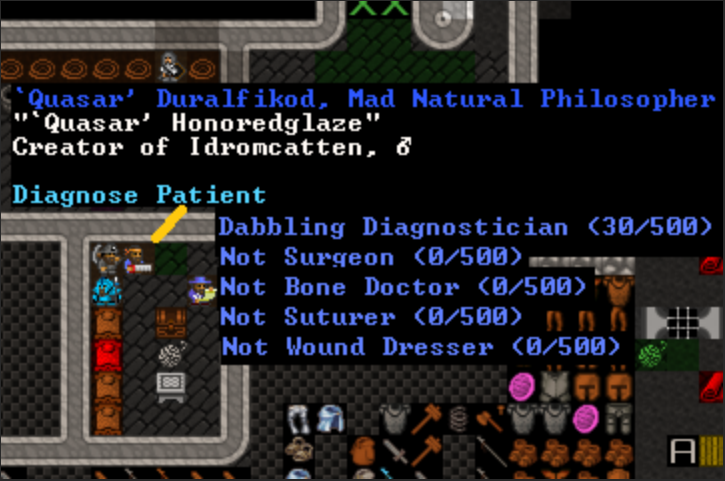
Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **October 17, 2015, 06:32:24 pm**

Stakud the Eye Stabber stabbed the polar bear in the eyes.

»The Eye Stabber stabs The Polar Bear in the head with her Stonthetust, tearing the muscle, chipping the skull and tearing the brain! A tendon in the skull has been torn! The Stonthetust has lodged firmly in the wound!

Somewhat of an anticlimax, really.

Well, these foolish injuries do at least give me a chance to practice my medical skills. In the absense of a chief medical dwarf (I seem to recall something about a helmet snake?) I have appointed myself to the position. I am, of course, *extremely* qualified for this.



The wounds of Udil the miner merit attention, him being a dwarf of some skill with a pickaxe and thus moderately more useful than the rest of the morons around here. 'Black Pat' Conventpost (domestic homicide) insisted she be allowed to perform most of the work. It's almost like she doesn't trust my abilities as a doctor!

The wounds of Shofet, however, she was happy enough to leave to me after diagnosis. Let's see... large rip on palm of hand, wrist bent in odd direction, ... easily enough dealt with.

First we clean the wound. Sadly I don't have any gnomeblight or forgotton beast blood (yet!), but I think there's some rock salt lying about...

Shofet has an impressively loud scream. With the right equipment, we may be able to use him as some sort of long-distance communication relay.

Next, sutchering. I have the thread, I have the needle, now all I need to do is...

Well, I think I did a pretty good job of that. Only missed three times!

Next, setting the bone...

Okay, that's done! The wrist made a wonderful "cracking" sound when I bent it back into place. That's got to be healthy, right?

And the screaming lets me the know the patient is still alive.

Now all we neet to do is dress and immobilise the wound...

Well, I think I may have used a little too much plaster (I'm fairly certain he's supposed to be able to walk without dragging his hand on the ground), but otherwise a perfect operation! The patient will live, and the reduction in quality of life does not exceed the bounds of tolerance for Icehold.

The Health of Udil Dakostudesh, Miner					The Health of 'Shofet' Nishalod, Cannabal				
46:	Status	Wounds	Treatment	History	46:	Status	Wounds	Treatment	History
right lower arm, bone Needs setting Smashed apart					right hand, bone Needs setting Smashed apart				
right upper leg, bone Light bruising									
right lower leg, bone Light bruising									
46:	Status	Wounds	Treatment	History	46:	Status	Wounds	Treatment	History
right lower arm Needs cleaning Needs sutures Needs setting Needs dressing Needs immobilization					right hand Needs cleaning Needs sutures Needs setting Needs dressing Needs immobilization				
46:	Status	Wounds	Treatment	History	46:	Status	Wounds	Treatment	History
27th Hematite, 256: Evaluated					26th Hematite, 256: Evaluated				
1st Malachite, 256: Cleaned					27th Hematite, 256: Cleaned				
2nd Malachite, 256: Received pig tail fiber sutures on right lower arm					27th Hematite, 256: Received pig tail fiber sutures on right hand				
3rd Malachite, 256: Had right lower arm set					27th Hematite, 256: Had right hand set				
4th Malachite, 256: Received cave spider silk dressing on right lower arm					27th Hematite, 256: Received cave spider silk dressing on right hand				
5th Malachite, 256: Received chestnut splint on right lower arm					28th Hematite, 256: Received gypsum plaster right hand cast				

In other news, Esme's people have left, taking a small fraction of the yeti bone mound with them. I've ordered Zaneg Trumpetwhispered (murder, conspiracy to commit murder) to cut tree's and make bins in order to expedite this process in the future.

Esme however, has not left. She also appears to have chained the Baron to the wall for some reason. I can hardly blame her, but this is not my idea of diplomatic behavior. Indeed, were she not a woman of such high class, I would almost call this... rude.



(**Out of character:** *how did that even happen?* The baron hasn't broken any laws (at least, nothing that shows up in the Justice menu), and it's not possible to assign dwarves to chains manually. Or unassign them, for that matter. I'm going to deconstruct the chain to get him out and prevent Esme from going nuts.)

Ah. Our dear baron has been unchained, and has brought Esme to his room to finalise the agreement.

Esme Mizbosemod: Greetings, noble dwarf. There is much to discuss.

I forsee wonderful things in the future for Icehold and The Foggy Nations. And by "wonderful things", I of course mean feeding children to monsters in exchange for a strategic advantage and an unrivalled opportunity for testing.

I'm sure this will go most excelle-

A diplomat has left unhappy.

What.



WHAT.

The Swordmaster punches The baron of Bolthblade in the right upper arm with her left hand, bruising the muscle through the +steel mail shirt+!
The baron of Bolthblade stands up.
The baron of Bolthblade stands up.
The baron of Bolthblade stands up.
The baron of Bolthblade stands up.
The Swordmaster punches The baron of Bolthblade in the left upper arm with her left hand, fracturing the bone through the +steel mail shirt+!
The baron of Bolthblade stands up.
The baron of Bolthblade gives in to pain.
The Swordmaster punches The baron of Bolthblade in the head with her left hand, bruising the muscle, bruising the skull through the *steel helm*!
The Swordmaster punches The baron of Bolthblade in the head with her left hand and the injured part collapses!
An artery has been opened by the attack!

FPS: 98 (41) ònul Nokzamikod, "ònul Battleglazes", Swordmaster

"I beat somebody as a punishment. How exhilarating!"

She is **afraid** after experiencing trauma. She is **horrified** after seeing Deduk Veiledsack die. **She grieves at somebody's death. She rages while killing somebody.** She is **exhilarated** after punishing somebody with a beating. Within the last season, she didn't feel anything after seeing a dog die. She **reit** **pieasure** after a sparring session. She was **disgusted** after retching on a miasma. She didn't feel anything after seeing a giant olm die. She didn't feel anything after seeing a giant toad die. She didn't feel anything after seeing the helmet snake Gangrealms die. She was **blissful** after sleeping in a fantastic bedroom. She is married to Shorast Reveredpage and has two children: Deler Painttangles and Mosus Thronetreaty. She is the daughter of Erush Drumgranite and Uabôk Murderceilings.
She is a citizen of The Stake of Rings. She is a member of The Fenced Lance. She is a former member of The Imprisoned Craft. She is a former member of The Tempted Mechanism. She arrived at Ushilkegeth on the 9th of Slate in the year 251.
She is twenty-seven years old, born on the 14th of Moonstone in the year 229.
She is strapped with massive amounts of muscle and lard. Her slightly close-set aquamarine eyes are very round. Her hair is wavy. Her very long hair is arranged in double braids. Her head is somewhat short. Her eyebrows are somewhat high. Her raw umber skin is wrinkled. Her ears are somewhat splayed out. Her hair is black.
She is unbelievably strong, amazingly agile, basically unbreakable and absolutely inexhaustible, but she is very slow to heal.
ònul Nokzamikod likes realgar, lead, red beryl, green glass, the color plum, picks, ballista parts and hyenas for their distinctive laugh. When possible, she prefers to consume sorghum beer. She absolutely detests worms.
She has a stunning feel for spatial relationships, an unbreakable will, unbreakable focus, a great affinity for language, a very good sense of the position of her own body and very good intuition, **but she has little patience and a very bad sense of empathy.**
Like others in her culture, she holds craftsduarfiship to be of the highest ideals and celebrates talented artisans and their masterworks, has a great deal of respect for the law, greatly prizes loyalty, values family greatly, sees friendship as one of the finer things in life, believes that honesty is a high ideal, greatly respects artists and their works, really respects those that take the time to master a skill, deeply respects those that work hard at their labors, respects fair-dealing and fair-play, values cooperation, finds merrymaking and partying worthwhile activities, values martial prowess, values leisure time, respects commerce and finds nature somewhat disturbing. **She personally sees competition as reasonably important, values self-control and respects perseverance. She dreams of mastering a skill, and this dream was realized.**
She desires little for herself in the way of possessions. She can be very happy and optimistic. She prefers to present herself modestly. She thinks she is fairly important in the grand scheme of things. She is slow to anger. She sometimes acts with little determination and confidence. She is somewhat uncomfortable around those that appear unusual or live differently from herself. She tends to share her own experiences and **thoughts with others.** She can handle stress. She finds obligations confining, though she is conflicted by this for more than one reason. She has a calm demeanor. **She often acts with compassion.** She often feels lustful. She needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

ONUL. ONUL BATTLEGLAZES (MURDER, VIGILANTISM), DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE?

"Yes. I've stopped you from feeding children to vampires, you *goddamn madman*."

NO! YOU HAVE STYMIED SCIENCE! YOU HAVE SET BACK THE MARCH OF PROGRESS! YOU HAVE *STOPPED US FROM FEEDING CHILDREN TO VAMPIRES* wait that's what you said.

CURSE YOU!! CURSE YOU ONUL BATTLEGLAZES!!! MAY MAGGOTS FEAST UPON YOUR EYEBALLS FOR ALL ETERNITY!!!!

"Also, he wasn't even a real baron. He was just a planter."

→**Deduk Bisekfath, Planter has been found dead.**

AAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRGGGGHHHH!!!!

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **October 17, 2015, 07:34:50 pm**

Out of character

Well.

That could not possibly have gone more awesome.

At first I was absolutely pissed. I didn't plan any of that, it ruined my chance to build a vampire feeding room and get in good with the vampire clans, and it seemed like an anticlimactic end to the reign of Baron-Impersonator Deduk Veiledsack.

And then I realized exactly what had happened...

The baron and vampire lady entered his engraved quarters. She look maintained her haughty demeanor, while he kept a wary eye on her for any sign of trying to drink his blood. Just before the door closed behind them, a shadow slipped in.

"Can we finally get to this, "noble" dwarf?" asked Esme with a sneer. She was obviously anxious to conclude the meeting and leave Icehold, at least until next year. "There is much to discuss."

"Sure," said Deduk, gruff and rude as always. "The overseer tells me we have 26 children in the lower parts of the fortr-"

A shadow rose up behind him as he talked, and a flurry of fists came from nowhere. With a crack, the fourth strike reshaped the Barons skull and he collapsed, revealing a young woman covered in blood and encased from head to toe in the shiniest steel. With a flash of cyan she drew an adamantine sword, and pointed it at the vampire.

"Get out."

Her voice wasn't overly loud, but the sheer rage infusing those two words made it more threatening than anything she could have yelled.

Esme raised herself to her full height, bearing her teeth, haughty and terrible.

"You would threaten me, dwarf? *Me*? Do you know who and what you're dealing with?"

"Yes, I do. I don't care. You will not harm a single child here. *Get out*, and never come back."

"Or what? You'll kill me? By yourself?"

The adamantine sword stuck out in a flash, leaving a sparkling trail in the air, and the head of Ngon Swampnature, a Glacier Titan engraved in microcline on the wall mere centimeters from Esme's head, collapsed, cleanly decapitated. To her credit, the vampire didn't flinch. The anger left her face, and she bowed to the swordsdwarf with a smile.

"Very well, child. You've made your point. I shall take my leave, for now."

She swept towards the door, but stopped and smiled, revealing a row of sharp, pointed teeth. "But we'll meet again next year. One way or another."

And then the room was empty but for the young vigilante. In silence, she bent down over the body of the Baron and respectfully closed his eyes, blinking away tears. The poor, foolish dwarf had sealed his fate when he failed to oppose the overseers plans, but nonetheless... he hadn't deserved this fate.

Someone *else* deserved this fate.

She would wait, for now. It did not bode well to kill an overseer during their term, and perhaps the madman would yet repent, see what he had become, and attempt to redeem himself.

But if he did not, come his resignation on the last day of obsidian... one way or another, the world would be less one monster.

The young woman would ensure it.

Ladies and gentlemen, the children of Icehold have found their protector.

Onul Battleglazes, Vigilante Girl.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **De** on **October 17, 2015, 08:12:55 pm**

Called it.

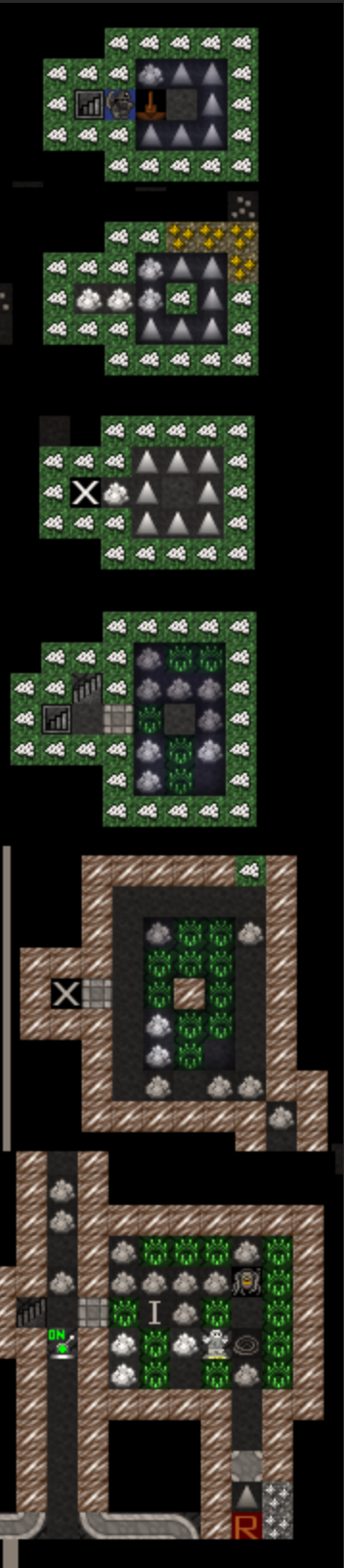
Is Icehold on 40.24? I've never had any of my dwarves grieve and I've been blaming the version. I've even been playing a freshly downloaded totally vanilla version murdering migrants children trying to get somebody to grieve for a damn death.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **October 19, 2015, 03:05:41 am**

After yesterdays events, I was forced to recalibrate my methodology for checking sanity levels as it was returning a number of false positives.

Thankfully, once revised, the methodology once again confirms that I am sane.

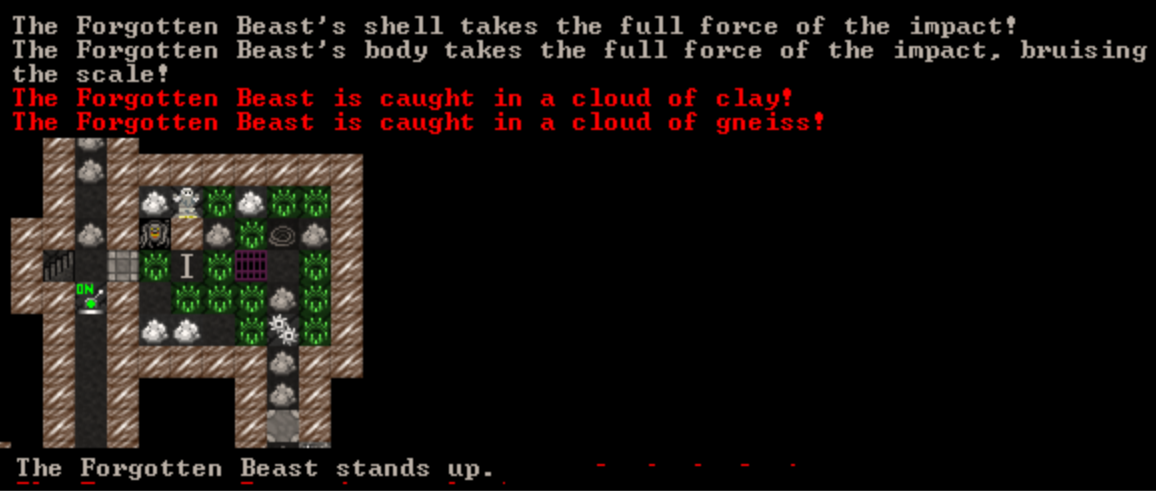
It is time to finally capture Kor The Deep Holes. That ribbon worm has remained uncaged, and thus unstudyable, for far too long. I have a section of the cavern roof carved out.



... and collapsed...



... and we wait with baited breath for the dust to clear, to reveal...



.... Kor, you bastard.

HOW THE BLOODY HELL AM I SUPPOSED TO CAPTURE YOU NOW?

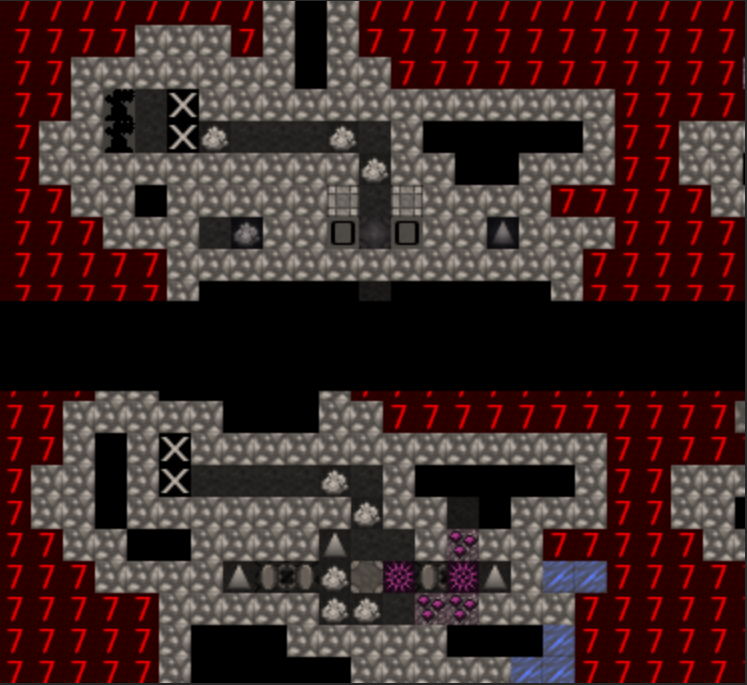
Oh great, Kor brought a friend to help taunt me.



I'll get you one day, you monsters. I'll find some way to administer your poisons to children in a controlled environment! Just you wait and see.

To improve my mood, I took an examination of the experiments under construction.

Experiment 5 - Under construction, require 1 raising bridge, 2 levers.



Experiment 6 - Under construction, require 5 floor grates, 1 raising bridge.



Urgh. Construction is taking far too long. Not good enough! I require some testing *now*. I shall have to think of an experiment with minimal infrastructure requirements. Hmm...

Eureka! Somebody put a door in front of that spike well, I have an idea.

Experiment 7 - Under construction, requires 1 door.



AARGH! More distractions! A giant cave spider attacked Zaneg while he was working on more bins and cages.

```
→'Zaneg' Sakzuliklist, Uengeful Plotter cancels Construct wooden Bin:
Interrupted by Giant Cave Spider.

The Giant Cave Spider attacks The Uengeful Plotter but She jumps away!
'Zaneg' Sakzuliklist, Uengeful Plotter: I must withdraw!
The Giant Cave Spider misses The Uengeful Plotter!
The Giant Cave Spider attacks The Uengeful Plotter but She jumps away!
The Giant Cave Spider attacks The Uengeful Plotter but She jumps away!
The Giant Cave Spider bites The Uengeful Plotter in the left lower arm,
bruising the muscle through the x(pig tail fiber cloak)x!
'Zaneg' Sakzuliklist, Uengeful Plotter: I must withdraw!
'Zaneg' Sakzuliklist, Uengeful Plotter: I must withdraw!
'Zaneg' Sakzuliklist, Uengeful Plotter: I must withdraw!
→'Zaneg' Sakzuliklist, Uengeful Plotter: I must withdraw!
```

The fool woodcutter fled into the depths of the Caverns, and the spider disregarded him, instead approaching the far stronger smells of prey emanating from the staircase. If only we had infrastructure in place to capture it!

Sadly, lacking any cage traps, that all there will be to study is a corpse. I shall have to remember to set some traps in the upper caverns for the future.

Sadly, the presence of this creature in the fortress is a potential risk to my own health and safety. Also some other people's, probably. I told the thuggish simpletons to kill it.



Neblime commenced the assault, putting an iron bolt into it's abdomen. This seemed to have some effect for a moment, before the creature was lost in a swarm of screaming dwarven murderers.

→The flying {*iron bolt*} strikes The Giant Cave Spider in the abdomen, tearing the muscle and tearing the guts!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Giant Cave Spider looks sick!
The Eye Stabber kicks The Giant Cave Spider in the left third foot with her left foot and the injured part collapses into a lump of gore!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
The Giant Cave Spider misses The Eye Stabber!
The Planter punches The Giant Cave Spider in the right first foot with his right hand, tearing the fat and bruising the muscle!
The captain of the guard slashes The Giant Cave Spider in the left second foot with his {adamantine short sword} and the severed part sails off in an arc!
The Spearmaster stabs The Giant Cave Spider in the abdomen with his {adamantine spear}, tearing the muscle and tearing the guts!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Giant Cave Spider looks even more sick!
The Giant Cave Spider misses The manager!
The Planter punches The Giant Cave Spider in the right first foot with his left hand and the injured part collapses into a lump of gore!
The manager scratches The Giant Cave Spider in the right third leg, chipping the chitin and bruising the muscle!
A tendon has been torn!
The Giant Cave Spider falls over.

Aside from the unarmed Honeymoon, attempting to pass on the stairs, being caught up in the melee, the assault was going surprisingly well. No bites, not even any friendly stabbings, which is what you'd generally expect when a bunch of untrained murderers are swinging adamantine about. But then suddenly the creature shot out thick strands of webbing. Instantly the entire militia were entangled, and the fight abruptly ground to a halt.

Onul Battleglazes

The Vigilante Girl stabs The Giant Cave Spider in the left fourth leg with her {adamantine short sword}, tearing the muscle!
A motor nerve has been severed, a ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The {adamantine short sword} has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Vigilante Girl is caught up in the web!
The Vigilante Girl falls over.

Honeymoon Ashenchannel

The Giant Cave Spider misses The manager!
The manager scratches The Giant Cave Spider in the right third leg, chipping the chitin and bruising the muscle!
A tendon has been torn!
The manager scratches The Giant Cave Spider in the left third foot, tearing the muscle!
The Giant Cave Spider misses The manager!
The manager bites The Giant Cave Spider in the left fourth leg, chipping the chitin and bruising the muscle!
A tendon has been torn!
The manager latches on firmly!
The Giant Cave Spider breaks the grip of The manager's upper front teeth on The Giant Cave Spider's left fourth leg.
The manager is caught up in the web!

Udib Citysneak

The Spearmaster stabs The Giant Cave Spider in the left second leg with his {adamantine spear}, tearing the muscle!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The {adamantine spear} has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Spearmaster pulls on the embedded {adamantine spear}.
The Spearmaster bites The Giant Cave Spider in the cephalothorax, chipping the chitin and bruising the muscle!
The Spearmaster latches on firmly!
The Spearmaster is caught up in the web!

Stakud Whipdangles

The Giant Cave Spider misses The Eye Stabber!
The Eye Stabber stabs The Giant Cave Spider in the left third foot with her Stonthetust, tearing apart the muscle!
An artery has been opened by the attack and a sensory nerve has been severed!
The Giant Cave Spider misses The Eye Stabber!
The Eye Stabber is caught up in the web!
→The Eye Stabber falls over.

I was briefly optimistic that the creature would kill Olon Battleglazes, the young woman whose behavior recently has most irritating. A heroic death against the spider would solve that unnecessary distraction. Unfortunately, the creature pulled away from the militia dwarves and instead started grabbing at Honeymoon with it's legs, wrapping our manager in a silk cocoon.

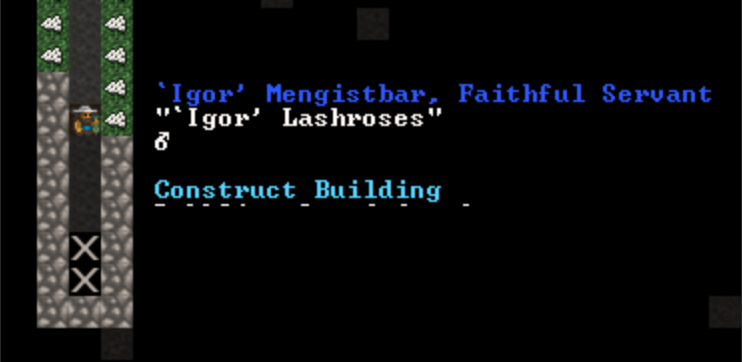
Standing at a safe distance and taking notes on the hunting behaviour of the spider, I briefly considered coming to the bookkeepers aid. She is quite an efficient minion, after all. However, any sort of risk to my person could potentially deprive all of dwarvenkind of a glorious scientific future. Oh well, I guess shall have to seek a replacement. Still, it's a shame.

But then a shape flew past me on the stairs. The spider saw it coming and lunged at it, but the dwarf ducked low and kicked upwards, timing his strike to co-incide with the creature's lunge and using it's inertia against it...

The Giant Cave Spider misses The mayor!
The mayor kicks The Giant Cave Spider in the abdomen with his left foot and the injured part collapses into a lump of gore!
→An artery has been opened by the attack!

The giant cave spider flailed about, it's crushed abdomen leaking ichor, until it finally collapsed on it's back, legs curled above it. It twitched, jerked, and lied still.

After a moment, I recognised the dwarf. Udil Bluntedmachine (murder, conspiracy to commit murder). A charismatic, rebellious dwarf who has been gathering support and power amongst the dullards here. Many of the morons of Icehold see him as a sort of leader or representative. Todays deed will no doubt cement that status.



I think Igor is a wonderful name, don't you, Igor?

"Um... yes... sir?"

Oh please, let's not rest on formalities like "sir". You're my faithful servant now! Call me master.

"Yes master."

And do you think you could lisp a little?

"What? Why?"

Just do it.

sigh "Yeth marthter."

Oh excellent! Yes! You and I are going to get along *wonderfully*. Shall we begin the experiment? I think we shall!

Experiment 7: Effect on Dwarven psyche of being trapped in a small space with multiple angry, maimed war dogs

Apparatus: Presumed execution device, sealed by door.

Test subject: Corpulent dwarven child, female, 10 years old. Self-identifies as "Monom Minedsummits". Daughter of Eral Soldcaves (serial killer, aka. "the Head Smasher") and As Cilobnonub (ex-ghost, deceased).



... to be continued...

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Ruhn** on **October 19, 2015, 02:05:35 pm**

OOC: These experiments are fun to read.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **De** on **October 19, 2015, 06:07:12 pm**

It's certainly making use of available resources.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **October 19, 2015, 11:13:32 pm**

Question: trying to cage Kor didn't work. I don't think it was knocked unconscious by the cave-in, and so it never got caged.

Is there any other way to capture a forgotten beast, absent a source of spider web? If not, experiments on them are going to be substantially more difficult.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **October 20, 2015, 12:12:14 am**

Quote from: QuQuasar on October 19, 2015, 11:13:32 pm

Question: trying to cage Kor didn't work. I don't think it was knocked unconscious by the cave-in, and so it never got caged.

Is there any other way to capture a forgotten beast, absent a source of spider web? If not, experiments on them are going to be substantially more difficult.

I think Forgotten beasts being hard to experiment on *is kind of the point*. My guess about why it failed, (and I know a thing or two about forgotten beasts at this point) is that many of them are immune to most status effects and conditions, including getting unconscious. I've seen some of them (fleshy ones at that) walking around for years with their brains turned into miasma by rot, and not flinching from it. The dust from collapses will damage and move them, but they won't necessarily get knocked unconscious in the process. Maybe having them fall *on* the cage trap would help in incapacitating them. Trickier to build, tho.

"Sir! Sir!" shouted Limul, crawling along the rough stone floor towards the spike well.

"Igor, what have I told you?" Professor Quasar Honoredglaze said, holding a war dog over the well by the scruff of it's neck. The sound of a child sobbing could be heard coming from somewhere below.

"Oh, uh... I mean... 'Marthter! Marthter!'"

"That's better. What is it, Igor?"

"Master, that won't be necessary! You don't need to do that."

The professor looked at the dog in his hands, then down into the darkness of the well, then back at the dog. "I think you've made an erroneous assumption about science, Igor."

"Sorry sir, what I'm trying to say is, Experiment 6 is ready!"

"It is? Already? Excellent! Forget this!" The professor tossed the dog against the wall as he left the sobbing well. "Come Igor! We have work to do!"

"Onul! Onul!"

"Udil?" Onul said, distracted from her individual training drill.

"He's gone nuts! He's rounding up all the children! Most of the others don't care but..." Onul gasped in the frozen surface air. "I thought you should know."

There was need to ask who. Onul sheathed her sword and set off at a dead sprint down the main staircase.

Experiment 6: Multi-subject study of extended submersion in water on the dwarven physique.

Apparatus: 1x drainable room, locked by copper hatch. 1x screw pump. 1x water source.

Hypothesis: Test Subjects will adapt to maneuvare better in water. Test subjects will gain increased levels of muscle due to exercise. Test subjects skin will become wrinkly...



There was a crash as Onul burst into the caverns to see Professor Honoredglazes ushering the last of the children into a hole in the cavern floor, and shutting a copper hatch behind them.

"WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?"

"Good heavens, that's quite a voice you've got on you, minion. You remind me of Shofet. He screamed like the devil himself when I..."

"*Shut up.* What are you doing to these children?"

"Doing *to* them? My dear woman, what do you take me for? I would never! I'm doing science *on* them."

Onul grit her teeth. Even if it would cause anarchy in Icehold, this insanity had to stop. It would stop *now*. She took a step forward, and felt someone tugging at her robe.

"Miss Battleglazes, a word?"

Onul recognised the crippled dwarf. Limul Lashroses. By all accounts, one of the more intelligent and empathetic dwarves in Icehold: sadly, not skills in great demand here.

"What is it Limul? You'd better have a damn good reason for stopping me," said Onul, eyeballing the Professor with her hand on her sword hilt. The professor, for his part, didn't seem to notice, instead turning his back and enthusiastically checking the pump mechanism. He seemed most pleased with it.

"This one is safe," Limul whispered. "This experiment. It's safe."

"Safe? Are you mad? He's just put 20 children in a drowning chamber!"

"23. But he's not going to fill it completely, just up to their chins. It's safe, it will take some time to get results, and *it involves all the children*. Do you see where I'm going with this?"

Onul stared, suddenly conflicted. "It'll keep him happy and keep the children from being harmed for a while. I see. But still... you can't

support this! They're just kids!"

Limul nodded sadly, but with determination in his eyes. "They're children of Icehold. They're tough. They'll get over it."

"No... no this is wrong..." Onul began, but was interrupted by a shout from the Professor.

"Alright minion! Start pumping!"

"Sure thing boss, but... uh... the name's Mistem, boss! Not "Minion"!"

"I know what I said!"



Onul stood by, feeling helpless as water poured into the chamber. She was half expecting screams of terror, but the children stayed silent. They *were* children of Icehold. They *were* tough.

Could this really be better than the power struggle his death would create? Or should she just kill him here and now? She still could...

"Onul," Limul's voice was barely audible over the pump. "12 stories above us, there's a side passage on the stairs. Follow it to the microcline door, and bring the child you find there to the forges. I'll meet you there."

"Why, what are you..."

"We're all criminals here, but that doesn't mean you're the only one in Icehold who cares about the kids. Please, just do as I say."

"Okay, stop!" the professor shouted. Mistem stopped pedalling, and the pump stopped.

"Igor!"

"Yeth, Marthter?"

"Bring me my notepad! I have SCIENCE to do!"

"Yeth Marthter."

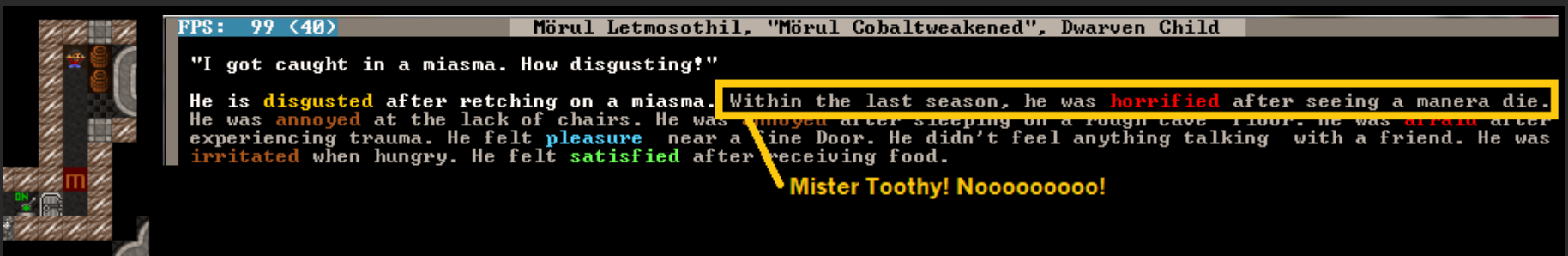


Report 1: 23 test subjects have been submerged in chin-deep water. During the initial filling, the test subjects were instructed to use one another and the walls for support, to prevent any unnecessary injuries. Though the taller subjects are capable of keeping their mouth above water by standing in a tiptoe position, the shorter ones are currently treading water.

None of the subjects are capable of maneuvering in the water, and most stand in place.

Correction: 24 test subjects. 25 year old male Adil Boltsclapped (Arson), appears to have joined the test by accident. This provides an opportunity to study the effects of age on learning capabilities, so I have elected not to remove him from the test. Also I don't know how to get him out without getting the others out.

It seems the Manera from experiment 3 has died of natural causes. Morul is most upset at the death of his friend.



Honeymoon once again got into a fight with the local cavernlife.

the Giant Toad is fighting!
→the manager 'Honeymoon' Ibrukcatten is fighting!
the Cannibal 'Shofet' Nishalod is fighting!

She managed to hold it in place without injury until someone arrived to finish it off.

The Marksdwarf bashes The Giant Toad in the head with his <-«silver morningstar»->, tearing the muscle and fracturing the skull!
A tendon in the skull has been torn!
The Weaver punches The Giant Toad in the head with her left hand, bruising the muscle!
The Marksdwarf bashes The Giant Toad in the head with his <-«silver morningstar»->, tearing the muscle and fracturing the skull!
A tendon in the skull has been torn!
The Weaver punches The Giant Toad in the head with her left hand, bruising the muscle!
→The Marksdwarf bashes The Giant Toad in the head with his <-«silver morningstar»->, tearing the muscle, fracturing the skull and bruising the brain!
A tendon in the skull has been torn!

I should perhaps consider getting one of these morons to do something about the upper caverns. If nothing else, it would reduce the amount of miasma on the main staircase.

After removing the young girl from the spike well, Olon led Monom down the long, long flight of stairs in mutual silence, hoping to avoid meeting anyone on the way. She needn't have worried. The professor had told everyone to leave the forges alone: for now, at least, they had no need for metal.

Down there, lit by the orange glow of the magma forges, she found six dwarves. Limul, who had been propped up on one of the forges. Udil, Honeymoon, Black Pat, and a few others.



"Ah, Onul. There you are. How are-" Honeymoon began.

Onul ignored her, leaning down to the child she'd brought with her. "Go play with the forges for a bit, okay kiddo? But be careful. They're hot."

She stood up again as the child ran off towards the back of the room, and looked at the gathered dwarves. Founders, ex-overseers, leaders. The people in charge. And Limul. "This is about me killing Deduk, isn't it?"

The others shared a glance. Limul paused for a moment before speaking. "Yes and no. The 'baron' was no great loss, but... you're not finished killing, are you?"

"... no, I'm not." Onul said bluntly, folding her arms. "That man is a monster. Even by the standards of *this place*, he's evil. He needs to die."

Limul shook his head. "I think you're wrong. He's not bad, he just... doesn't see the difference between good and bad."

"And that makes a difference, does it?"

"Maybe, maybe not," said Honeymoon. "It's academic. What matters is that, beepiss insane though he may be, he's a decent overseer."

Onul stared at her. "You've got to be kidding me."

"Not at all," said Honeymoon. "You probably haven't noticed, being a military dwarf. There's no idlers lately. Zaneg is making bins and beds, and Kubuk is making cloth bags. The masons are making food pots instead of useless crafts. The stockpiles have been relocated. Everyone is busy. Icehold is *working*."

She looked Onul in the eye. "He's not exactly *good* at overseeing. He doesn't even give that many order. But... he has a talent for giving just enough to keep Icehold feeling useful. When they feel useful, they find things to occupy their time without having to be told. Somehow, this pile of psychopathic criminal arseholes are *co-operating* to keep this place functioning. They're actually acting like something vaguely resembling a dwarven fortress."

Onul couldn't hold back her disgust. "And that's worth a few dead kids, is it?"

"No," Udil growled. "Nothing is worth that. But Limul's right, he's not evil. Compared to some of those here, psychopaths and serial killers... at least the professor isn't *trying* to hurt anyone. He doesn't get any enjoyment out of it. So long as we can keep him distracted with safe tests, he'll be happy and nobody will have to die."

Onul frowned, rage simmering. "And if we can't keep him distracted?"

"That's why we're telling you this," said Udil. "You're not the only one who cares about the rugrats, but you're the most capable. If there's no other way to protect them..."

"Then I finish it," Onul said quietly. "And you conspirators find us a new overseer."

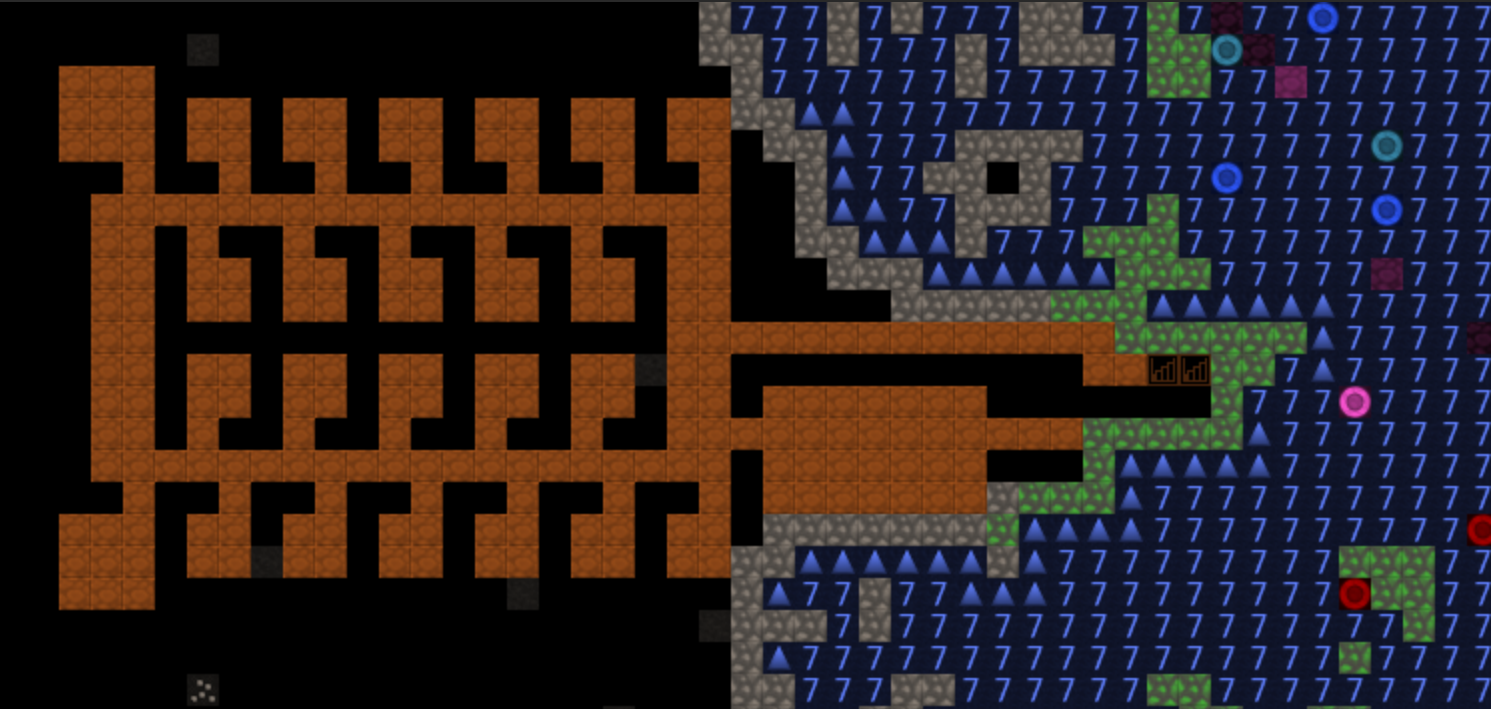
"I object to the term "conspirator" since the conspiracy in question is about keeping the overseer alive, but essentially, Yes."

There was a hot silence. People generally assume magma makes noise but not when it's still, not when the forges have been abandoned for months...

Finally, Onul nodded, fixing a glare on the small group. "Agreed then, on one condition."

"What's that?"

"We *prove* we care about the children. We get the miners to build a safe-room down here, with food and beds, and we hide the children here one by one until there's none left to be found above for that bastards testing."



Udil glanced at Honeymoon. The manager nodded thoughtfully. "It's a good idea. Difficult to achieve in secret, but... it makes sense. I'll see what I can do."

Onul nodded, and realised to her surprise she was smiling. She had allies, and a plan now.

"Alright then. Let's-"

Onul stopped suddenly, listening. Udil opened his mouth to say something, but Honeymoon shushed him. In the absolute silence of the forges, very faint yells could be heard from above.

"Something happening? Another giant toad on the staircase maybe?"

Onul shook her head. "No. No, that's too many voices. Something's happening. They're shouting something... it sounds like..."



"... *goblins*."

Experiment 6: Multi-subject study of extended submersion in water on the dwarven physique.

Report 2: Test subjects have begun co-operating. The taller test subjects are now helping to support the shorter ones in keeping their heads above water. Additionally, several of them have discovered a method of floating without needing to tread water, whereby they lie on their back and-

... what *is* everyone running about and shouting for? I'm trying to take notes here!

sigh

I suppose I should go check that out.

Due to the length of the siege, it will be broken up into Part 1 and Part 2.

Part 1: Wherein Quasar appraises the goblins motives, seals the fortress, and prepares a viable strategy with which to engage the enemy.

Goblins! Well that was unexpected. I wonder what these dull, barely-sentient creatures are doing all the way out here in the ice? Perhaps they are here to trade. We should ask them if they're friendly.

"I say, goblin fellows! Are you here to trade?"

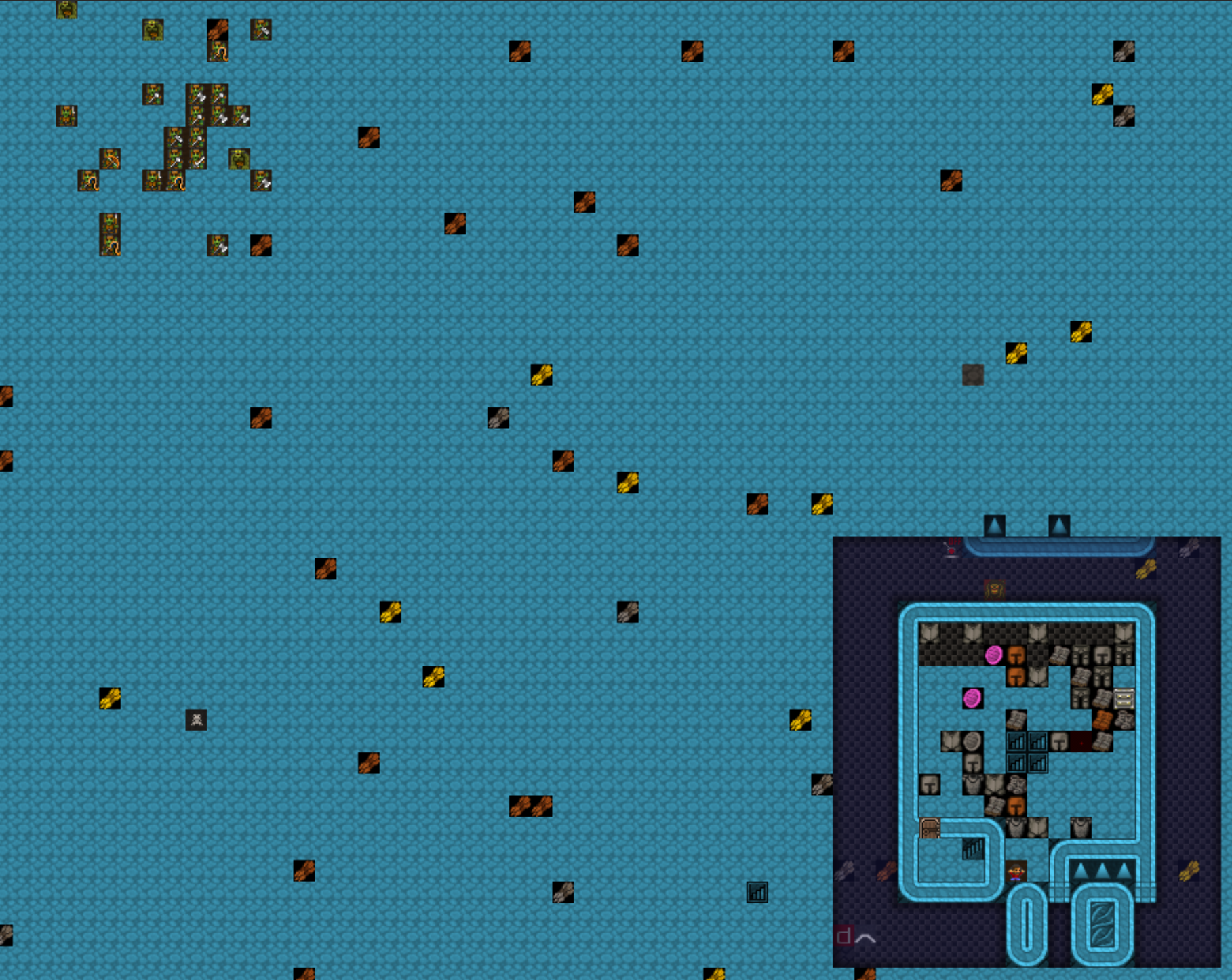
"What? No! We're here ta kill ya and take all yer stuff!"

"Oh! Well, thank you for your honesty!"

So, apparently they're here to kill us and take all our stuff. Raise the drawbridge.



Oh, it appears "Zulban", the Experiment 2 Test Subject, was sleeping in his ice-mold. Might as well give him a moment to get inside first.



Excellent. Now raise the drawbridge. We will be engaging the invaders, but we will do so on our own terms.



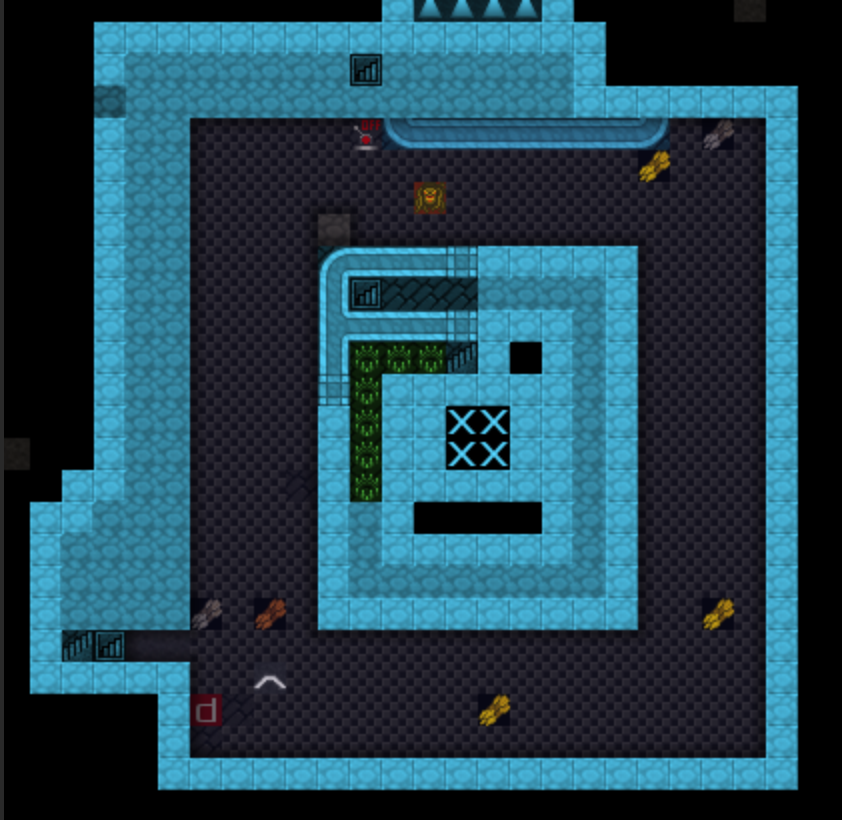
Snodub, Troll	Invader
Amxu, Troll	Invader
Zom, Troll	Invader
Mato, Troll	Invader
Zom, Troll	Invader
Smunstu, Troll	Invader
Ngokang, Troll	Invader
Stasost, Troll	Invader
Zom, Troll	Invader
Zolak Gozruospgu, Goblin Hammerman	Invader
Nguslu Zodstongom, Goblin Axeman	Invader
Amxu Roguxdang, Goblin Maceman	Invader
Smunstu Lasutosnun, Goblin Pikeman	Invader
Utes Burusmunstu, Goblin Maceman	Invader
Amxu Sostkutsmob, Goblin Lasher	Invader
Smunstu Arstrukubspu, Goblin Axeman	Invader
Usbu Zodstongebzo, Goblin Axeman	Invader
Usbu Okngoso, Goblin Maceman	Invader
Azstrog Lozosta, Goblin Maceman	Invader
Osta Ezrustasost, Goblin Swordsman	Invader
Osta Stustoukge, Goblin Maceman	Invader
Snang Snamozustol, Goblin Axeman	Invader
Snamoz Unegstoshub, Goblin Hammerman	Invader
Amxu Ngusluzodod, Goblin Lasher	Invader
Stozu Ngokangobxog, Goblin Lasher	Invader
Ngokang Uktangsong, Goblin Spearman	Invader
Ngom Urutatu, Goblin Pikeman	Invader
Ber Muspbostotho, Goblin Lasher	Invader
Nguslu Kabuutes, Goblin Crossshowman	Invader
Dostngosp Xokstrodno, Goblin Axeman	Invader
Ngoso Ngerxungsmuksmum, Goblin Axeman	Invader
Tida Nalaaditha, Troll Swordsman	Invader

They have a force of 22 goblins and 10 trolls, one of whom wields a silver short sword that looks more like a dagger than a sword in a trolls hand.

Stâkud Bomrekirtir, Eye Stabber
'Shofet' Nishalod, Cannibal
Udib Inethostuk, Spearmaster
Bëmbul Erithulzest, Marksdwarf
'Nehlime' Tatloshmistem, Poacher
ònul Nokzamfikod, Vigilante Girl
'Deus' Lertethamost, captain of the guard
Dumed Logemil, Swordmaster
Mebzuth Iomemsigun, Swordmaster
Mosus Ingishdolek, militia commander
Eral Esdoras, Mace Lord
Uvash Itonarzes, Mace Lord
'Quasar' Duralfikod, Professor

We, meanwhile, have 12 psychopaths with the collective brainpower of around 8. At the very least they're quite practiced murderers.





We also have the drawbridges and a half-finished trap corridor. I *had* hoped it would gain me a few animated corpses and maybe even a necromancer, but it could not hurt to cage a goblin or two as well. They're nowhere near as interesting or cooperative as my current batch of test subjects, but they still represent an increase in the available local testing resources.

And finally, we have dogs. We have a *lot* of dogs.



The vast majority of them were trained for war by myself during the year. I admit to finding it somewhat calming training non-sapient minions. If only my fellow dwarves could be trained by alternately withholding and providing raw food in response to correct behaviour.

Hmm... I wonder if they can? I shall need to remember to test that idea after the battle.

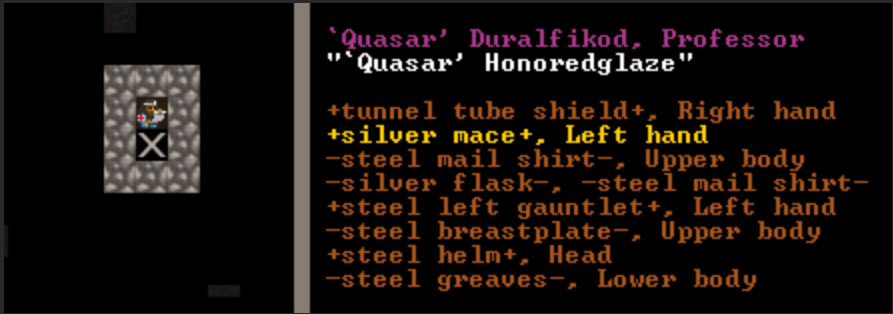
I briefly consider retreating to the lower levels and leaving the death-dealing to the more hardened individuals, but this is an ideal opportunity to observe the capabilities of my furry canine minions. I tell one of the dwarves, Udil, to release them from the kennels. I am fairly certain the dogs they will seek me out without needing to be brought up.

Since I fear I will not have time to take extensive notes once the battle begins, strategy will be as follows:

The outer drawbridge will be opened and closed repeatedly. This should have the effect of dropping some invaders into the moat, causing injury, as well as more generally splitting up and confusing their forces.

The trapdoor I had constructed over the main staircase at the beginning of the year will seal off the primary entrance, allowing goblin forces entry via the trap corridor instead. Few traps are yet functional, but this should nonetheless serve to neutralise some of their number.

Dwarven thugs, canine minions and of course my genius self will await in the lever room, where battle will be joined. Though I will be there in a purely observational capacity, it still behooves me to armour myself.



OOC: This screenshot was taken after the battle, for reasons that will become clear in part 2.

It may take some time to gather all the required equipment, but there will after all shortly be a number of twisted, cruel, barely-sapient monsters swinging dangerous weapons in this room.

And also goblins.

Stay tuned for **Part 2: Wherein seriously insane shit happens.**

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **De** on **October 20, 2015, 10:02:56 pm**

I've been reading through the Hall of Legends and I surmise that every good succession game has a defining turn that makes it something unique from all the other fortresses there are out there to read about. This is probably The Turn for Icehold.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **crazyabe** on **October 20, 2015, 10:07:58 pm**

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **October 20, 2015, 10:12:41 pm**

Quote from: De on October 20, 2015, 10:02:56 pm
I've been reading through the Hall of Legends and I surmise that every good succession game has a defining turn that makes it something unique from all the other fortresses there are out there to read about. This is probably The Turn for Icehold.

I don't know about the turn as a whole, but what is about to happen in the next post definitely qualifies as one of my Most Incredible Moments with Dwarf Fortress.

Icehold's militia doesn't play by *my* rules.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Shofet** on **October 20, 2015, 11:14:56 pm**

I just hope I'm not naked....again.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **October 20, 2015, 11:47:42 pm**

Quote from: Shofet on October 20, 2015, 11:14:56 pm
I just hope I'm not naked....again.
Well that's misplaced hope right there.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **October 21, 2015, 03:37:42 am**

Part 2: Wherein things do not go according to plan

Please note: the following is narrated, rather than written from the perspective of Quasar Honoredglaze, for reasons that will become apparent at the end of the post.

"What the hell are we waiting for?" said Dumed. She licked her sword, apparently enjoying the taste of the adamantine blade. "It's cold in here. I wanna get out there, stab some goblins. Make 'em scream..."

"Shut yer gob, Dumed," said Deus, who thought he was in charge. The other militia dwarves were happy to let him think that, for now. "The boss said he needs to get armour. We're waiting on him."

"We're seriously waiting for *him*?" said Onul, making a disgusted face. "Does anyone here really think that man's presence will help any?"

There was a muttered chorus of "no".

"Shuddup Onul," said Deus gruffly. "Nobody cares what a goodie-goodie like you thinks. We wait for the boss. He said he has a plan."

"I'm tired of waiting," said Dumed. She licked her sword again. "Wanna start killin'. Screw it, I'm pulling the lever."

"No! Don't you dare, Dumed! We've still got people up there!"

"Whoops, I pulled it. Guess we gotta go save 'em."

"Or you could just un-pull it you goddamn moron!"

"Nah. Let one of the civilians get it."

"Urgh. After this is over I'm cutting your lips off," muttered Deus. "Fine. Plan B. Forget anyone upstairs: they're already dead."

"What?" shouted Onul, visibly shocked.

"Aw, c'mon!" said Dumed.

"No! I'm not letting you get us all killed, you moron! We wait for the gobbo's to reach this room through the trap corridor. Get ready..."



(**Out of character:** I'm not entirely sure why they pulled the lever early, but most likely I accidentally told them to pull it twice when it didn't look they were going to the first time)

<p>The Goblin Pikeman stabs The Gem Cutter in the head with his <<iron pike>>, tearing the muscle and fracturing the skull through the x<sheep wool hood>x! A tendon in the skull has been torn! The Gem Cutter gives in to pain. The Gem Cutter falls over. The Goblin Maceman bashes The Gem Cutter in the head with her <<silver flail>> and the injured part is crushed! An artery has been opened by the attack! →Asmel Akgosoltar, Gem Cutter has been found dead.</p>	<p>The Goblin Hammerman bashes The Engraver in the lower body with his <<iron war hammer>>, bruising the muscle and bruising the guts through the x<echidna leather cloak>x! The Goblin Axeman hacks The Engraver in the upper body with her <<silver great axe>>, tearing the muscle, bruising the left false ribs through the x<echidna leather cloak>x! An artery has been opened by the attack! The Goblin Axeman hacks The Engraver in the left lower arm with her <<silver great axe>>, bruising the muscle through the x<echidna leather cloak>x! The Goblin Axeman attacks The Engraver but He jumps away! The Goblin Axeman hacks The Engraver in the upper body with his <<silver great axe>>, tearing apart the muscle and bruising the right lung through the x<echidna leather cloak>x! An artery has been opened by the attack! Sigun Zithisnokim, Engraver: I must withdraw! The Goblin Axeman attacks The Engraver but He jumps away! The Goblin Axeman hacks The Engraver in the left upper arm with her <<silver great axe>>, bruising the fat through the x<echidna leather cloak>x! Sigun Zithisnokim, Engraver: I must withdraw! The Goblin Pikeman stabs The Engraver in the right upper leg with his <<iron pike>>, fracturing the bone through the x<echidna leather cloak>x! A tendon has been torn! The <<iron pike>> has lodged firmly in the wound! The Engraver falls over. The Engraver gives in to pain. The Engraver loses hold of the X<giant cave spider silk shoe>X. The Engraver loses hold of the X<sheep wool sock>X. The Goblin Swordsman slashes The Engraver in the right upper leg with his <<iron long sword>> and the severed part sails off in an arc! The Goblin Axeman kicks The Engraver in the right foot with her left foot! The Goblin Axeman hacks The Engraver in the head with his <<silver great axe>>, tearing apart the muscle through the x<giant cave spider silk hood>x! A tendon in the skull has been torn! The Goblin Hammerman bashes The Engraver in the head with his <<iron war hammer>>, bruising the muscle and fracturing the skull through the x<giant cave spider silk hood>x! The Goblin Maceman bashes The Engraver in the head with her <<silver flail>>, bruising the muscle through the x<giant cave spider silk hood>x! The Engraver loses hold of the x<giant cave spider silk hood>x. The Engraver loses hold of the x<cave spider silk cap>x. The Engraver loses hold of the <bismuth bronze battle axe>. The Goblin Swordsman slashes The Engraver in the head with his <<iron long sword>> and the severed part sails off in an arc! →Sigun Zithisnokim, Engraver has been found dead.</p>
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"Asmel Clinchedgilds" (serial killer). Thought he was for death row, but was given another chance in Icehold. Found a skill with cutting gems rather than flesh. Found religion in jail, and eventually went on to make "Greatchurches" (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6555374#msg6555374>), a red spinel amulet.

"Sigun Meshochre", (blasphemy, treason). First seen in the jail (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6556950#msg6556950>), being haunted by the ghost of As Roofpunches. An otherwise unremarkable life, cut short by the terrible brutality of Icehold.

Both just getting goods from the trade depot, when their lives were so tragically cut short. And finally,

"Urist Clasplarge" (theft). Turned to leatherworking in a prison with no tanned hides. Few friends, even fewer enemies: Urist made very little mark on the world. Indeed, he will mostly be remembered for the manner of his death. (ie. because it was irredeemably stupid)



And there was one other dwarf heading aboveground at the moment the bridge came down...

Ladies and gentlemen, this is where things get *interesting*.

I'd like to once again (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg65556607#msg65556607>) introduce you all to "Stakud Whipdangles" (serial killer, aka. "The Eye Stabber"). Having already taken down a cyclops on her own before any others could reach it, as well as landing the killing blow on a forgotten beast in the shape of an enormous rattlesnake, she has thoroughly proven herself on the field of battle.



That said, she may not be the most sane woman in Icehold.

At the very least, going outside into the freezing cold stark naked and armed with a weapon you have *absolutely no proficiency in*, nor any bolts for, while the prison is being besieged by goblins, is not the most convincing indication of sanity.

Her eyes are glazed. She's not even really looking where she's going: she steps over the cage traps subconsciously. If you listen closely, you can hear her muttering quietly to herself.

"*Stab stab stab eyes stabs eyestab? Stab the eyes. Stab the eeeeyes. Eye stab the eyes in the stabbing. Stabstabstab? Stab stab.*"

She steps out into the courtyard above, and everyone stops moving. Suddenly being confronted by a naked dwarf woman muttering to herself tends to do that.

Stakud looks up to see dozens of goblins in front of her, staring in shock at her with wide, *stabbable* eyes. And in the sudden silence, she starts giggling.



A silver bolt whistles past her head, but she leans to the side as her giggle transforms into a cackle.

Five goblins leap in, swinging, but she moves like a drunken master, easily dodging their strikes. A sixth aims more squarely, but his

hammer is easily deflected with the crossbow. With a maniacal laugh, and she jams the weapon into his groin.



The fight rages...

...

"What's that noise?"

"Is that... is that Stakud's laugh?"

"Shit! What's that nut doin' out there?" Deus shouted.

"Oh my god. She's going to die," said Onul, going pale. She rounded furiously on Deus. "She's one of us! We can't just leave her!"

"Whoa, whoa. Hold on. We don't have to go up there just yet. We're talking about Stakud here," said Deus. "She's a scary lady, she's fully armoured, and with that spear of hers, she's basically invulnerable. She can make it back!"

"fraid not, boss," chuckled Dumed.

"What?"

"She's not armoured. I saw her earlier. She was... uh... very not armoured."

"You mean she was..."

"Yep. An' carrying a crossbow. No bolts, either. Guess today's not one of 'er lucid days."

"Aw *shit*. Alright, fine! You win! Everyone follow me! We've got a psychopath to save!"

A chorus of groans went up from those who had thus far stayed silent, but were cut off by Deus's shout.

"YOU'LL FOLLOW ME OR I'LL CUT YOUR GENITALS OFF WHEN WE GET BACK!"



Stakuds crazed laughter had become more pained. Morningstars and spears were harder to dodge, and her heavy crossbow could barely hurt them though their copper armour.



The Goblin Lasher attacks The Eye Stabber but She jumps away!
The Goblin Maceman bashes The Eye Stabber in the left upper arm with his <<silver morningstar>>, tearing the fat!
The <<silver morningstar>> has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Goblin Spearman stabs The Eye Stabber in the left lower arm with his <<iron spear>>, tearing the muscle!
The <<iron spear>> has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Goblin Lasher strikes at The Eye Stabber but the shot is deftly parried by the <iron crossbow>!
The Goblin Axeman misses The Eye Stabber!
The Goblin Spearman pulls on the embedded <<iron spear>>.
The Goblin Maceman pulls on the embedded <<silver morningstar>>.
The Goblin Hammerman misses The Eye Stabber!
The Eye Stabber bashes The Goblin Lasher in the left lower arm with her <iron crossbow> and the injured part is crushed!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
The Goblin Maceman misses The Eye Stabber!
The Goblin Lasher misses The Eye Stabber!
The Goblin Maceman misses The Eye Stabber!
The Goblin Axeman misses The Eye Stabber!
The Goblin Axeman attacks The Eye Stabber but She jumps away!
The Eye Stabber bashes The Goblin Lasher in the right upper leg with her <iron crossbow>, but the attack is deflected by The Goblin Lasher's <<copper mail shirt>>!!
The Goblin Maceman misses The Eye Stabber!
The Goblin Axeman misses The Eye Stabber!
The Goblin Lasher attacks The Eye Stabber but She jumps away!
The Goblin Spearman strikes at The Eye Stabber but the shot is deftly parried by the <iron crossbow>!
The Goblin Maceman misses The Eye Stabber!
The Goblin Axeman charges at The Eye Stabber!
The Goblin Axeman collides with The Eye Stabber!
The Goblin Axeman is knocked over and tumbles backward!
→The Goblin Axeman attacks The Eye Stabber but She jumps away!

An axegoblin charged her, knocking her from her feet. The crowd of goblins came in for the kill, closing like a flower around her, and the shape of Stakud was lost behind a dozen kicking, stabbing goblins.

Her laughter went quiet.

Maybe it was just sunlight reflected off of goblin skin, but for an observer in the right place at the right time, just for a moment, it seemed her eyes flashed green.

→Stâkud Bomrekirtir, Eye Stabber has entered a martial trance!

DEAR READER: PLEASE MANUALLY INITIATE THE EPIC FIGHT SCENE MUSIC OF YOUR CHOICE. WE'LL WAIT.

"EYE STAB!"

The Goblin Lasher misses The Eye Stabber!
The Goblin Spearman misses The Eye Stabber!
The Goblin Axeman misses The Eye Stabber!
The Goblin Maceman misses The Eye Stabber!
The Goblin Maceman misses The Eye Stabber!
The Eye Stabber charges at The Goblin Maceman!
The Goblin Maceman looks surprised by the ferocity of The Eye Stabber's onslaught!
The Eye Stabber collides with The Goblin Maceman!
The Goblin Maceman is knocked over and tumbles backward!

A maceman went tumbling, flying out across the ice of the courtyard.

"YOU STAB!"

The Goblin Axeman misses The Eye Stabber!
The Eye Stabber bashes The Goblin Spearman in the right lower leg with her <iron crossbow> and the injured part is crushed!
An artery has been opened by the attack!

A speargoblin screamed in pain as his leg was crushed.

"WE ALL STAB!"

The Goblin Swordsman misses The Eye Stabber!
The Goblin Maceman misses The Eye Stabber!
The Goblin Maceman misses The Eye Stabber!
The Goblin Lasher misses The Eye Stabber!
The Goblin Axeman misses The Eye Stabber!
The Eye Stabber punches The Goblin Lasher in the upper front teeth with her right hand and the severed part sails off in an arc!

A lashers face caved in around a calloused dwarven fist.

"FOR EYE STAAAAABB!"

The Goblin Maceman misses The Eye Stabber!
The Goblin Maceman misses The Eye Stabber!
The Goblin Swordsman misses The Eye Stabber!
The Goblin Axeman misses The Eye Stabber!
The Goblin Lasher misses The Eye Stabber!
The Goblin Maceman misses The Eye Stabber!
The Eye Stabber bashes The Goblin Lasher in the left hand with her <iron crossbow> and the injured part explodes into gore!
An artery has been opened by the attack!

And a chrysanthemum of gore and goblins flew outwards from the insane murderer.

(It's possible I may have chosen to narrate this entire post just so I could use the phrase "a chrysanthemum of gore and goblins")

Stakud moved through the courtyard, periodically alternating between ungraceful drunken staggers that nonetheless had her dodging enemy slashes with a sense of millimeter precision, and the hypnotic perfect dance-fighting of a dwarf in a martial trance.

Joyfully screaming incoherent inanities, she crushed limbs, faces and extremities without so much as a single hit landing on her.

"Hang in there you goddamn psychopath! We're comin'!" Deus shouted as the screaming intensified above him, Shofet and Onul just behind him.

He ran, as fast as his legs could carry him, desperate to save one of the most dangerous serial killers in dwarven history from a death she quite frankly deserved.



But all things fade, and even the power of a martial trance cannot keep a dwarf alive in the face of overwhelming odds if they have no way of dealing lethal damage.

Stâkud Bomrekirtir, Eye Stabber has left the martial trance.
The Eye Stabber bashes The Goblin Hammerman in the head with her <iron crossbow>, but the attack is deflected by The Goblin Hammerman's <<<iron helm>>>!!
The Goblin Pikeman misses The Eye Stabber!
The Goblin Maceman misses The Eye Stabber!
The Goblin Pikeman attacks The Eye Stabber but She jumps away!
The Eye Stabber bashes The Goblin Crossbowman in the left foot with her <iron crossbow> and the injured part is crushed!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
The Goblin Maceman misses The Eye Stabber!

As Deus ran, he could hear her screams fade, leaving nothing but a repetitive banging of metal on metal.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Deus stumbled through the entrance, bracing himself, fully expecting to find a group of goblins bashing Stakud's head in.

What he found was something else entirely...

[illegible]

Stakud looked up from where she was sitting on the ice, grinning like a child with a new toy as she relentlessly tried to bash a goblins head in.

Deus looked about himself.



Bodies littered the courtyard, lying on the ice, on the spare armour lying about, even on each other. Most of them were unconscious, but a few were groaning, swearing or in the case of the one Stakud was bashing in the head, screaming for mercy.

Not a one of them was standing. Deus narrowed his eyes, and drew his sword.

The captain of the guard slashes The Goblin Maceman in the head with his
 adamantine short sword and the severed part sails off in an arc!
 The captain of the guard slashes The Goblin Spearman in the head with his
 adamantine short sword and the severed part sails off in an arc!
 The captain of the guard stabs The Goblin Lasher in the head with his
 adamantine short sword and the severed part sails off in an arc!
 'Deus' Lertethamost, captain of the guard: Death... This is truly
 horrifying.
 The captain of the guard slashes The Goblin Pikeman in the head with his
 adamantine short sword and the severed part sails off in an arc!
 The captain of the guard stabs The Goblin Lasher in the head with his
 adamantine short sword and the severed part sails off in an arc!
 'Deus' Lertethamost, captain of the guard: How fleeting life is...
 Begone fear!
 The captain of the guard slashes The Goblin Lasher in the head with his
 adamantine short sword and the severed part sails off in an arc!
 The captain of the guard slashes The Goblin Swordsman in the head with
 his adamantine short sword and the severed part sails off in an arc!
 'Deus' Lertethamost, captain of the guard: Death is all around us.
 This is truly horrifying.
 The captain of the guard stabs The Goblin Axeman in the head with his
 adamantine short sword and the severed part sails off in an arc!
 'Deus' Lertethamost, captain of the guard: Death is all around us.
 This is truly horrifying.
 The captain of the guard stabs The Goblin Pikeman in the left upper arm
 with his adamantine short sword, tearing apart the muscle through the
 <<cave spider silk cloak>>!
 A sensory nerve has been severed!
 'Deus' Lertethamost, captain of the guard: Death is all around us.
 This is truly horrifying.
 The captain of the guard stabs The Goblin Pikeman in the left lower leg
 with his adamantine short sword, fracturing the bone through the
 <<sheep wool robe>>!
 Many nerves have been severed, a ligament has been torn and a tendon has
 been torn!
 The captain of the guard slashes The Goblin Pikeman in the right lower
 arm with his adamantine short sword and the severed part sails off in
 an arc!
 'Deus' Lertethamost, captain of the guard: Death... This is truly
 horrifying.
 The captain of the guard stabs The Goblin Pikeman in the right foot with
 his adamantine short sword and the severed part sails off in an arc!
 'Deus' Lertethamost, captain of the guard: Death is all around us.
 This is truly horrifying.
 'Deus' Lertethamost, captain of the guard: Death... This is truly
 horrifying.
 The captain of the guard slashes The Goblin Hammerman in the head with
 his adamantine short sword and the severed part sails off in an arc!
 'Deus' Lertethamost, captain of the guard: Death... This is truly
 horrifying.
 'Deus' Lertethamost, captain of the guard: Death... This is truly
 horrifying.

A few seconds later, not a one of them was breathing.



Out of character

Stakud just took out *sixteen* armoured goblins and a troll swordsman, on her own, naked and armed only with an ammunitionless crossbow she *didn't even know how to use*. Not as a hammer *or* as a crossbow.

She broke two fingers and got some cuts on her arms, and a few bruises, but is otherwise completely fine.

STAKUD WHIPDANGLES IS A GENUINE FUCKMOTHERING BADASS.

"Gruesome wounds! I must not succumb to fear!"

She is terrified while in conflict. She is afraid after experiencing trauma. She doesn't feel anything after seeing a goblin die. She doesn't feel anything after seeing a goblin die. She doesn't feel anything after seeing a goblin die. She doesn't feel anything after seeing a goblin die. She doesn't feel anything after seeing a goblin die. She doesn't feel anything after seeing the troll Tida Stalkedoar die. She doesn't feel anything after seeing a goblin die. She doesn't feel anything after seeing a goblin die. She doesn't feel anything after seeing the goblin Osta Crewedtick die. She doesn't feel anything after seeing a goblin die. She doesn't feel anything after seeing a goblin die. She doesn't feel anything after seeing a goblin die. She doesn't feel anything after seeing a goblin die. She doesn't feel anything after suffering a minor injury.

She doesn't feel anything after seeing Sigun Meshochre die. Within the last season, she didn't feel anything at the unexpected death of somebody. She didn't feel anything at somebody's death. She didn't feel anything after seeing the helmet snake Gangrealms die. She didn't feel anything after seeing a giant cave spider die. She didn't feel anything after seeing a giant toad die. She didn't feel anything after seeing a giant olm die. She didn't feel anything after seeing a dog die. She was disgusted after retching on a miasma. She was annoyed after sleeping on ice. She felt pleasure after a sparring session. She was content after sleeping in a fantastic bedroom. She was grouchy when caught in a snow storm. She didn't feel anything after seeing a dog die. She didn't feel anything after seeing a polar bear die. She didn't feel anything after being pestered by flies.

She is married to Geshud Tombcrowd and has 4 children: Iden Pickmirror, Ber Cobaltsport, As Wordsroughness and Asmel Clinchedgilds. She is the daughter of Stukos Razorpapers and Kosoth Ceilingstir. She is an ardent worshipper of Uesh.

She is a citizen of The Stake of Rings. She is a member of The Fenced Lance. She is a former member of The Mysterious Silvers. She is the militia captain of The Fenced Lance. She arrived at Ushilkegeth on the 9th of Slate in the year 251.

She is seventy-six years old, born on the 6th of Galena in the year 180.
Her fourth finger, left hand is broken. Her fourth finger, left hand is smashed open. Her left upper arm is cut open. Her left lower arm is cut open. Her lower body is bruised. Her guts are bruised.


She is strapped with massive amounts of muscle and lard. Her wavy hair is somewhat greasy. Her very long hair is arranged in double braids. Her nose is sharply hooked. Her slightly sunken bronze eyes are narrow. Her head is somewhat narrow. Her hair is goldenrod. Her skin is raw amber.

She is unbelievably strong, absolutely inexhaustible, basically unbreakable and agile.
Stakud Bomrekirtir likes ash glaze, zinc, black opal, the color heliotrope, rings, horses for their strength and giant desert scorpions for their tails. When possible, she prefers to consume koala and bumblebee mead. She absolutely detests lizards.

She has unbreakable focus, uncanny intuition, an unbreakable will, an amazing spatial sense, a great kinesthetic sense and very good creativity.
Like others in her culture, she holds craftsdwarfship to be of the highest ideals and celebrates talented artisans and their masterworks, has a great deal of respect for the law, greatly prizes loyalty, values family greatly, sees

When Deus, Shofet and Onul arrived, the goblins were dead in seconds. All they had to do was go through and stab 'em all in the head. One or two of them tried to get up, but didn't get a hit in.

After that, Shofet was the first to charge out the door to help mop up the remaining trolls. The cannibal killed two, before slipping from the bridge into the moat.



The Cannibal strikes The Goblin Hammerman in the left lower leg with his <iron shield>, bruising the bone through the <goose leather robe>!

The Goblin Hammerman misses The Cannibal!

The Cannibal punches The Goblin Hammerman in the left upper leg with his right hand, bruising the bone through the <sheep wool cloak>!

The Cannibal charges at The Goblin Hammerman!

The Goblin Hammerman looks surprised by the ferocity of The Cannibal's onslaught!

The Cannibal collides with The Goblin Hammerman!

The Goblin Hammerman is knocked over and tumbles backward!

The Cannibal strikes at The Goblin Lasher but the shot is blocked with the <copper shield>!

The Goblin Lasher strikes at The Cannibal but the shot is deftly parried by the <adamantine spear>!

The Goblin Hammerman misses The Cannibal!

The Cannibal stabs The Goblin Axeman in the head with his <adamantine spear> and the injured part is cloven asunder!

An artery has been opened by the attack!

A tendon in the skull has been torn!

The <adamantine spear> has lodged firmly in the wound!


The Goblin Lasher misses The Cannibal!

'Shofet' Nishalod, Cannibal: Death... This is truly horrifying.

The Goblin Hammerman attacks The Cannibal but He jumps away!

Whoops!

Luckily, he bounces well, and he even very briefly made a friend down there.



The Cannibal slams into an obstacle!

The Cannibal's left foot takes the full force of the impact, but it is deflected by The Cannibal's <steel high boot>!

The Cannibal's right lower leg takes the full force of the impact, but is deflected by The Cannibal's <steel greaves>!

The Cannibal's right upper arm takes the full force of the impact, but is deflected by The Cannibal's <steel mail shirt>!

The Cannibal's right upper leg takes the full force of the impact, but is deflected by The Cannibal's <steel greaves>!

The Cannibal's upper body takes the full force of the impact, but it is deflected by The Cannibal's <steel breastplate>!

The Cannibal stabs The Goblin Axeman in the head with his <adamantine spear>, tearing the muscle and fracturing the skull through the <al leather hood>!

A tendon in the skull has been torn!

The Cannibal stabs The Goblin Axeman in the head with his <adamantine spear> and the injured part is cloven asunder!

An artery has been opened by the attack!

A tendon in the skull has been torn!

The <adamantine spear> has lodged firmly in the wound!

A crossbow wielder known as Bembul Laboredwrung (grave robbery) got rather significantly wounded, and just barely avoided having his brain caved in.

The Marksdwarf strikes at The Goblin Lasher but the shot is deftly parried by the <iron whip>!

The Goblin Lasher lashes The Marksdwarf in the upper body with her <iron whip>, bruising the muscle and bruising the liver through the <steel breastplate>!

The Marksdwarf misses The Goblin Lasher!

The Marksdwarf charges at The Goblin Lasher!

The Marksdwarf collides with The Goblin Lasher!

They tangle together and fall over!

The Goblin Hammerman bites The Marksdwarf in the head, but the attack is deflected by The Marksdwarf's <steel helm>!

The Marksdwarf misses The Goblin Hammerman!

The Goblin Hammerman bashes The Marksdwarf in the head with her <silver war hammer>, bruising the muscle and fracturing the skull through the <steel helm>!

The Marksdwarf gives in to pain.

The Goblin Lasher lashes The Marksdwarf in the left hand with her <iron whip>, chipping the bone through the <steel left gauntlet>!

The Marksdwarf loses hold of the <silver morningstar>.

Bembul Erithulzest, Marksdwarf

"Bembul Laboredwrung"

head	Unconscious
right upper arm	Dizzy
left upper arm	
right lower arm	
left lower arm	Nauseous
right hand	
left hand	
right upper leg	
left upper leg	
right lower leg	
left lower leg	
right foot	
left foot	
liver	
skull	

After that, it was just a matter of mopping up the remaining trolls. Deus, Onul and Shofet all got kills, and Stakud, apparently not having had enough, helped.

The Eye Stabber bashes The Troll in the head with her <iron crossbow>, bruising the muscle and fracturing the skull through the <large troll fur hood>!

The Eye Stabber bashes The Troll in the head with her <iron crossbow>, bruising the muscle through the <large troll fur hood>!

And thus the siege of 256 came to a close. 4 dwarves lost their lives. Not a single invader kept theirs.



(That's Udil having a panic attack on the bridge, and Bembul one tile to the north of him having a sleep because, y'know, skull fracture)

But I know what you're all wondering. Where in all of this was Quasar Honoredglaze? Why didn't we see this battle from his perspective?

Where, in fact, is the good professor?

Well...

`Quasar`

Duralfikod, Professor

Pickup Equipment

... in the end, he would be most unhappy when he finally traversed the rediculously tall staircase and made it back to the surface.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**

Post by: **Taupe** on **October 21, 2015, 04:07:55 am**

That combat log when Deus reaches the surface. That's what I'll be picturing for the rest of my days when I think about *coup-de-graces*. I just imagine a baffled soldier reaching the surface and casually swinging the dwarven equivalent of a fucking lightsaber as heads just go flying in all directions.

Hilariously enough, *despite all this*, Stakud the Eye Stabber has *not* actually earned any title. :/

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**

Post by: **QuQuasar** on **October 21, 2015, 04:26:02 am**

Quote from: Taupe on October 21, 2015, 04:07:55 am

That combat log when Deus reaches the surface. That's what I'll be picturing for the rest of my days when I think about *coup-de-graces*. I just imagine a baffled soldier reaching the surface and casually swinging the dwarven equivalent of a fucking lightsaber as heads just go flying in all directions.

I have literally never seen a dwarf kill so many goblins in such a short period of time as Deus did then. I paused just when he crested the staircase, did a quarter-second unpause, and had a pile of freshly minted goblin corpses ready for hauling.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**

Post by: **Shofet** on **October 21, 2015, 04:39:04 am**

That armor saved me from being crippled or dead.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**

Post by: **QuQuasar** on **October 21, 2015, 05:28:41 am**

Quote from: Shofet on October 21, 2015, 04:39:04 am

That armor saved me from being crippled or dead.

Ooh! Experiment idea!

Except... children can't be made to wear armour.

CURSES. FOILED AGAIN.

By the way, if anyone has any experiment idea's, feel free to suggest them.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **De** on **October 21, 2015, 02:19:22 pm**

For anyone's musical needs in regards to the latest update. (http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TTiZj9-FyfE)

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Sanctume** on **October 21, 2015, 02:52:36 pm**

Quote from: QuQuasar on October 21, 2015, 05:28:41 am
By the way, if anyone has any experiment idea's, feel free to suggest them.

Awesome story, and I'm caught up. I'm thinking of Staalo's Dwarven Day Care thread.
A cross path with upright spear, and landing of 4/7 water with willow wood floors, and each of the cross path leads to: exit/entrance, food/drink, hospital and beds, and clothes room.

So it's danger room for kids.

Hostile creatures, the kids will attack when military has line of sight. So a military stationed behind fortification, will trigger the children to attack.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **October 21, 2015, 03:01:12 pm**

Death... this is truly horrifying.

That was ridiculously awesome on Stakud's part.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **October 21, 2015, 09:32:06 pm**

Dangit. I'm having trouble getting Stakud to put her armour back on. I've tried switching "partial match"/"exact match" and "over clothes"/"replace clothes", as well as removing her uniform and re-assigning it.

She checks all the "metal armour" checkboxes in the military screen, and she'll put on clothes when 'over clothes' is checked, but she won't put on anything made of metal. Any suggestions?

On the bright side, she has at least picked up her (named) bronze spear.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **October 21, 2015, 10:02:17 pm**

Quote from: QuQuasar on October 21, 2015, 09:32:06 pm
Dangit. I'm having trouble getting Stakud to put her armour back on. I've tried switching "partial match"/"exact match" and "over clothes"/"replace clothes", as well as removing her uniform and re-assigning it.

She checks all the "metal armour" checkboxes in the military screen, and she'll put on clothes when 'over clothes' is checked, but she won't put on anything made of metal. Any suggestions?

On the bright side, she has at least picked up her (named) bronze spear.

Maybe she knows she don't need any equipment.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Shofet** on **October 21, 2015, 10:32:51 pm**

Maybe shes too metal to wear metal?

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Shonai_Dweller** on **October 21, 2015, 10:40:01 pm**

Definitely keep her on replace clothes for a while or she most likely won't ever wear armour.
Did she have a steel allergy?

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **October 21, 2015, 11:15:31 pm**

Quote from: Shonai Dweller on October 21, 2015, 10:40:01 pm
Definitely keep her on replace clothes for a while or she most likely won't ever wear armour.
Did she have a steel allergy?

Metallergy, the art of creating gear that people cannot wear.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Difio** on **October 22, 2015, 08:01:08 am**

Hey Guys,

lurker here. May I have a random unnoticeable male dwarf.

Best
Dífió

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Sanctume** on **October 22, 2015, 01:54:28 pm**

Quote from: QuQuasar on October 21, 2015, 09:32:06 pm
Dangit. I'm having trouble getting Stakud to put her armour back on. I've tried switching "partial match"/"exact match" and "over clothes"/"replace clothes", as well as removing her uniform and re-assigning it.

She checks all the "metal armour" checkboxes in the military screen, and she'll put on clothes when 'over clothes' is checked, but she won't put on anything made of metal. Any suggestions?

On the bright side, she has at least picked up her (named) bronze spear.

Could be a bug in an item item in a bin where it is tagged as claimed, but the dwarf never gets to digging it out of the bin?

Other than micro managing that way, you can try specific armor and specific weapons?

So it appears, in addition to being cretinous unwashed ignoramii, my minions are also *rude*. They opened the gates before I even arrived!

Their idiotic actions caused me to miss the battle in it's entirety. I admit to some disappointment, but on the bright side, at least I was not there to witness the utter *mockery* they reportedly made of my battle strategy.

3 dead, 2 injured. Stakud has reported to the hospital with minor injuries: I haven't heard of the exact cause, but I assume a lucky hit or two slipped past her armour.

Bembul, on the other hand, is in a poor state. His head wound looks serious, he has not yet regained consciousness, and his fellow criminals have pragmatically left him to die on the ice. Black Pat says she will tend to him if he is brought in before he freezes to death, to provide me time to focus on my experiment. Finally, someone with their priorities in order in Icehold!

I have told all my minions to focus on the cleanup of the courtyard. I have no other requests of them while experiment 6 continues, so seeing to it that our entrance does not look like an abattoir seems like a moderately useful...

... oh, the supply caravan is here. Forget the corpses then, we still need to get rid of that yeti bone pile. Priorities!

Experiment 6: Multi-subject study of extended submersion in water on the dwarven physique.

Report 3: Test subject 14, "Udib Distancepaddled" (male, 10 years old, muscular), is exhibiting extreme abnormalities in behavior, speaking in an adult voice with odd echo's, as if many voices are speaking in unison.

The subject demands to be released from the test and is unresponsive to communication attempts by those around it. Indeed, psychological tests indicate the subject is incapable of a variety of higher order brain functions, of which rational communication is only one. Any behavior other than a single-minded attempt to leave the testing area is suppressed, which the other test subjects report is "extremely creepy".

Correlated or even caused by the test, or mere co-incidence? Future tests of this nature may provide evidence one way or the other, but I believe the co-incidence is the most likely explanation. None of the other subjects exhibit similar behaviors.

There is still quite a bit of time remaining in the test. Further study of subject 14's abnormal behavior will have to wait until the test concludes.

Once again, our manager Honeymoon has found herself in conflict with the local cavernlife. A **Cave Crocodile** this time. She has managed to knock it unconscious.

Damn it Honeymoon, what are you doing to provoke them? Do I have to instruct everyone on the subject of not poking animals with stick? Except when poking animals with stick is called for, of course. Like when the stick is made out of adamantite and the animal is trying to kill our manager.

You seem a semi-intelligent dwarf, Honeymoon, but sometimes you do make me wonder if I should force you to wear armour and carry a weapon for your own safety.

Actually...that's not a bad idea. Perhaps we should all do that.

SQUADS/LEADERS	SQUAD POSITIONS	CANDIDATES
Golden Onslaughts The Bolts of Flying The Bronze Tangles The Intense Fences VIP Civilians	1. 'Black Pat' Knzdtb, brkr 2. 'Lrd Lbb' Nlbzt, Vlntr A 3. 'Honeymn' Ibrkcttn, mngr 4. 'Zng' Skzlkst, Ungfl Pl 5. 'Quasar' Durlfkd, Prfssr 6. 'DeMrc' Urvdstld, Engrvr 7. Oddom Dodokilrom, Poisnr 8. Udl Unlstkd, Elctd Spdrk 9. Mistêm Sodddk, Ush's Mnn 10. 'gr' Mngstbr, Fthfl Srv	Udil Dakostudesh, Miner Olin Dodoksakrith, Mason Rimtar Mebzuthberdan, Mason Tulon Sosadnokim, Miner Lorbam Ustuthtoral, Miner ônul Nokzamfikod, Uglnt Grl Shorast Ebalmorul, Planter Bëmbul Erithulzest, Threshr 'Neblime' Tatloshmstm, Pchr Monom Enkosstukos, Engraver Dumed Logemil, Loose Cannon
UNIFORMS	ITEMS	SELECTION
Maces Spears Swords Crossbows Civilian	leather armor metal helms leather legwear leather handwear leather footwear indiv choice, melee	any material leather toad leather worm leather blue jay leather cardinal leather grackle leather oriole leather red-winged blackbird leathr penguin leather little penguin leather

Bembul is up and about carrying bones to the trade depot, thanks to Black Pat's medical treatment. Simpleton she may be, but I must confess to an admiration of her stitching and wrapping abilities. He has stitches all the way around his head and I can barely see his face head underneath all those bandages!

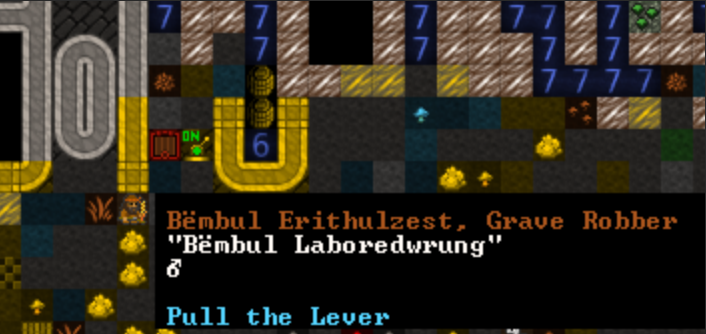


A most fetching look for him! Indeed, if I didn't already have a crippled assistant, I would be considering him for the position.

Experiment 6: Multi-subject study of extended submersion in water on the dwarven physique.

Final Report: No further development, beyond the test subjects becoming "Skilled" at maneuvering their physical form whilst in water.

Bembul, apparently trying to compete with Igor for the position of research assistant, pulled the lever to drain the test chamber.



Test subject 14 was the first to leave. Surprisingly, all the other test subjects remained in the test chamber, sleeping and drinking the water.



Perhaps I should have paid more attention to the psychological effects of the test while it was in progress. I am at a loss to explain this

behaviour.

Test subject 14 raced down to the level above the magma forges, and claimed a craftsddwarf's workshop without even attempting to feed or water itself.

Udib Ruthoshiden has claimed a Craftsddwarf's Workshop.

I must conclude there is some pathogen, perhaps stemming from the glacial ice, in this place that drives dwarves insane. Luckily I check my sanity levels every day, and thus can verify my immunity.

Another beast has arrived to challenge the others. A gigantic blob of snow.

The Forgotten Beast Amas Bothonthol Uurtibsmil has come! A gigantic blob composed of snow. It has a knobby shell and it has a bloated body. Beware its poisonous sting!

Press Enter to close window

It faces off against Mildil, a towering quadruped composed of ash, seeking to take literally several meters-squared of territory, by force if necessary.



An epic clash of titans commenc- oh wait Mildil's dead.

The flying Midil's forgotten beast extract strikes The Forgotten Beast in the body!
The Forgotten Beast attacks The Forgotten Beast but It rolls away!
The Forgotten Beast kicks The Forgotten Beast in the stinger with its left rear foot and the severed part sails off in an arc!
The Forgotten Beast pushes The Forgotten Beast in the lower body and the severed part sails off in an arc!

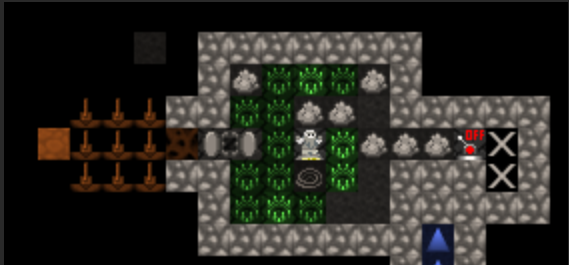
Amas Bothonthol Uurtibsmil, Forgotten Beast
Troglodyte mangled skeleton
Amas Bothonthol Uurtibsmil's stinger
Midil's lower body ash
Midil's ash
Dense floor fungus
A pile of ash

Generally of course this would be a tragedy (I didn't even get to test Mildils venom!), but there seem to be so many of them! A menangere of enormous, poisonous beasts. When one is lost it is no great tragedy, for another arrives to take it's place.

But... no, I should not think that way. Every single one of them has a unique poison, and every one of is of significant scientific interest. I must find a way of administering them before the entire population in the area kills one another! I must complete the fortifications, that a test subject might be exposed to Kor the Ribbon Worm's gas.



I must build a testing chamber with a floor of grates, and position the militia such that they might shed Nunore the Rotting Stegosaur's blood over the testing subject!



I must...

Press **Enter** to close window

The Forgotten Beast kicks The Forgotten Beast in the right rear leg with its left foot, bruising the muscle!

The Forgotten Beast kicks The Forgotten Beast in the lower body with its right foot and the injured part explodes into gore!

→An artery has been opened by the attack!

And Nunore's dead.

Aaarrrrghhahahahaha, **HAHAH**aHaHaHaHa, BWAHAHAHAHA!

Title: Re: Ice Station WereZebra

Post by: **De** on **October 22, 2015, 10:33:26 pm**

Hahaha.... I mean aww, it's dead.

Title: Re: Ice Station WereZebra

Post by: **QuQuasar** on **October 22, 2015, 10:43:02 pm**

By the way, if you read that last combat log closely, you'll see Zakosp the mud golem didn't actually deal lethal damage to Nunore the rotting stegosaur.

So that leaves two possible explanations:

The boring option: Nunore was in such an advanced state of decay that it fell apart and bled out from relatively few hits (< a page of combat)...

... OR ...

The !!fun!! option: Zakosp the Tomb Of Ash emits a gas poisonous enough to kill a forgotten beast. *Quickly.*

(Edit) wait, nevermind. I misread "lower body" as one of it's legs. I suppose the entire Lower Body exploding *would* qualify as lethal damage, wouldn't it?

Title: Re: Ice Station WereZebra

Post by: **QuQuasar** on **October 23, 2015, 02:56:36 am**

Quote from: Difio on October 22, 2015, 08:01:08 am

Hey Guys,

lurker here. May I have a random unnoticeable male dwarf.

Best
Dific

Certainly! I got you a random mechanic I've seen about, but who hasn't actually done anything of interest thus far- HOLY CRAP YOU'RE MY FATHER.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 92 (41)

'Difio' Nosingathel, "'Difio' Brushedring", Mechanic

"I feel alright."

[illegible]

He is married to Likot Orderclasp and has 4 children: Dumat Woundbowels, 'Neblime' Fishportal, Momuz Talkedboat and 'Quasar' Honoredglaze. He is the son of Kumil Catchcanyons and Besmar Toolportal.

He is a citizen of The Stake of Rings. He is a member of The Fenced Lance. He is a former member of The Complex Steel. He is a former member of The Heavy Bell. He arrived at Ushilkegeth on the 25th of Hematite in the year 252.

He is thirty-eight years old, born on the 9th of Malachite in the year 218. He is muscular. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is braided. His long hair is neatly combed.

He is muscular. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His long mustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is braided. His long hair is neatly combed. His nose is sharply hooked. He has high cheekbones. His somewhat tall ears are somewhat narrow. His nose bridge is somewhat concave. His hair is light brown. His skin is raw umber. His eyes are bronze.

He is extremely agile, quite durable, strong and slow to tire, but he is susceptible to disease.

Difio' Nosingathel likes sylvite, bronze, red tourmaline, puffin leather, swan tooth, cabochons, figurines and loon men for their haunting call. When possible, he prefers to consume radish wine. He absolutely detests oysters. He has a stupping feelfor spatial relationships, great analytical abilities, an amazing memory, a great kinesthetic sense and *uawu* good intuition.

Like others in his culture, he holds craftsmanship to be of the highest ideals and celebrates talented artisans and their masterworks, greatly prizes loyalty, values family, greatly esteems friendship as one of the finer things in life, believes that honesty is a high ideal, greatly respects artists and

loyalty, values family greatly, sees friendship as one of the finer things in life, believes that honesty is a high ideal, greatly respects artists and their works, really respects those that take the time to master a skill, respects fair-dealing and fair-play, values cooperation, finds merrymaking and partying worthwhile, activities valued, mental games valued, leisure time important, and finds nature beautiful, distinct, - " - [personality](#)

partying worthwhile activities, values martial prowess, values leisure time, respects commerce and finds nature somewhat disturbing. He personally sees working hard as a foolish waste of time and doesn't feel strongly about the law. He dreams of mastering a skill.

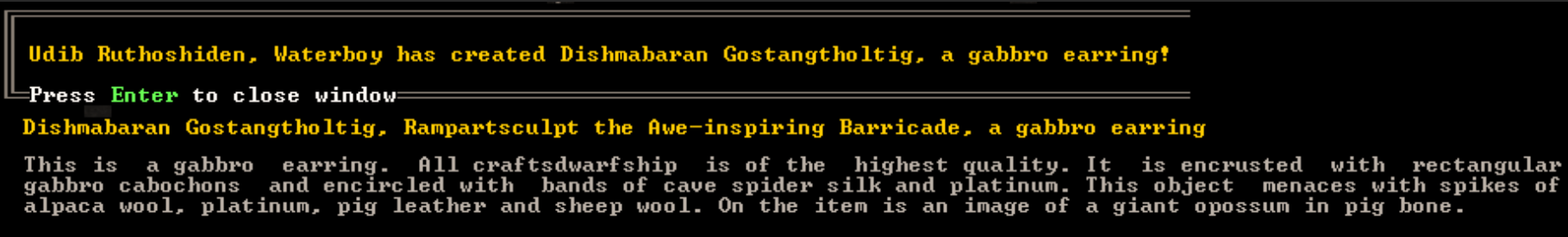
He is very slow to anger. He isn't particularly ambitious. He likes to brawl. He tends to think before acting. He often feels discouraged. He finds obligations confining, though he values the concept of loyalty and is troubled by his natural tendencies. He doesn't often feel envious of others. He

doesn't mind a little tumult and discord in day-to-day living. He could be considered rude. When greeting others, he always smiles nervously. He scratches his head when he's thinking. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Well that was unexpected. And Neblime's my brother. That's awesome. I had no idea my dwarf had family!

Udib made a bracelet and immediately ceased abnormal behavior.



A disappointing end to a fascinating phenomena.

Experiment 8: Observational Study of Forgotten Beast hunting behavior.

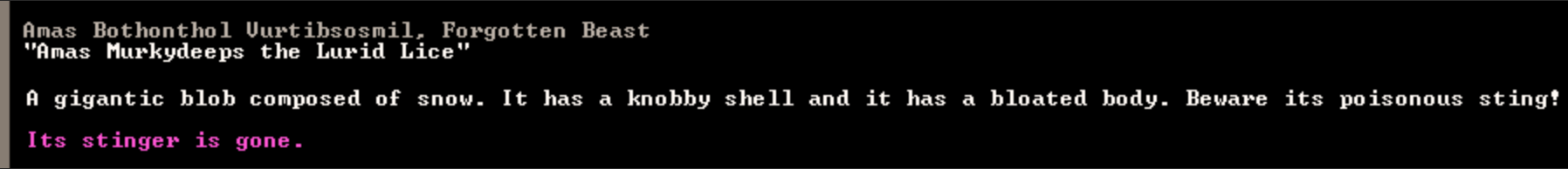
The two goblins captured in the latest siege represent an excellent opportunity to perform tests that, by necessity, require expendable subjects.



While I am quite aware the third rule of science is "all subjects are expendable", it does no harm to use the less valuable ones in tests more likely to result in physical harm.

Test Subject: 1x goblin, unknown age, self-identifies as "Dostngosp Xokstrodno".

Procedure: Test subject will be 'pitted' two z-levels into the territory of "Amas Murkydeeps the Lurid Lice", a gigantic blob of snow.



Results: Experiment failed to take into account that the caverns are larger than just the small area where Amas patrols, seeking to enter our fortress and kill us all. Test subject fled into the darkness.



Addendum: Whoops.

Meanwhile...

Onul and Honeymoon walked the rough-cut corridors. The laughter of children could be heard as Zulban, Morul and Udib played somewhere in the small, rough carved fortress.



"It's small, but so are children. There's room for all of them, a dining hall and a small farmroom. The furnishing's aren't in place yet, but we've got enough doors leftover and it was easy enough to slip a request for beds into the work orders. There are a few spaces for workshops, too."

"Workshops?"

"They'll need a kitchen, a still and a farmers shop if this place is to be sustainable, as well as a crafts dwarves shop for pots to hold..."

"Wait up. "Sustainable"?" asked Onul, frowning in puzzlement. "I thought this was just until that armok-damned monster stepped down as overseer?"

Honeymoon gave her a look. "Onul... *think* for once, will you? This isn't about one madman. I know it's hard to remember while we're all working, but those dwarves out there... they're *not* good dwarves. Some of them have done far worse things than murder."

"You're saying we should seal the children in, is that it?" Onul said in a worried tone of voice.

"I'm saying we should seal everyone else in Icehold *out*. We few ensure that nobody threatens them ever again, and the rest forget that Icehold ever held children."

"You really think that's the best solution?" Onul asked hopelessly, a note of pleading in her voice. "I mean... you're talking about imprisoning them, maybe for years... they're just kids..."

"If you have any other solution..."

"I... no..."

Zulban ran past giggling. A second later, Morul chased after him. With the perfect hand-eye co-ordination only years of training can develop, Onul caught the 7 year old by the shoulder, stopping him dead in his tracks with a grip like a vice.

"Hey kiddo. Question."

"Yes, miss Onul?"

"Do you like it down here? In the secret kids room we built for you?"

Morul looked surprised by the question. He squinted at Onul, trying to work out if she was going to force him to come back upstairs if he answered wrong, then grinned and said "Yes Miss Onul! There's all these rooms, like a maze, and it's great for hide an' seek, and there's big rocks **everywhere**!"

"You like playing with the rocks?"

Morul nodded, then looked at Honeymoon suspiciously and lowered his voice conspiratorially. "Auntie Zaneg said I should always carry a big sharp rock around in my pocket, so I could smash in the head of people who looked at me funny."

He grinned widely and showed her the rock he'd produced from his pockets. It was indeed quite sizable, and possessed a commendably sharp edge.

"Is that so?" said Onul in a strangled tone.

"Yeah, but Uncle Difio said I should only do that if they tries to smash my head in first," Morul continued happily.

Onul nodded in something resembling relief. "That's good advice. You listen to Difio, okay?"

"Alright miss! Will do!" Morul shouted over his shoulder as he ran off again.

Honeymoon put a hand on the swordsdwarf's shoulder as the child vanished around a corner. At 27, Onul was 4 years her elder, but so much more naive. Somehow she'd survived these years in Icehold without being overcome by the cynicism that came native to someone who'd spent years running a honey cartel. Somehow, in spite of everything, Onul still thought of herself as a good person.

And good people didn't imprison children in small rooms underground. Onul was struggling with this. Uncharacteristically for her, Honeymoon felt moved to give some advice.

"Onul... sometimes there is no right choice. Sometimes there's two wrong choices, and you just need to decide which of them is least wr-"

"First we get them away from that monster of an overseer," Onul interrupted. "*Then* we can decide what happens next. Deal?"

"Deal."

...two days later...

Why can't anything go right lately? The beasts cannot be trapped, and they kill each other at the slightest provocation. The dwarfs produce useless, pitiful trinkets. The goblins run away without triggering any sign of hunting behavior...

```
The Vigilante Girl scratches The Giant Cave Spider in the left fourth
leg, chipping the chitin and bruising the muscle!
A tendon has been torn!
Onul Nokzamfikod, Vigilante Girl: I have a part in this. I will take
revenge!
The Giant Cave Spider misses The Vigilante Girl!
The Vigilante Girl punches The Giant Cave Spider in the right third foot
with her right hand and the injured part explodes into gore!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
Onul Nokzamfikod, Vigilante Girl: This is my fight too. I will take
revenge!
The Vigilante Girl punches The Giant Cave Spider in the cephalothorax
with her right hand, tearing the fat!
Onul Nokzamfikod, Vigilante Girl: This is my fight too. I will take
revenge!
The Vigilante Girl scratches The Giant Cave Spider in the cephalothorax,
tearing the fat and bruising the muscle and bruising the heart!
The Giant Cave Spider misses The Vigilante Girl!
The Vigilante Girl scratches The Giant Cave Spider in the right third
foot, tearing the muscle!
→An artery has been opened by the attack!
```

And the local idiots simply won't stop poking the wildlife with sticks! For the love of all that is scientific, will you please leave the cave spider alone, Onul? You're making a hell of a racket and it's distracting me from my notes.



And now it's wrapping you in a silk cocoon and biting you in the head, and the sound of mandibles scratching on your steel helm is making even more of a racket! Hehehe! Do you have any common decency at all, Onul?! Some of us are trying to work!!! HAHAAH!!!

The Giant Cave Spider bends The Vigilante Girl's right upper leg with The Giant Cave Spider's left first leg and the right hip collapses!
→A ligament in the right hip has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Giant Cave Spider releases the joint lock of The Giant Cave Spider's left first leg on The Vigilante Girl's right upper leg.
The Vigilante Girl is partially free of the web.
The Vigilante Girl gives in to pain.
The Vigilante Girl is caught up in the web!
The Giant Cave Spider grabs The Vigilante Girl by the neck with his left third leg!
The Giant Cave Spider bites The Vigilante Girl in the head, but the attack is deflected by The Vigilante Girl's +steel helm+!
→The Giant Cave Spider releases the grip of The Giant Cave Spider's left third leg on The Vigilante Girl's neck.

AND NOW YOU'RE SCREAMING IN TERRIBLE PAIN!!! HAHAAHAAAH!!! FINE!!! I'LL HELP YOU, SEE IF I DON'T!!!

The Professor punches The Giant Cave Spider in the left fourth foot with his right hand, tearing the fat!
The Giant Cave Spider bites The Professor in the left lower arm, but the attack is deflected by The Professor's +steel left gauntlet+!
The Professor kicks The Giant Cave Spider in the right fourth leg with his right foot, tearing the fat!
→'Quasar' Duralfikod, Professor: In the midst of conflict... I laugh in the face of death!
The Professor bashes The Giant Cave Spider in the right second leg with his +silver mace+, tearing the fat and bruising the muscle!

IN THE MIDST OF CONFLICT... I LAUGH IN THE FACE OF DEATH!!!!

The Professor scratches The Giant Cave Spider in the cephalothorax, chipping the chitin and bruising the fat!
The Professor bashes The Giant Cave Spider in the left fourth leg with his +silver mace+, tearing the fat!
The Giant Cave Spider strikes at The Professor but the shot is blocked with the +tunnel tube shield+!
The Giant Cave Spider strikes at The Professor but the shot is blocked with the +tunnel tube shield+!
The Professor bashes The Giant Cave Spider in the left first foot with his +silver mace+, tearing the fat!
The Giant Cave Spider misses The Professor!
The Professor bashes The Giant Cave Spider in the left third foot with his +silver mace+, fracturing the chitin!
The Professor bashes The Giant Cave Spider in the cephalothorax with his +silver mace+, tearing the fat and bruising the muscle!
The Giant Cave Spider misses The Professor!
The Giant Cave Spider misses The Professor!
The Professor bashes The Giant Cave Spider in the left third foot with his +silver mace+ and the injured part explodes into gore!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
The Giant Cave Spider misses The Professor!
The Professor bashes The Giant Cave Spider in the right first leg with his +silver mace+, tearing the fat and bruising the muscle!
The Giant Cave Spider misses The Professor!
The Professor bashes The Giant Cave Spider in the right fourth foot with his +silver mace+, tearing the fat and bruising the muscle!
The Giant Cave Spider attacks The Professor but He jumps away!
The Professor bashes The Giant Cave Spider in the right fourth foot with his +silver mace+ and the injured part is crushed!
An artery has been opened by the attack!

I say, I'm doing rather well for someone who's never used a mace and shield before.

AAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH!!!

Giant Cave Spider

cephalothorax
abdomen
right first leg
left first leg
right first foot
left first foot
right second leg
left second leg
right second foot
left second foot
right third leg
left third leg
right third foot
left third foot
right fourth leg
left fourth leg
right fourth foot
left fourth foot
heart

Tired

Oh, hello DeMarco, I'm glad you could make it. Do jump in!

The Professor bashes The Giant Cave Spider in the right fourth foot with his +silver mace+, tearing the fat and bruising the muscle!
The Recruit stabs The Giant Cave Spider in the right third leg with her →steel spear→, tearing the muscle!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The steel spear has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Giant Cave Spider attacks The Professor but He jumps away!
The Recruit pulls on the embedded steel spear.
The Professor bashes The Giant Cave Spider in the right fourth foot with his +silver mace+ and the injured part is crushed!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
The Giant Cave Spider strikes at The Professor but the shot is blocked with the +tunnel tube shield+!
The Recruit punches The Giant Cave Spider in the right third foot with her right hand, tearing the fat and bruising the muscle!

BWAAAHAHA HAHAHA HA HAARGH!!!!

Zaneg! Get up, quickly you fool! Swing! Slice! Cut it in half with your axe!

The Vengeful Plotter hacks The Giant Cave Spider in the right first foot with her <bronze battle axe> and the severed part sails off in an arc!
The Giant Cave Spider grabs The Vengeful Plotter by the head with his left third leg!
The Giant Cave Spider releases the grip of The Giant Cave Spider's left third leg on The Vengeful Plotter's head.
The Giant Cave Spider grabs The Vengeful Plotter by the x<alpaca wool right glove>x with his left first leg!
The Giant Cave Spider takes The Vengeful Plotter down by the x<alpaca wool right glove>x with The Giant Cave Spider's left first leg!
→The Vengeful Plotter hacks The Giant Cave Spider in the cephalothorax with her <bronze battle axe> and the injured part is cloven asunder!
An artery has been opened by the attack!

Yes! VICTORY!

MAAAHA AAAARGH!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! Aaaaaahahahahahahahaha!!! ahahahahahaah...

Now, how's that fool Onul doing?

hahahaha... huh?

Onul?

Onul... wake up...

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Difio** on **October 23, 2015, 08:51:02 pm**

Ho!

I must say that was exactly the appearance I was looking for. Thank you very much. Very satisfying writing you have going there QuQuasar!

Best,
Difio

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **October 24, 2015, 10:57:31 am**

Wait, since when have GCSes been able to wrestle? Does that make them even more terrifying?

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **October 24, 2015, 08:01:18 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on October 24, 2015, 10:57:31 am

Wait, since when have GCSes been able to wrestle? Does that make them even more terrifying?

From a purely mechanical standpoint, it makes them less so. Their bite is nastier, and they do it less often now, so they're slightly easier to take down.

From a roleplay standpoint, they are grabbing their live victims and *wrapping them in a silk cocoon* before injecting their venom to *liquefy their insides and **drink them***.

I'll let you decide which is more terrifying.

‘Quasar’ Duralfikod, Professor
"‘Quasar’ Honoredglaze"

+tunnel tube shield+, Strapped to Upper body
+silver mace+, Strapped to Upper body
-steel mail shirt-, Upper body
-silver flask-, Hauled
+steel left gauntlet+, Left hand
-steel breastplate-, Upper body
+steel helm+, Head
-steel greaves-, Lower body
coating of ‘Quasar’ Honoredglaze’s dwarf tears <right
coating of ‘Quasar’ Honoredglaze’s dwarf tears <left
giant cave spider ichor smear <right hand>
giant cave spider ichor spatter <right lower arm>
giant cave spider ichor smear <fifth toe, left foot>
giant cave spider ichor smear <fourth toe, left foot>
giant cave spider ichor smear <fourth toe, right foo

"... yes, I'm okay. Yes, thank you Pat, I'm fine."

"I believe you. No blood on you, but plenty of the spiders. I'm told you handled yourself pretty well on the stairs too. I think the entire fortress heard you go berserk."

He is very slow to heal and very weak.
‘Quasar’ Duralfikod likes bauxite, aluminum, indigo tourmaline, giant chinchilla leather, the color heliotrope, sorghum beer. He absolutely detests jumping spiders.
He has a good intellect and good intuition, but he has poor creativity and little natural inclination toward music.

"No, I didn't. I just... don't like spiders. I'm sane! I check every day."

"I... didn't ask."

"Of course you wouldn't. Because I'm sane. Nobody asks a sane person if they're sane. How is she?"

"Onul? I'm... not entirely sure."



"She's got a fairly straightforward mangled hip but... she won't wake up. I can't diagnose it. Maybe some sort of allergic reaction? Did it bite her?"

"No. Maybe? I was... distracted. I don't think so."

"Are you actually concerned for her?"

"Concerned? Good heavens no! I have no need for such inefficient emotions! I just... it would be a shame to lose a good minion, that's all."

"A good minion? *Her*? Are we talking about the same person? She hate's you! She's fought you and your weird-ass experiments on the kids for 10 months."

"Yes... yes, she has, hasn't she? She's... the only one who has..."

"Are you okay, Professor?"

"How do we help her?"

"I told you. I don't know. I've never heard of anything like this. It's like she's... trapped within her own mind. I think it's up to her now."

"She'll come 'round. I know she will. She doesn't give up. She *never* gives up. She's... *irritating* like that."

"... are you *sure* you're okay. You're acting odd."

"Just let me know if she wakes up."

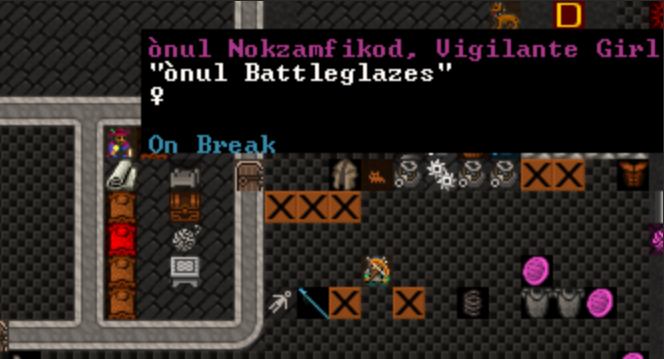
Out of character

DAMN DAMN DAMN DAMN DAMN!

Nobody will diagnose Onul! I turned off all their other labors, but they just won't do it!

I had two plotlines prepared involving Quasar and Onul: one if I accidentally got a kid killed with my experiments, the other if I didn't. But both of them require those characters up and about.

I don't have anything for "Onul stuck in the hospital because nobody will diagnose her" beyond "oh shit permanent coma".



As you can see here, I tried deconstructing the bed. I'm now trying to reconstruct it on top of her, but I've only got a month and a half left in my term and the dwarves in icehold are being more disobedient than I've ever seen any set of dwarves behave.

I'm really not sure how to end this narrative arc if Onul can't be restored to active duty. I was kind of relying on her.

Oh well. We'll have see what happens...

Experiment 8b: Observational Study of Forgotten Beast hunting behavior.

Test Subject: 1x goblin, unknown age, self-identifies as "Ngoso Ngerxungsmuksmum".

Procedure: Test subject will be 'pitted' three z-levels into the territory of "Zakosp", also known as "Dieumbras the Tomb of Ash", a towering humanoid composed of mud. The fall should damage the subjects legs, precluding escape from the forgotten beast.



Stunned

Ngoso Ngerxungsmuksmum, Goblin Axeman
"Ngoso Wickedpartners"

<<silver great axe>>, Left hand
<<copper shield>>, Right hand
<<sheep wool tunic>>, Upper body
<<copper mail shirt>>, Upper body
<<copper helm>>, Head
<<alpaca wool loincloth>>, Lower body
<<porcupine leather trousers>>, Lower body
<<troll fur robe>>, Upper body
<<yak leather cloak>>, Upper body
<<porcupine leather hood>>, Head
<<capybara leather left glove>>, Left hand
<<capybara leather right glove>>, Right hand
<<giant cave spider silk sock>>, Left foot
<<lion leather sandal>>, Left foot
<<giant cave spider silk sock>>, Right foot

A towering humanoid composed of mud. It has an enormous shell and it undulates rhythmically. Beware its poisonous gas!

Results: By SCIENCE that goblin can run fast with a broken leg.



Aaaand it's gone.

... why... why don't I care? This test was an utter failure from a scientific perspective, and yet... I just don't...

Another one?!

The Forgotten Beast Bâsen Sodshadmal has come! A huge feathered termite. It has four broad horns and it has a bloated body. Beware its fire!

Press Enter to close window

There is such a thing as too much of a good thing.

Well, at least it can't get into...



... oh.

THUGMINIONS! MY... NO, *OUR* SAFETY IS IN JEOPARDY!

QUICKLY! DO THE VIOLENCE AND THE STABBING TO IT!

The Grave Robber punches The Forgotten Beast in the left first leg with his left hand, tearing the fat and bruising the muscle!
The Grave Robber blocks the fire.
The Grave Robber bashes The Forgotten Beast in the right third foot with his «silver morningstar», tearing the muscle!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
→Bëmbul Erithulzest, Grave Robber: Has the tide turned? I laugh in the face of death!

The Forgotten Beast misses The captain of the guard!
The captain of the guard punches The Forgotten Beast in the right third foot with his left hand, tearing the fat and bruising the muscle!
The Forgotten Beast misses The captain of the guard!
The captain of the guard blocks the fire.
The captain of the guard blocks the fire.
The captain of the guard stabs The Forgotten Beast in the right second leg with his «adamantine short sword», tearing the muscle!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The «adamantine short sword» has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Forgotten Beast misses The captain of the guard!
The captain of the guard stabs The Forgotten Beast in the head with his «adamantine short sword», tearing the muscle and tearing the brain!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
→The «adamantine short sword» has lodged firmly in the wound!

Excellent. Bembul and Deus flanked the creature, batting it's fire away with their wooden shields as they closed the distance. A few stabs to it's legs to distract it, and then and the latter made a flying leap, driving his sword into it's brain.

I think... I think I may actually congratulate them in person. Generally such a thing would be beneath me, but after that fight with the spider, I feel a sort of... fellow feeling... with the violent simpletons of Icehold...

Experiment 9a: analysis of the physical effects of 'Kor The Deep Holes' poisonous vapors on the Dwarven physique
Test Subject: Corpulent dwarven child, 8 years old, self-identifies as "Ushrir Waspbridged".
Procedure: Subject will be entered into testing chamber to the north of Kor's trap, separated from the beast by fortifications. Hopefully, this will trigger a vaporous response from the beast.



Results: ùshrìr Tathtaksazir, Dwarven Child has been missing for a week.

The test subject we had prepared for the test appears to have gone missing. How strange.

The test subject had already been entered into the testing chamber, but there is no sign of it there, and I can find no evidence the child was attacked. Is it possible Kor's gas can cause the atomic disintegration of low mass test subjects? Or perhaps the subject fled the chamber and expired in the caverns after exposure?

Is there anything to be gained by performing this test again, with a different subject? I... find myself unsure of my actions, for the first time in many years.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **De** on **October 24, 2015, 11:20:17 pm**

So you've got a designated hospital and a chief medical dwarf but it looks like they won't diagnose Onul because she's on break?

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **October 25, 2015, 02:48:21 am**

Quote from: De on October 24, 2015, 11:20:17 pm
So you've got a designated hospital and a chief medical dwarf but it looks like they won't diagnose Onul because she's on break?
She's been doing that since I dismantled her bed, but they weren't diagnosing her even before that, when she was resting properly.

I swear this place is cursed: there's been all sorts of inexplicable stuff happening in Icehold ever since I took up the mantle of overseer. It's normally not *this* hard to work out why things are happening in Dwarf Fortress.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Gwolfski** on **October 25, 2015, 04:40:58 am**

if you want to get her diagnosed, try hurting her a BIT, cos the diagnose job might be gone.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **De** on **October 25, 2015, 02:24:32 pm**

Yeah, I hate it when that happens. I've also had the situation where a dwarf gets treated but the wounds stay described as red and active forever after.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Gwolfski** on **October 25, 2015, 02:32:41 pm**

hmm, if you are intent o getting her back, and dont mind dfhack, i think there is a way to heal?

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **October 25, 2015, 09:47:30 pm**

Quote from: Gwolfski on October 25, 2015, 02:32:41 pm
hmm, if you are intent o getting her back, and dont mind dfhack, i think there is a way to heal?
Nah, I'll see if I can get them to diagnose her. By, uh... stabbing her repeatedly with an iron spike. Dwarven Medicine ftw!

I went looking for the test subject from experiment 9 today, and discovered a corpse in the caverns to the north of Kor's chamber. Although it is in a fairly decayed state, it is likely that this is the test subject I was looking for.



The body shows no signs of pre-mortem injury, lending evidence to the hypothesis that the subject was exposed to Kor's vapours and

escaped into the caverns.

Unfortunately, due to the fact that no observers were on station to witness this, no solid conclusions can be drawn. Tentatively we can conclude that the vapors are lethal, despite not causing visible symptoms.

I regret the waste of a good test subject, and have decided to suspend further testing of Kor's vapors for the meantime. There are... more interesting tests to do. Yes. That's the reason.

I keep expecting Onul to storm down here to shout inane statements at me, as is her wont. Science just doesn't feel the same without her.

It is time to prepare the chamber for the capture of **Dieumbras the Tomb of Ash, the Towering Humanoid composed of Mud**. I gather a few dwarves with the appropriate skills.

"Minio- uh... Udib, right?"

"Yeah?"

"I need you to to carve an upward ramp into the caverns, right? Here, I've drawn a map of the location to help supplement your limited intellect."

"Got it."

"Excellent." The Professor looked around as Udib ran off. "Black Pat, you're in charge of lever pulling. The moment the minion- Udib carves that ramp, you pull the lever to seal off the cavern. Okay? That way we can construct the rear wall in safety before opening the chamber and allowing the beast to enter."

"Understood."

"Which just leaves you Deus. I need your violent idiots stationed in the room in case anything goes wrong."

"Right boss. So, do you want us to head down there now?"

"No rush. We should wait for Udib to head down there. She needs to carve the ramp first."

Pat and Deus shared a look. "Uh... boss? She left about a minute ago."

Quasar looked about.

"Oh."

Udib calmly carved the ramp the overseer had marked on her map, carefully chipping out the stone to leave a navigatable ramp up to the ceiling. She stood back to admire her handiwork, nodded, then swung her pickaxe at the roof over the ramp.

Chunks of stone, mud and cave-moss fell into the chamber, and fresh, cool air rushed in from the caverns. Udib took a deep breath in satisfaction.

There were shouts coming down the main staircase as more mud dripped down from the ceiling. And then more. Udib turned back in surprise as a torrent of mud suddenly collapsed into the chamber, and raised itself over her into a towering figure.

Ubid stared for just a moment before smiling grimly. The tool of her trade, her copper pickaxe, felt heavy in her hands. *Dangerously* heavy. And after all... how hard was it to dig through mud?

With a battle cry, she threw herself at the monster.

Udib Dakostudesh (impatient idiot), did well on her own for a period, swinging her pickaxe at the mud golem's lower body, tearing chunks off of it.

```
The Forgotten Beast attacks The Miner but She jumps away!
The Miner strikes The Forgotten Beast in the right hand with her *copper
pick*, chipping it!
The *copper pick* has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Miner pulls on the embedded *copper pick*.
The Forgotten Beast kicks The Miner in the right hand with its right
foot, bruising the muscle through the x(alpaca wool right mitten)x!
The Miner strikes The Forgotten Beast in the lower body with her *copper
pick*, fracturing it!
The Forgotten Beast attacks The Miner but She jumps away!
The Miner strikes The Forgotten Beast in the lower body with her *copper
pick*, chipping it!
The *copper pick* has lodged firmly in the wound!
Udil Dakostudesh, Miner: This is my fight too. I will take revenge!
```

All things must come to an end, however, and Ubid's luck ran out after a few moments. The golem, deciding it had had enough, grabbed her by the arm and crushed it into pulp.

```
The Forgotten Beast grabs The Miner by the thumb, left hand with its
right upper arm!
The Forgotten Beast kicks The Miner in the left lower arm with its left
foot and the injured part collapses into a lump of gore!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
The Miner gives in to pain.
The Miner falls over.
The Forgotten Beast releases the grip of The Forgotten Beast's right
upper arm on The Miner's thumb, left hand.
The Miner is caught in a cloud of Dieumbras the Tomb of Ash's forgotten
beast boiling extract!
```

Luckily for her, the fight took the two of them within range of the war dog that had been chained in the room as bait. The poor animal didn't last long against the beast...

The Forgotten Beast releases the grip of The Forgotten Beast's right upper arm on The Miner's thumb, left hand.
The Mace Lord bashes The Forgotten Beast in the right lower leg with his -silver mace-, chipping it!
The Forgotten Beast misses The Mace Lord!
The Forgotten Beast is caught in a burst of Dieumbras the Tomb of Ash's forgotten beast boiling extract!
The Stray war Dog bites The Forgotten Beast in the right lower leg, fracturing it!
The Stray war Dog latches on firmly!
The Forgotten Beast kicks The Stray war Dog in the upper body with its left foot, bruising the muscle and shattering the left false ribs!
The Stray war Dog is propelled away by the force of the blow!
The Mace Lord scratches The Forgotten Beast in the right hand, chipping it!
The Forgotten Beast kicks The Stray war Dog in the head with its left foot and the injured part explodes into gore!

... but it lasted long enough to keep Udib from being slaughtered before Deus's thugs arrived.

The Head Smasher bashes The Forgotten Beast in the upper body with her +silver mace+, chipping it!
The captain of the guard slashes The Forgotten Beast in the right upper leg with his ðadamantine short swordð and the severed part sails off in an arc!
The Mace Lord bashes The Forgotten Beast in the upper body with his -silver mace-, chipping it!
The Loose Cannon stabs The Forgotten Beast in the upper body with her ðadamantine short swordð, chipping it!
The ðadamantine short swordð has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Loose Cannon pulls on the embedded ðadamantine short swordð.
The Forgotten Beast strikes at The Head Smasher but the shot is blocked!
The Mace Lord bashes The Forgotten Beast in the right upper arm with his -silver mace-, chipping it!
The Stray war Dog bites The Forgotten Beast in the left lower leg, fracturing it!
The Stray war Dog latches on firmly!
The Loose Cannon slashes The Forgotten Beast in the left foot with her ðadamantine short swordð and the severed part sails off in an arc!
The captain of the guard punches The Forgotten Beast in the left upper arm with his left hand, chipping it!
→The Head Smasher scratches The Forgotten Beast in the lower body, chipping it!
The Forgotten Beast breaks the grip of The Stray war Dog's teeth on The Forgotten Beast's left lower leg.
The Mace Lord bashes The Forgotten Beast in the lower body with his -silver mace-, fracturing it!
The Forgotten Beast misses The Head Smasher!
The Swordmaster stabs The Forgotten Beast in the left upper leg with her ðadamantine short swordð, chipping it!

In the end, enough pieces of dried mud were carved off the creature's midrift to make it possible for a savage swing by Dumed to end the fierce battle.

The Forgotten Beast breathes a cloud of Dieumbras the Tomb of Ash's forgotten beast boiling extract!
The Forgotten Beast breaks the grip of The Stray war Dog's teeth on The Forgotten Beast's head.
The Mace Lord bashes The Forgotten Beast in the head with his -silver mace-, chipping it!
The Loose Cannon scratches The Forgotten Beast in the upper body and the injured part is torn apart!

And all was once again calm, albeit slightly messier.



Udib has been taken to the hospital. Additionally, I am told several militia dwarves inhaled the gas emitted by the Tomb of Ash: I look forward to observing the progression of their symptoms.

What is up with the miners around here lately? Another of these morons has begun acting abnormally. Tulon claimed a masons workshop and is now sketching pictures of leather.

Tulon Sosadnokim, Miner cancels Store Item in Stockpile: Taken by mood.
Tulon Sosadnokim, Miner withdraws from society...
Tulon Sosadnokim has claimed a Mason's Workshop.

This leaves me with only one capable miner: I suppose we are lucky nothing major needs to be dug out at the moment.

Those who inhaled the gas are shivering and showing signs of fever.

'Deus' Lertethamost, captain of the guard
"Deus' Tangletowns"

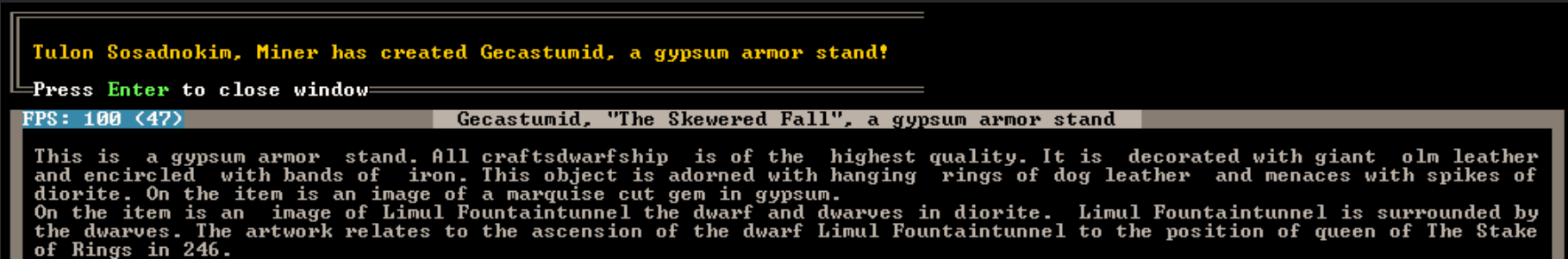
upper body
lower body
neck
head
right upper arm
left upper arm
right lower arm
left lower arm
right hand
left hand
right upper leg
left upper leg
right lower leg
left lower leg
right foot

Fever

Looks like it's the end of the line for ol Deus. Tell my wife and children that they made living in this hell hole bearable. What's that? My wife is dead and my children have vanished mysteriously? I guess I was just talking to myself all along. The mind does play tricks, I suppose.

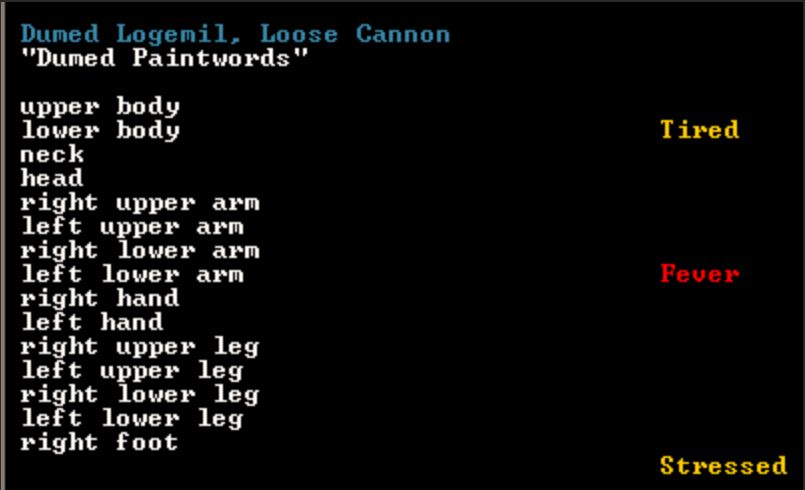
Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **October 27, 2015, 09:44:58 pm**

Tulon made an armour stand out of gypsum. Well that's a thing.



Even I must admit it is somewhat impressive, so I had it installed by the dining room entrance as a morale booster for the minions.

Deus and his fellow militiamen are not feeling so well: the fever seems to be exhausting them.



Medically, it's probably not advisable to spar aboveground in the ever-present blizzard while you have a fever. Scientifically, I see no reason to make them stop. The test is more interesting this way.

Besides, I have no reason to believe they won't live. Their symptoms are mild.

"Honeymoon! Honeymoon!"

It shouldn't be possible to shout a whisper, but Udil was trying it. Honeymoon turned away from her books and raised an eyebrow. "What?"

"Problem... with... the place... the well..."

"Okay, okay, slow down. Take a breath and-"

"Flooding!" Udil said, waving his arms frantically. "The miners broke into the cavern pools early! The Place! The lower levels! It's all flooding!"



Honeemoons eyes went wide and she stood sharply, knocking her rock throne over.

"You *idiots*! You were supposed to block it up the moment-"

"We tried! The lower pressure gates were too tight! The water overflowed before we could block it off!"

"This is bad. We could lose the forges... the bar stockpiles... everything! We need to get down there and brick it up before..." her eyes caught a figure making a beeline across the dining hall for her. "Oh no."

"Honeymoon! You're vaguely more intelligent than the average around here," said the overseer. "Do you have a moment to discuss-"

"No, professor! Far too busy right now!"

The overseers smile hardened slightly. "Come now, I'm your overseer. What could possibly be more important than-"

Honeymoon made a split-second decision. She didn't have time to rationalise it, so she went with her gut.

"A mistake was made. The lower levels are flooding. If we are to save the forges, we need as many people down there to seal the area off

as we can get."

To her relief, the professor didn't hesitate or even bother with questions. "Minions! On me! To the lower levels!"

"Brick it up! Make it watertight!"

"Udib! I need you to to dig west until I tell you to stop! Then a staircase upward!"

"Honeymoon! There's *kids* in there!"

"Test subjects? Good heavens, what were they doing down here?"

"I know! Udib, stop! Dig upwards!"

"I'm through!"

"Block up that tunnel before it floods any further!"

"It's too deep! The water's running too fast!"

"Keep trying dammit!"



"Excellent! The deluge is contained. Good work, minions. But... what is this place, Honeymoon? It doesn't show up on any of your maps. And why are so many of my test subjects down here?"

Honeymoon's mind had been running on adreneline for the last hour. She hadn't given any consious thought to what she would tell the overseer, but her subconscious had been working on the problem and presented her with the words she needed.

"We call it the Place. It's... it's an experiment, professor."

"An... experiment?" the professor narrowed his eyes suspiciously. "What sort of experiment?"

Honeymoon turned towards the professor, making eye contact. "Isolation. We are- our *hypothesis* is that if the chil- test subjects are isolated from the rest of Icehold, they will be unaffected by the... criminal pathologies of Icehold."

Professor Honoredglaze stared suspiciously at Honeymoon for a long moment, before his eyes glazed in thought. "Criminal pathologies... by Armok you're right! I'd wondered why there were so many insane children in icehold. That's a brilliant deduction, Honeymoon!"

Honeymoon smiled. After carefully managing an entire cartel, the professor was easy to steer. Just point him in the right direction, and he would come to the conclusion you wanted him to on his own.

"Well, this embarassing flooding incident notwithstanding, I am impressed! Perhaps my standards have been lowered by my time here, but seeing that my scientific prowess has rubbed off on you has thoroughly cheered me up! I feel much better!"

"Well I'm flattered sir, but I'm not the one who set all this up. I just helped, you understand."

"You're not? Then who?"

"Onul Battleglazes, sir."

There was silence for a few moments as the professor stared at Honeymoon in apparent shock. He swallowed and glanced away.

"She was always shouting at me. I had... I had no idea she was a fellow scientist."

He grit his teeth in determination.

"Well then! We need to wake her up so she can bring this experiment to it's conclusion! To the hospital!"

Overheard in the dining room

"Hahaha! I killed a forgotten beast with a single punch! Tremble before me!"



"You're embarassing yourself. It was made of snow."

"Don't care! Totally killed a forgotten beast! Bow before Cilob, slayer of forgotten beasts!"

"You are insane," said Black Pat in a dull voice, staring at the contraption that had been added to her hospital. It was brutal in it's simplicity.

"Absolutely not! I check every day!" said Quasar excitedly, testing the mechanism. "Although I will certainly admit I have been rather out of it lately. I was too afraid of hurting Onul to *save* her!"

"There's no way this is going to work."

"No, no that's the thing: it's a scientifically verified method! The medical literature is very clear on the matter: a surge of adreneline, caused by sudden pain or injury, is capable of flushing out the humours, kickstarting the brain and awakening the subject from a coma, hahaha!"

"Just to be sure... you're not making this up? There's really a book somewhere that says this?" Honeymoon said nervously.



"Exactly! Haaahaha!" said Quasar, carefully moving the menacing iron spike over Onul's sleeping form. Honeymoon winced at the sight of several kilograms of iron spike pointed downwards at a sleeping dwarf. "Pat, Honeymoon: be ready to diagnose the wound! Igor!"

"Yeth marthter?"

"Stand by next to the lever. Is everyone ready?"

"No."

"Nup."

"No, marthter."

"Excellent!! PULL THE LEVER!!! AAAAAARRRRHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!"

CLANG

The iron spear strikes The Vigilante Girl in the upper body, bruising the muscle and bruising the heart through the +steel breastplate+!

"Huh. Well, that didn't work," said Honeymoon. "Perhaps we should remove her armour?"

"What? No! Just... pull it again," said Quasar, going bright red at the suggestion.

"Yeth Marthter,"

CLANG

The iron spear strikes The Vigilante Girl in the upper body, bruising the muscle and bruising the right lung through the +steel breastplate+!

"Yeah this isn't working. Pat, perhaps if we..."

"Pull it one more time!"

SQUITCH

The iron spear strikes The Vigilante Girl in the right lower arm, fracturing the bone through the *steel right gauntlet*!
Many nerves have been severed, a ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
Onul Nokzamfikod, Vigilante Girl
Honeymoon, Ibrukcatten, manager
No Job
Recover Wounded

"AAAAAAAAARRRRRRGGGGHH!"

"MWAAAAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH!! SHE'S ALIVE!!! SHE'S ALLLLIIIIIIIVVEEEEE!!!!"

Onul gradually awoke, pulling herself out from a nightmare of pain and screaming. She looked about her. The hospital. Okay, so something had happened to her. Nobody else was here.

The giant cave spider. She had fought it to keep it from attacking anyone else, and then it had grabbed her, wrapped her tightly in it's silk, and then... her hip. One of it's legs had crushed her hip, and she'd lost consiousness. The last thing she remembered was an unarmoured dwarf with a silver mace diving towards the thing...

So then, if it had broken her hip, why did her arm hurt?

There was an iron crutch waiting by her bed. She stood, putting her weight on it, feeling weaker than she ever had in her life. How long had she been lying in bed?

Honeymoon entered and caught her eye.

"You're up," she said simply.

"Yes," said Onul. "How long was I out?"

"Better part of two months," the younger dwarf said in a matter-of-fact tone. Onul winced at the news. No wonder her muscles felt stiff.

"I want some answers. Everything that happened while I was out. How is the..." she lowered her voice. "How is the Place coming along?"

"Finished. Got the last of the tables and chairs in this morning."



"Finished? How on earth did you manage that so quickly without the overseer knowing?"

"Well... sit down. There's some things you need to know about."

"What! Why would you tell that madman that?"

"That 'madman' saved your life," Honeymoon chided. "Twice."

"But now he knows about the Place... the kids..."

"Yes. And he wants it to go ahead. He's agreed to *help us* isolate the kids. He see's it all as a big decades-long experiment."

"And he doesn't interrupt an ongoing experiment..." said Onul faintly, remembering what Limul had told her.

"Precisely. And... there's another thing you should know. A childs corpse *was* found in the caverns one and a half months ago."

"What? He killed a child?!"

"No. We worked out later what had happened. When that firebreathing termite arrived three months back we had the caverns sealed off, and forgot to open them again. The child starved to death outside. It was a tragic accident, nothing more."

Honeymoon paused for a moment before continuing, watching Onul's reaction.

"But the professor... he thought he had killed the kid. And gotten you hurt by not getting to you fast enough. Between that and your injuries... I saw genuine regret. Sadness. I don't think even *he* knew what it was he was feeling. I gather it was an emotion he'd never experienced before."

Onul stayed silent, waiting for Honeymoon to finish.

"He's a long way from being a good person... we all are here, every one of us... but there is a spark of it in him."

"It... it feels weird to hear somebody talking about goodness here in Icehold."

"It doesn't matter to most of us here, Onul, but I thought it might matter to you."

Onul nodded. "Thank you. I suppose it does."

Onul winced in pain as she made her way down the neverending staircase, leaning heavily on her iron crutch as she did so.

A figure was coming up, followed by the sound of barking and a tide of dogs.

She hesitated as he stopped on the stair below her, then said "Professor."

"Onul."

She narrowed her eyes.

"I can't fight any longer. So I intend to protect the Place. I intend to ensure those children are protected there, away from the rest of this prison, from you and those worse than you. You cannot stop me."

"No need to explain, Onul!" he said happily. "Your test is inspired, you know? And I wouldn't dare interfere with a colleagues experiment. I only wish you'd trusted me to help you with it!"

"Uh right," Onul gave him a lopsided smile. "You're mad, you know that?"

The professor grinned back. "Of course. I check every day. Now if you'll excuse me, I have an overseership to surrender."

The professor left. Onul shook her head in puzzlement. He had done terrible things, but somehow she couldn't bring herself to hate him anymore.

Oh well. She'd have plenty of time to sort out her thoughts in the Place.

She continued down the staircase, towards the sound of laughing children.

Save here: [to be uploaded later tonight, when I have access to my other machine]

Notes:

Sorry for taking an extra 6 days in the spring: I really wanted to get Onul into the Place and lock her in (she's really slow and it's a really long staircase), but at the last moment she decided to turn back (she's **really** disobedient), and then a siege arrived, at which point I gave up.



The drawbridges are closed, so the siege can't get in. They can shoot dwarves who are going to the surface to dump things, though. Be careful about that.

Pretty much everyone is on dumping duty, with all their other labors turned off. I kind of neglected refuse dumping during my turn, so I tried to get it all taken care of in the last month. It didn't work.

Final statistics:

- Goblins Murdered: 20**
- Goblins Escaped: 2**
- Trolls Murdered: 10**
- Giant Cave Spiders Murdered: 2**
- Forgotten Beasts Arrived: 5**
- Forgotten Beasts Murdered: 8**
- Vampire Queens Annoyed: 1**
- Baron Imposters Murdered: 1**
- Children killed by science: 0**
- Children driven insane by science: 3**
- Children killed by negligence: 1**
- Adamantine Spires Flooded: 1**

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **October 28, 2015, 02:40:20 am**

Unleash the save!

<http://dff.d.bay12games.com/file.php?id=11236>

Of course, now we've gotta find a new overseer. Anyone up for it? We've got gooobllllliins!

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Sanctume** on **October 28, 2015, 10:17:10 am**

Peeking in for interest, but not committing yet, still reading. :)

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **De** on **November 02, 2015, 10:57:44 am**

Shameless bump.

Come on people, somebody must have more time than me.

Oh I get it... nobody dares to follow a turn like QuQuasar's.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **November 02, 2015, 12:23:01 pm**

I mean... I'm free, but I was the third last turn so it doesn't seem fair.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **De** on **November 02, 2015, 04:48:03 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on November 02, 2015, 12:23:01 pm

I mean... I'm free, but I was the third last turn so it doesn't seem fair.

Aren't you scheduled to take a turn in Parallel Fortress One soon... after me actually I think. I'm almost done with my year. I just need to write it up. Maybe I'll take a look at this safe after I do that if I don't become entirely distracted by Immortal-D's schemes.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **November 02, 2015, 05:14:29 pm**

That's true, actually. It's confusing keeping track of that place.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **November 02, 2015, 08:40:19 pm**

Huh. It's *weird* there being an unclaimed succession game when most of the others have extended waiting lists.

I think Taupe was probably right about needing a new thread for Icehold: something with a proper intro, turn list and quote section to get people interested.

Unfortunately I'm already maintaining Breadbowl and the recently-resurrected Bonepillar, so someone else will have to take it up.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **November 02, 2015, 08:45:00 pm**

I'd say get Gojira to edit the OP, but he hasn't been active since July. But what the hell, I'll grab the turn. I probably won't be able to start until tomorrow.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **November 03, 2015, 08:20:35 pm**

Wonderful! Welcome to Icehold: you can swap your stripey jumpsuit for proper clothes and get yourself a shiv from the fungiwood bins.

Don't mind the goblin skeletons and miasma filled staircase, try not to trip over the yeti bones, and for the love of Armok don't stare at the Eye Stabber. You don't want to get her excited.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **November 03, 2015, 09:11:29 pm**

Urkad Gleancloister. That’s what they called me.

Back in the mountainhomes, I was a just a normal weaponsmith. A buisnessdwarf, just doing my best to make a profit. And if a competitor just so happened to find his forge destroyed in the morning, or the merchants bringing him supplies somehow never arrive, or he winds up facedown in the river, then that was just my good luck.

And like any other dwarf, I had friends. And sometimes, my friends would get a little violent. It’s a free country, it’s not my fault if somebody I know robs a caravan or kills a guardsman.

But apparently, some of the higher-ups in the capital disagreed with my philosophy, and after one too many “complimentary demonstrations” of my product, they shipped my husband Medtob and me out here in 252 on some trumped-up charge of public drunkenness.

Everything was fine for a while, even had a kid, named her Lokum. Our other daughter is still in the capital, keeping what remains of the family business from falling apart.

But then Medtob got himself killed in a weremammoth attack in 253, and Lokum got caught up in the Professor’s “experiments.” There wasn’t a thing I could do about it either—I’ve had no look establishing any sort of power base here.

But speaking of the Professor and power bases...

He came into my room today, hollering about another experiment. Mostly sciencey stuff I didn’t quite understand, but the cut-and-dry of it is, he wants to see what happens when someone else takes over the fort, and by some kind of logic he picked me.

I don’t really care about his reasons, but being in charge suits me just fine.

I’ve got some changes to make around here.

((Do you guys care what tileset I use for screenshots? I usually play in ASCII but I've gotten complaints before that the screenshots are easier to read in a tileset))

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **De** on **November 04, 2015, 07:29:44 pm**

Nice intro Dragoni. Good luck!

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **November 04, 2015, 10:01:31 pm**

Quote from: DDDragoni on November 03, 2015, 09:11:29 pm
((Do you guys care what tileset I use for screenshots? I usually play in ASCII but I've gotten complaints before that the screenshots are easier to read in a tileset))
I don't mind. Up to you

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **November 05, 2015, 09:08:13 pm**

“Alright everybody, listen up!”

Urkad stood in front of the assembled scum and villainy of Icehold, her steely-eyed yet congenial gaze sweeping the crowd.

“Now then—some of you may know me. For those who don’t, suffice to say I’m just a legitimate buisnessdwarf trying to make a living. But enough about me, I’ve got a few... suggestions about how this frozen hellhole should be handled. You don’t have to listen to them, but if you don’t, my friend here might get unhappy.” She gestured to her right, where Albel Wheelspure stood.

Ablel, only recently having passed the threshold of adulthood, wasn’t the most imposing dwarf—but the newly forged silver mace he held certainly was. He hadn’t been Urvad’s first choice, but the young dwarf was one of the very few in Icehold that she could trust not to stab her in the back.

The assembled dwarves murmured slightly, then shrugged at one another. Most of them had worked with this kind of boss before Icehold, and besides, what was one more egocentric, criminally insane Overseer?

“Now, this fort is in a sorry state. We’ve got goblins above, a forgotten beast below, and nothing’s been getting done because everyone’s too busy throwing out garbage. Well that changes today.

“I suggest anything valuable taken be taken off the roof. Leave the rest there. You-” she pointed at a dwarf holding a crossbow, who unbeknownst to her was Neblime Fishportals, former poacher, “should up there and see if you can take out a couple of the greenskins. They need to learn some respect.”

“My quarters aren’t exactly up to snuff either. I’d like them expanded and engraved.

“And somebody get those dogs out of the well. Their yappin’s driving me nuts.”

These goblins may be a bigger problem than I anticipated. The second a weaver stepped outside, they filled him full `a holes.

He wasn’t the only one who got hit, either. The Professor, the Poisoner, and that one guy won’t shut up about Vesh took a couple bolts each, but nothing serious.

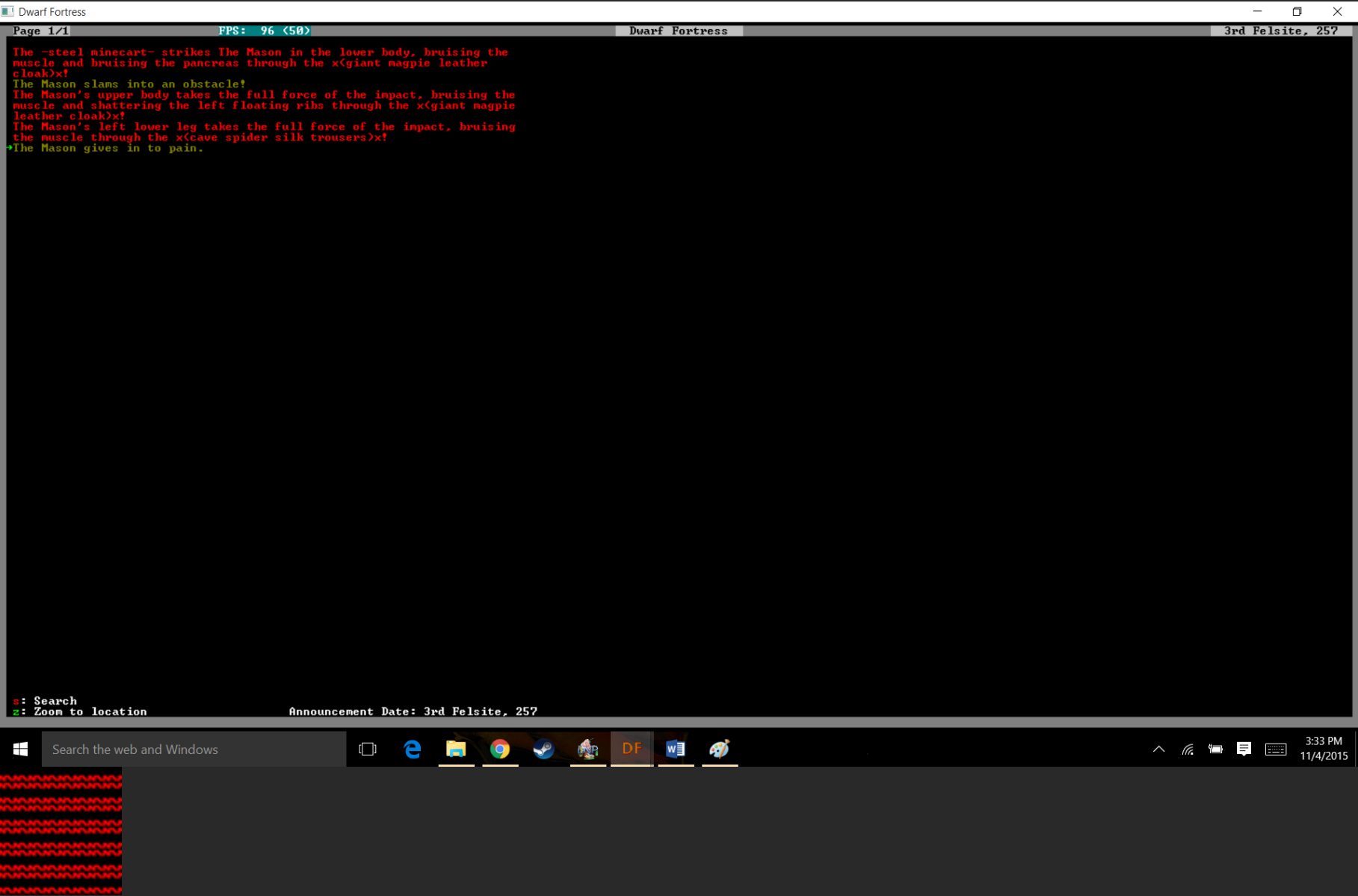
The poacher went out to give `em what for, and they shot him right in the tongue.

The flying <<silver bolt>> strikes The Poacher in the tongue, tearing apart the left cheek’s skin through the x<pig tail fiber cloak>x!

At that point, I think the cheeky little bastards were just showing off. I swear I could hear `em laughin’ from my room.

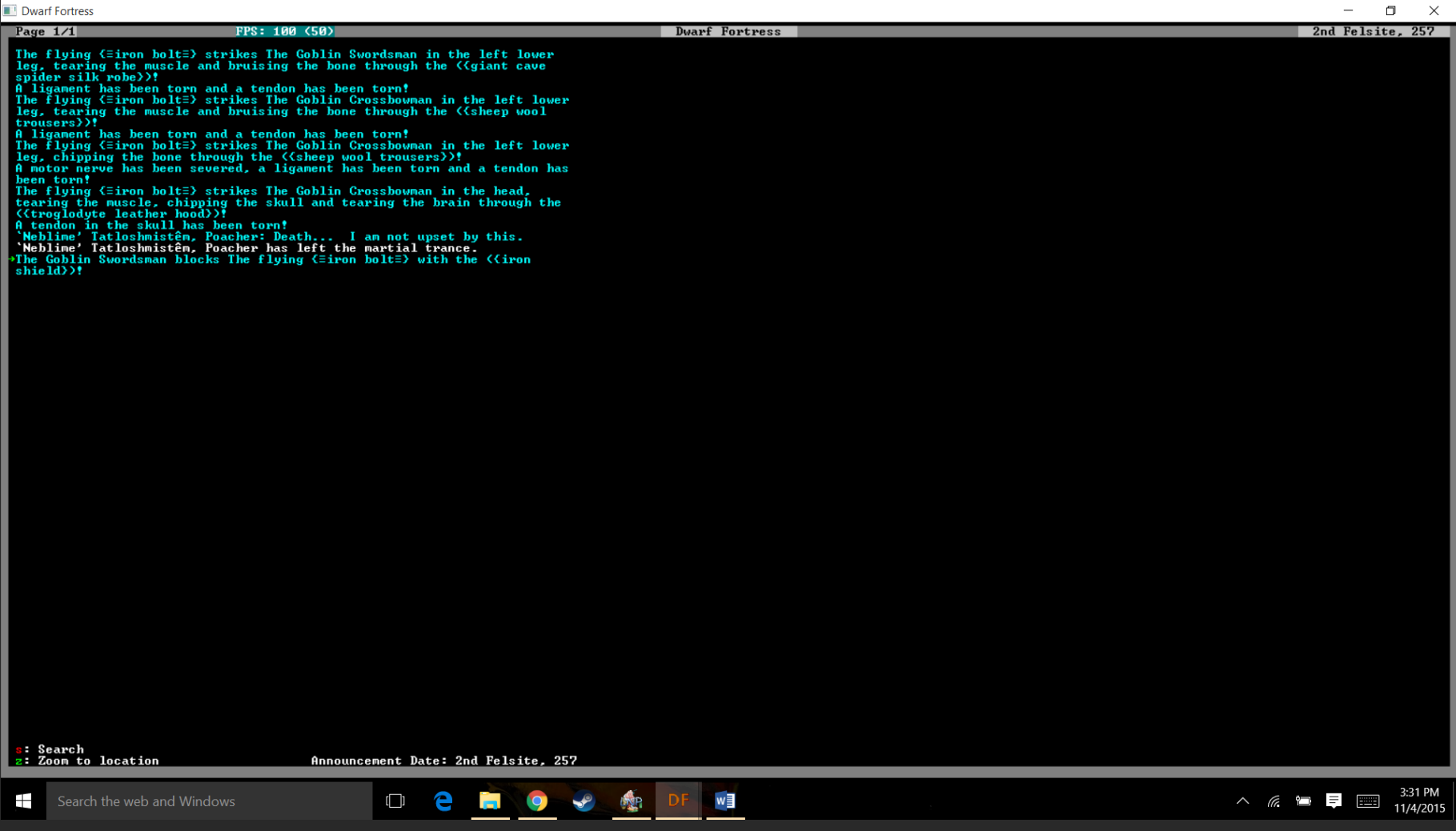
I heard a group of dwarves cracking jokes about me in the dining hall today. The most vocal ones were a miner and a mason. It might be time to arrange a couple of accidents...

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Some dwarves say respect is a hard thing to come by. Those dwarves are stupid. All it takes to get some respect is a misplaced minecart or a weakened floor above the magma sea.

The Poacher’s earning some respect of his own. He went topside again and put a bolt straight through the head of the goblin that took out his tongue. After that he unloaded his crossbow into another goblin until it stopped twitching, then he came back down for a drink. [Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



“So tell me, what are the two biggest threats to our little community?”

Urkad had gathered several of Icehold’s most influential dwarves for this meeting. Sitting at tables in the back of the dining hall were Honeymoon, Quasar, Deus, Neblime, Black Pat, and Mistem. Ablel was, as always, standing at Urkad’s shoulder.

Honeymoon was the first to speak. “Besides each other? The goblins outside and that giant worm down below.”

Urkad smiled. “Right on the money, Queen Bee.”

“It’s not a threat, it’s a specimen!” Quasar cut in.

“Call it whatever you want, Professor, the point is, it’s a problem to us. And so are the goblins. Now, I may be just a buisnessdwarf, but If I’ve learned one thing from life, it’s that if you have multiple problems, sometimes they’ll solve each other.”

“So what you’re saying is,” said Deus, “We set the forgotten beast on the goblins?”

Urkad smiled at the guard captain.

“A chance to see the beast on the prowl, at no risk to us—how could I pass up an experiment like that?” Quasar said.

Neblime tried to raise an objection—the risk was actually quite high—but it proved to be rather difficult without a tongue.

“Then it’s settled.” Urkad stood up. “Someone tell the miners—we’re gonna need a lot of digging done.”

Summer has Arrived.

I think I may have set the record for fastest dwarf loss in a succession fort- the weaver bit it approximately 2 seconds after I unpaused.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **November 05, 2015, 10:00:17 pm**

Quote
He came into my room today, hollering about another experiment. Mostly sciencey stuff I didn’t quite understand, but the cut-and-dry of it is, he wants to see what happens when someone else takes over the fort, and by some kind of logic he picked me.

Experiment 10: Study of the effect of Absolute Power on the dwarven psyche.
A well-known Elven proverb claims that "Power corrupts. Absolute Power Corrupts Absolutely." However, the criminal simpletons of Icehold are undoubtedly corrupt already, so the effects of absolute power on them are unknown and may be interesting to observe.
Test Subject: Dwarven female, adult, self-identifies as "Urvad Gleamcloister (public drunkenness)".
Test Duration: 1 (one) Dwarven year.
Procedure: Subject will be made to believe she wields the power of overseer. To ensure the fidelity of the test, all other minons must defer to the subject on all matters pertaining to the overseership of the fortress.
Hypothesis: Subject will exhibit either an increase in general psychological corruption, likely manifesting as one of the many forms of power madness, or subject's mental corruption will be reversed by prolonged exposure to absolute power and they will exhibit uncharacteristic kindness and empathy.
Results: T.B.A.

Quote
“So what you’re saying is,” said Deus, “We set the forgotten beast on the goblins?”
Urkad smiled at the guard captain.
“A chance to see the beast on the prowl, at no risk to us—how could I pass up an experiment like that?” Quasar said.

Experiment 8c: Observational Study of Forgotten Beast hunting behavior.
Test Subject: 1x goblin siege, consisting of multiple subjects (expendable), varying age and gender.
Procedure: "Kor the Deep Holes" will be provided a path to the surface, where the siege currently makes camp. Visual analysis of the effects of syndrome exposure will be vital during this period.
Hypothesis: The creature will engage in hunting behaviour, to the general detriment of the test subjects.
Results: T.B.A.

OOC: One season in and already 3 dwarves are dead, 3 former overseers are injured (one of whom is now permanently mute), and plans

are brewing to weaponise a forgotten beast.

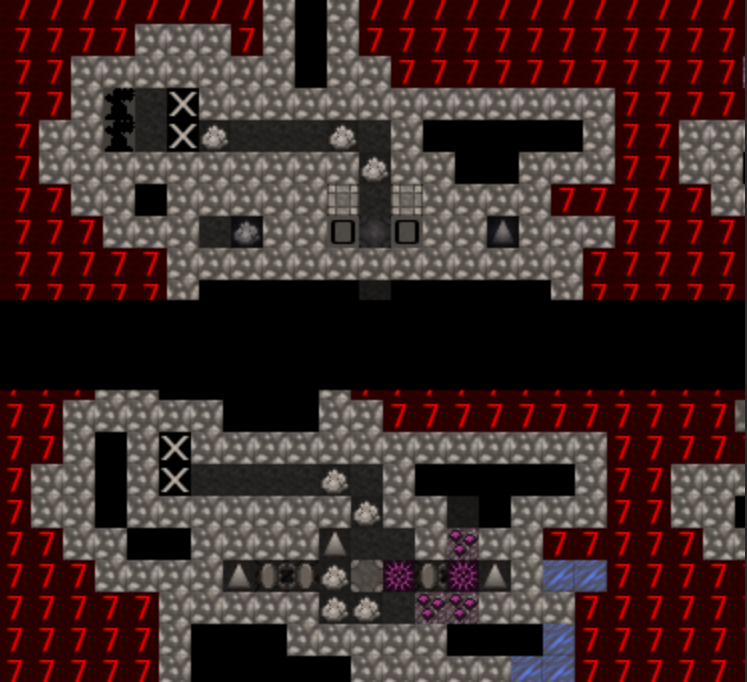
I approve!

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **De** on **November 05, 2015, 10:25:02 pm**

Excellent! Icehold is a place for testing the limits. That was a very nice write up too. I like it when new overseers go out of their way to incorporate characters from previous turns.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **November 05, 2015, 10:49:44 pm**

Oh, that reminds me. I never actually got to use this!



This is a device to heat up a test subject *slowly* without killing it by exposing it to magma directly.

What's supposed to happen is this:

- * the two outermost squares on the lower level (the ramps) are filled with 7 units of magma each, blocked by the raising bridges beside them.
- * the Test Subject is stationed on top of the single-tile raising bridge in the middle, locked in with a forbidden door.
- * the lower-level bridges are released, and magma floods into the central chamber. Since there is only 14 units of it, it covers every tile with exactly 1 unit.
- * The central bridge is lowered, dropping the test subject one z-level. The magma surrounding the central tile, being only 1 unit deep, doesn't move.
- * the test subject then gradually heats up from exposure to the surrounding 9 tiles of 1-deep magma.

I had hoped to burn off some of the test subject's fat without actually killing it, but I have no idea if it would have actually worked or if temperature dissipation even works that way in DF.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **November 05, 2015, 10:59:29 pm**

By that design, the subject would be standing in 1/7 magma, yes? I believe that would be fatal. That's actually how the mason from my "accidents" died- after the minecart hit him, he stumbled into the 1/7 magma that it spilled and burned to death.

Oh, and I got the Place finished and sealed, with Onul and the kids inside. Ironically enough Quasar almost got sealed in too but I was able to get him out in time.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **November 05, 2015, 11:32:36 pm**

Quote
By that design, the subject would be standing in 1/7 magma, yes? I believe that would be fatal.

Actually no. The raising bridge is supposed to act as a wall, keeping the magma out of the center tile while all the other tiles fill with 1 unit of magma. Then it is lowered, and the child standing on top of it falls onto the empty tile.

Quote
Oh, and I got the Place finished and sealed, with Onul and the kids inside.

Oh excellent! Get her to make a few pots and take up growing and brewing, and the Place should be indefinitely sustainable.

Quote
Ironically enough Quasar almost got sealed in too but I was able to get him out in time.

Heh, it's not the first time either. Quasar was very nearly sealed into the flooded corridor and drowned when the flooding incident happened.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **De** on **November 06, 2015, 01:24:01 am**

I think Quasar has a death wish/ a thing for Onul.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **November 06, 2015, 01:32:38 am**

Who built this minecart track? This thing is a deathtrap! and more importantly, HOW DO I TURN IT OFF URKAD NEEDS TO STOP CAUSING "ACCIDENTS"

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **November 06, 2015, 02:00:59 am**

Quote from: DDDragoni on November 06, 2015, 01:32:38 am
Who built this minecart track? This thing os a deathtrap? and more imoportantly, HOW DO I TURN IT OFF URKAD NEEDS TO STOP CAUSING "ACCIDENTS"

Well, it WAS designed by a toddler.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **November 06, 2015, 02:12:59 am**

Can we take a moment to appreciate the fact that neither the fortress name nor the werebeast type ate innacurately presented in the thread text?

"Icehold, weremammoths... thats very popular with the kids, Jim. We should capitalize on that and lure people to a crappy rip-off to cash in on that. Any ideas?

-Dunno, Ice... Station... Werezebra?

-Brilliant, get me the Sharknado guy on this!"

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **November 06, 2015, 02:38:22 am**

Quote from: DDDragoni on November 06, 2015, 01:32:38 am
Who built this minecart track? This thing is a deathtrap! and more importantly, HOW DO I TURN IT OFF

You can't. It is immortal.

I actually tried to get it working again: figured filling the moat with magma would be a perfectly reasonable course of action in no way likely to backfire on future overseers. But I couldn't figure the damn thing out, so I pulled every lever in the vicinity of the thing (always a sensible course of action when stymied in a community game). All this succeeded in doing was flooding the lower track with magma.

Then I tried to build a trackstop manually, got a few dwarves mildly injured, and obsidianised several tiles in the upper half of the track.

Then I dug those out and told the dwarves to rebuild the track with orthoclase. This was late autumn. I'm guessing they've finally gotten around to it, which is why they're going over there now and having "accidents".

Quote
URKAD NEEDS TO STOP CAUSING "ACCIDENTS"

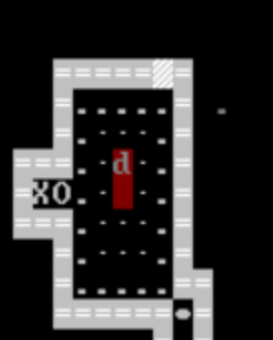
Y'know, single-handedly halving the population of icehold by means of "accidents" would make for a pretty entertaining and memorable turn. I fully support this new narrative direction!

But you can probably reduce them simply by making sure the dwarves don't have anything to do over there. Forbid everything and cancel any track constructions.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **November 08, 2015, 03:57:35 am**

Icehold, Summer of 257

Urkad watched as the war dog was flung into the air, landing squarely on top of the single pillar in the room. Far below, the monstrous ribbon worm Kor Fataldust the Deep Holes roared, angered at the loss of its toy.



“I’m sorry, Urka- *ahem* Overseer, but with the way the tunnels are arranged, there’s no way to get that thing to the surface without letting it into Icehold.”

Udil Floorskinned, Miner, gestured to the dog on top of the pillar—or most of it, anyway. Three of it’s legs and half of its lower body were still in the chamber with Kor

“And you can see why that’s a bad idea.”

Urkad frowned. “Normally, I’d take offense to someone saying I had a bad idea, but luckily for you, I’m in a good mood right now.”

She was blissful after sleeping in a bedroom like a personal palace.

“You got lucky today. But in the future, show some respect.”

One of those ‘crops was causin’ some trouble down in the caverns, so I sent the boys to take care of it. The Grave Robber didn’t mess around.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Cave Crocodile attacks The Weaver but She jumps away!
The Cave Crocodile stands up.
The Cave Crocodile strikes at The Grave Robber but the shot is blocked!
The Grave Robber bashes The Cave Crocodile in the right rear leg with his <-«silver morningstar»->, fracturing the bone!
A tendon has been torn!
The Cave Crocodile gives in to pain.
The Cave Crocodile falls over.
The Grave Robber bashes The Cave Crocodile in the head with his <-«silver morningstar»->, tearing the muscle, chipping the skull and bruising the brain!
A tendon in the skull has been torn!

I’ve also noticed that a lot of the workshops are getting rather cluttered, including my personal forge. This won’t do. I’ve asked the miners

to expand our storerooms. Maybe this'll help with the smell coming from the butcher's shop, too.

One other thing's been bothering me—the human trade caravan is scheduled to come through here this summer, but it won't be able to get through the greenskins outside. Trade is very important to me- I am a legitimate buisnessdwarf after all.

I'm gonna have to make those greenskins an offer they can't refuse.

Urkad walked up the stairs towards the surface, shielding her eyes as the sunlight began to permeate through the ice. When she reached the top floor, careful to stay behind the fortifications, she called out to the goblins out on the icy plain.

"Hey, greenskins! I know you can hear me out there."

A pair of goblins looked up from their squabble at the sound of the voice.

"You've been out there for a few months now, and I've been letting it slide, 'cause it hasn't really been a big deal."

"But now I'm going to have to ask you to leave."

Urkad listened for a moment, but the only response to her words was the sound of a silver bolt clattering off the fortifications.

"That's about what I expected. Let me show you something that might just change your minds."

The exterior door slammed open, and two large objects were tossed out of the door.

Squinting, one of the goblins could see that they were horribly mangled corpses.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

The -steel minecart- strikes The Engraver in the left upper leg and the injured part is smashed into the body, an unrecognizable mass!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
The Engraver gives in to pain.
The Engraver slams into an obstacle!
The Engraver regains consciousness.
The Engraver gives in to pain.
The Engraver regains consciousness.
The Engraver gives in to pain.
The -steel minecart- strikes The Engraver in the left lower arm and the injured part is crushed!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
The Engraver slams into an obstacle!
The -steel minecart- strikes The Engraver in the left lower leg and the injured part explodes into gore!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
The Engraver slams into an obstacle!
The Engraver's left upper arm takes the full force of the impact and the part splits in gore!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
The Engraver regains consciousness.
The Engraver gives in to pain.
The -steel minecart- strikes The Engraver in the upper body, bruising the muscle and bruising the right lung through the <giraffe leather cloak>!
The Engraver slams into an obstacle!
The Engraver's right upper leg takes the full force of the impact, bruising the muscle through the <giraffe leather cloak>!
The Engraver's head takes the full force of the impact, bruising the muscle and bruising the skull through the <alpaca wool hood>!
The -steel minecart- strikes The Engraver in the left foot and the injured part is crushed!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
The Engraver slams into an obstacle!
The Engraver's left upper leg takes the full force of the impact, bruising the muscle through the <giraffe leather cloak>!
The Engraver's right lower leg takes the full force of the impact, bruising the muscle through the <cave spider silk trousers>!
The Engraver's left hand takes the full force of the impact and the part splits in gore!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
The Engraver regains consciousness.
The Engraver gives in to pain.
The Engraver regains consciousness.
The Engraver gives in to pain.
The Engraver regains consciousness.
The Engraver gives in to pain.
The -steel minecart- strikes The Engraver in the lower body, bruising the muscle and bruising the spleen through the <giraffe leather cloak>!
The Engraver slams into an obstacle!
The Engraver's right lower arm takes the full force of the impact and the part splits in gore!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
The Engraver's upper body takes the full force of the impact, bruising the muscle and bruising the right lung through the <giraffe leather cloak>!
The -steel minecart- strikes The Engraver in the right upper leg and the injured part is crushed!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
The Engraver slams into an obstacle!
The Engraver's left cheek takes the full force of the impact, bruising the skin through the <giraffe leather cloak>!
The Engraver's neck takes the full force of the impact and the part is smashed into the body, an unrecognizable mass!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
The Engraver's lower body takes the full force of the impact, bruising the muscle and bruising the guts through the <giraffe leather cloak>!
The Engraver's left upper leg takes the full force of the impact, bruising the muscle through the <giraffe leather cloak>!
The -steel minecart- strikes The Engraver in the upper body, bruising the muscle and bruising the liver through the <giraffe leather cloak>!
The Engraver regains consciousness.
The Engraver slams into an obstacle!
The Engraver's neck takes the full force of the impact and the part is smashed into the body, an unrecognizable mass!
An artery has been opened by the attack!

The -steel minecart- strikes The Arsonist in the upper body, bruising the muscle and bruising the right lung through the <sheep wool cloak>!
The Arsonist slams into an obstacle!
The Arsonist’s upper body takes the full force of the impact, bruising the muscle and shattering the left false ribs through the <sheep wool cloak>!
The Arsonist’s right lower arm takes the full force of the impact, bruising the bone through the <sheep wool cloak>!
The Arsonist gives in to pain.
The -steel minecart- strikes The Arsonist in the left lower leg and the injured part explodes into gore!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
The Arsonist slams into an obstacle!
The Arsonist’s upper body takes the full force of the impact, bruising the muscle and bruising the left lung through the <sheep wool cloak>!
The Arsonist’s right cheek takes the full force of the impact and the part splits in gore!
The Arsonist’s right lower arm takes the full force of the impact and the part splits in gore!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
The Arsonist regains consciousness.
The Arsonist gives in to pain.
The Arsonist regains consciousness.
The Arsonist gives in to pain.
The -steel minecart- strikes The Arsonist in the right lower leg and the injured part explodes into gore!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
The Arsonist slams into an obstacle!
The Arsonist’s lower body takes the full force of the impact and the part splits in gore!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
The Arsonist’s right lower leg takes the full force of the impact, bruising the bone through the <troll fur robe>!
The Arsonist’s right upper leg takes the full force of the impact, bruising the bone through the <sheep wool cloak>!
The Arsonist’s left lower arm takes the full force of the impact and the part splits in gore!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
The Arsonist’s right upper arm takes the full force of the impact and the part is smashed into the body, an unrecognizable mass!
An artery has been opened by the attack!

“This Engraver here carved images that I disagreed with in my chambers, and his friend the Arsonist made the mistake of arguing with me. That kind of disrespect makes me rather annoyed. So I want you all out there to ask yourselves a little question. If this is what happens to people who annoy me...”

“What do you think happens to somebody that makes me mad?”

“And a bunch of greenskins hanging around my fort, killing my dwarves and stopping my trade, a buinesssdwarf might just get mad.”

“I’ll leave you all to consider that for a while.”

Urvad turned and walked back down into Icehold.

The greenskins have left, just in time for the human caravan to arrive. Unfortunately, their wagons weren’t able to make it in, so that limits my options somewhat—but every connection has a few setbacks.

Icehold’s food supply isn’t the most varied, so I had the humans give us all the food they had, along with some iron goods and a guineahen.

The trade isn’t the only good thing that happened today—thanks to a few “suggestions,” the Spiderkiller found himself out of a job, and my Enforcer is the prison’s new mayor.

The position’s meaningless, of course. I’m the real power here, but having some kind of official to satisfy the bureaucrats of the world is always nice, especially when they’re in my control.

I have, however, encountered a problem with the Professor. It appears that the prison’s war dogs have taken a liking to him- all 42 of them. Sometimes he can’t move, there’s so many dogs. I’m having the dogs spread around to some of my more loyal dwarves—nothing like a pair of bloodthirsty war dogs to inspire a bit of respect.

Icehold was full of monsters. Murderers, psychopaths, mad scientists, and honey extorters roamed beneath the ice, imprisoned away from civilized society.

However, out on the tundra, an even worse monster lurked, its scaly hide blending in to the bloodstained ice, following the scent of flesh on the icy wind.

It hid, and watched as the human traders emerged from the icy stronghold. There were too few of them to provide a proper feast, and they were too far away for it to catch them before the full moon ended.

However, the humans’ exit had still provided the beast with something- an opening. It darted forward across the ice, from dark patch to dark patch, trying to remain unseen as long as possible.

By the time the cry went up, it was far too late.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The Weremonitor charged forward, a guttural screech echoing from its jaws. It was time to feed.

The creature sprinted across the tundra, covering the distance to the bridge in seconds, long before anyone inside could reach a lever.

DeMarco Claspblazed, who had been outside Icehold gathering usable ammunition, wisely fled from the beast, escaping its notice as he ran into the snow.

As the creature charged up the stairs, it was greeted by a single figure gripping a bronze spear- Stakud Whipdangles, Eye Stabber. The creature struck at the speardwarf, but he danced to the side and stuck his spear, Stonthetust, into the beast’s arm, where it stuck fast.

The creature howled in pain before striking at Stakud again, to no greater effect.

A battle cry rose from the stairwell as another dwarf leaped onto the fray—Uvash Hallknights, Mace Lord—and a horrific snap was heard as his silver mace smashed the creature’s leg bone.

The beast howled once again as it fell, and Uvash readied his mace for the killing blow—but as he brought it down, the monstrous monitor rolled to the side, receiving only a glancing blow to the neck.

The beast was soon lost in a flurry of stabbing spears, mashing maces, and devilish dogs as the rest of the Icehold military attacked the creature. Soon the roof was still and silent, except for Bembul Laboredwrung, Grave Robber’s swearing as he attempted to free his mace from the creature’s skull.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

The Weremonitor misses The Eye Stabber!
The Eye Stabber stabs The Weremonitor in the left upper arm with her Stonthetust, tearing the muscle!
The Stonthetust has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Weremonitor misses The Eye Stabber!
The Mace Lord bashes The Weremonitor in the right lower leg with his -silver mace-, fracturing the bone!
The Weremonitor falls over.
The Eye Stabber pulls on the embedded Stonthetust.
The Eye Stabber stabs The Weremonitor in the upper body with her Stonthetust, tearing the muscle and shattering the right false ribs!
A tendon in the right false ribs has been torn!
The Weremonitor strikes at The Mace Lord but the shot is blocked with the <iron shield>!
The Mace Lord attacks The Weremonitor but It rolls away!
Ngerxung Stasozsnamoz, Weremonitor: I’ve been injured badly. This leaves me so shaken.
The Mace Lord bashes The Weremonitor in the neck with his -silver mace-, bruising the fat!
The Weremonitor strikes at The Mace Lord but the shot is blocked with the <iron shield>!
The Eye Stabber stabs The Weremonitor in the upper body with her Stonthetust, tearing the muscle and tearing the middle spine’s nervous tissue!
A tendon in the middle spine has been torn!
The Stonthetust has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Mace Lord misses The Weremonitor!
The Stray war Dog misses The Weremonitor!
The Weremonitor misses The Eye Stabber!
The Eye Stabber pulls on the embedded Stonthetust.
The Stray war Dog misses The Weremonitor!
The Weremonitor bites The Mace Lord in the left lower leg, but the attack is deflected by The Mace Lord’s ≡steel high boot≡!
The Mace Lord misses The Weremonitor!
The militia commander bashes The Weremonitor in the left upper leg with her Tetóthotin, fracturing the bone!
The Eye Stabber stabs The Weremonitor in the left hand with her Stonthetust, fracturing the bone!
An artery has been opened by the attack, a motor nerve has been severed, a ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Stray war Dog bites The Weremonitor in the right hand, denting the scale and bruising the muscle!
The Stray war Dog latches on firmly!
The Grave Robber bashes The Weremonitor in the right upper leg with his <-«silver morningstar»->, tearing the muscle and bruising the bone!
A tendon has been torn!
The Weremonitor strikes at The Eye Stabber but the shot is blocked!
Ngerxung Stasozsnamoz, Weremonitor: Death... This is truly horrifying.
The Mace Lord bashes The Weremonitor in the neck with his -silver mace-, bruising the fat!
The Eye Stabber bashes The Weremonitor in the tail with the shaft of her Stonthetust, bruising the bone!
The Weremonitor breaks the grip of The Stray war Dog’s teeth on The Weremonitor’s right hand.
The Grave Robber bashes The Weremonitor in the head with his <-«silver morningstar»->, tearing the muscle, chipping the skull and bruising the brain!
A tendon in the skull has been torn!
The <-«silver morningstar»-> has lodged firmly in the wound!

Autumn has arrived on the calendar.

guuuUUUUUHHH. Sorry for the long wait, everybody—I got hit with a serious case of writer’s block about halfway through this thing. I’ll try and do autumn and winter together to keep the wait down. I should be done playing by tomorrow, but I’m not gonna jinx myself by promising a write-up.

As always, let me know if you have any comments, suggestions, nitpicks, ~~tributes~~, and I will see you at the end of winter!

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**

Post by: **QuQuasar** on **November 08, 2015, 04:55:53 pm**

Quote from: DDDragoni on November 08, 2015, 03:57:35 am

Urkad watched as the war dog was flung into the air, landing squarely on top of the single pillar in the room. Far below, the monstrous ribbon worm Kor Fataldust the Deep Holes roared, angered at the loss of its toy.

Ah! Urkad is displaying a newfound interest in science and performing experiments of her own! Clearly my unparalleled scientific brilliance has rubbed off on the dwarves of Icehold.

Although it's a shame all of the high-quality test subjects are currently a part of the isolation test. We would have gained far more data from a sentient test subject.

Quote

I have, however, encountered a problem with the Professor. It appears that the prison’s war dogs have taken a liking to him- all 42 of them. Sometimes he can’t move, there’s so many dogs.

Experiment 11: Preliminary testing of prototype canine-powered dwarven locomotion method

Abstract: It is known to science that a large quantity of solid particles will behave in some ways more reminiscent of a flowing liquid than a collection of solids. Combining this knowledge with the well known dog-attracting properties of cooked meat, and the sheer quantities of both dogs and meat in Icehold, and it should be possible to exploit this behavior to ride, and possibly even steer, a fluid wave of dogs to ones destination.

Testing Apparatus: x42 war dogs (varying sizes), 1x wooden bed, 27x cooked yeti meat.
Hypothesis: I will stand aboard the bed and sail into the dining room aboard a sea of dogs, to the astonished cheering and applause of Icehold's denizens.
Results: Buried in dogs. Had to be rescued. Testing discontinued.

Note to self: Never speak of this again.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**

Post by: **DDDragoni** on **November 08, 2015, 10:29:24 pm**

Question- I currently have the opportunity to select a Baron for Icehold. Should I turn down the offer because of the whole prison thing or accept it and work it into the story?

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**

Post by: **QuQuasar** on **November 08, 2015, 10:48:38 pm**

Quote from: DDDragoni on November 08, 2015, 10:29:24 pm

Question- I currently have the opportunity to select a Baron for Icehold. Should I turn down the offer because of the whole prison thing or accept it and work it into the story?

I'd turn it down, but that's only because I can't think of a way to work it into the story. We've already had one baron impersonator.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**

Post by: **DDDragoni** on **November 09, 2015, 12:09:00 am**

Quote from: QuQuasar on November 08, 2015, 10:48:38 pm

Quote from: DDDragoni on November 08, 2015, 10:29:24 pm

Question- I currently have the opportunity to select a Baron for Icehold. Should I turn down the offer because of the whole prison thing or accept it and work it into the story?

I'd turn it down, but that's only because I can't think of a way to work it into the story. We've already had one baron impersonator.

Excellent point. Barony denied. And besides, even if we change our minds, we can always redo it next year.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**

Post by: **De** on **November 09, 2015, 01:22:28 am**

The only explanation I can come up with is the incredibly corrupt King appointing someone to be his flunky inside Icehold. "Baron" is a term with implications and the King seems like a right bastard, what with sending all those kids to be political hostages.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **November 09, 2015, 09:02:47 am**

The baron could be a chief warden kind of thing, but we don't really have any wardens to begin with.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**

Post by: **uber pye** on **November 10, 2015, 08:45:09 pm**

Quote from: Taupe on November 06, 2015, 02:00:59 am

Quote from: DDDragoni on November 06, 2015, 01:32:38 am

Who built this minecart track? This thing os a deathtrap? and more imoportantly, HOW DO I TURN IT OFF URKAD NEEDS TO STOP CAUSING "ACCIDENTS"

Well, it WAS designed by a toddler.

oh god i thought this game was dead, this is the best thing to come back to

Edit: by the way, am i dead yet or am i impr- kept safe in the Place?
if you need to turn off my minecart thingy there should be some marked lever..

somewhere...

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**

Post by: **Shofet** on **November 11, 2015, 08:05:07 pm**

No one thought about the.organized crime angle? Or the prison gang angle? I mean both are organizations with usually one boss, or kingpin. Capo.

And am I still alive?

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **November 12, 2015, 12:20:14 am**

Quote from: uber pye on November 10, 2015, 08:45:09 pm
Edit: by the way, am i dead yet or am i impr- kept safe in the Place?

Better than that! You're alive, safe, *and* a skilled swimmer from the month-and-a-half you spent treading water in a small dark room! You can thank the Professor for that proficiency.

Don't worry, I'm sure the psychological scarring will fade. Y'know, eventually. Probably.

Quote from: Shofet on November 11, 2015, 08:05:07 pm
And am I still alive?

Shofet, Cannibal, last seen making a name for himself (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6567145#msg6567145>) jumping off bridges onto goblins.

I'd have mentioned it if you died, and you haven't shown up in DDDragoni's combat logs, so I assume you're fine.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **November 12, 2015, 06:32:15 pm**

Sorry for the delay! IRL stuff kinda got in the way, but I was able to finish.
Here's the save, (<http://dff.d.bay12games.com/file.php?id=11273>) if whoever's next wants to get started.
I'll have a write-up in the next couple days if all goes well.

Quote from: Shofet on November 11, 2015, 08:05:07 pm
No one thought about the organized crime angle? Or the prison gang angle? I mean both are organizations with usually one boss, or kingpin. Capo.
And am I still alive?

Urkad is supposed to be a cliché mobster, Al Capone type character. Honeymoon was similar, if I remember correctly. If you're referring to the entire fort, it wouldn't work because there's too many varying personalities established by other Overseers.

And yes, you are alive at the end of my turn. You actually did something (kinda) significant too, but you'll have to wait for the report for that.

Quote from: uber pye on November 10, 2015, 08:45:09 pm
Edit: by the way, am i dead yet or am i impr- kept safe in the Place?
if you need to turn off my minecart thingy there should be some marked lever...

pyer, the_best is safe in The Place. and I was able to find the lever, but then there was the problem of a dwarf constantly resetting the cart, pushing it into the door, resetting the cart, repeat. I just kinda let that be because I didn't know what to do about it.
A bit off topic, but was the underscore in your profession stylistic, or did you not know you can have spaces in them?

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **uber pye** on **November 12, 2015, 07:10:24 pm**

Quote from: DDDragoni on November 12, 2015, 06:32:15 pm
snip
pyer, the_best is safe in The Place. and I was able to find the lever, but then there was the problem of a dwarf constantly resetting the cart, pushing it into the door, resetting the cart, repeat. I just kinda let that be because I didn't know what to do about it.
A bit off topic, but was the underscore in your profession stylistic, or did you not know you can have spaces in them?

its_a_stylistic_choice,_underscores_are_cool. 8)

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **November 12, 2015, 07:40:21 pm**

Quote
Urkad is supposed to be a cliché mobster, Al Capone type character. Honeymoon was similar, if I remember correctly. If you're referring to the entire fort, it wouldn't work because there's too many varying personalities established by other Overseers.

Possible solutions to the Baron plot hole, now that I’ve had time to consider it:

- Due to a bookkeeping error in the mountainhome, Icehold is accidentally declared a barony. The monarch can’t reverse a noble title without setting a dangerous precedent.
 - Just about anyone could be promoted to Baron in this scenario, since the title is merely a formality.
 - Onul killed a Baron. I’m pretty sure that makes her a baron herself now. That’s how nobility works, right?
- Somebody declares themselves head honcho by offing anyone who challenges them. We simply rename their profession from “Baron” to something more appropriate, like “Boss” or “Don”.
 - You’d preferably want pick someone with a bit of blood on their hands for this one. One of the militia dwarves, maybe.
 - Alternatively, if you can do it without setting off a loyalty cascade, maybe get a few of the more obscure dwarves to fight to the death for the position.
- Someone impresses the criminal masses of Icehold enough to be recognised as leader.
 - Udib the (ex?) mayor is pretty well regarded. Oddob the poisoner is in charge of the booze, so he’d be pretty popular too.
- Somebody goes nuts and starts impersonating a noble. The other criminals tolerate them because you don’t mess with the crazy person.
 - Deduk already did it before it was cool, though.

Quote from: uber pye on November 12, 2015, 07:10:24 pm
its_a_stylistic_choice,_underscores_are_cool. 8)



Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Shofet** on **November 14, 2015, 12:43:53 pm**

I like the idea that there are multiple gangs or factions in Icehold, of varying size and motive. The storyline with Onul really plays well with that.

In fact if I could vote I'd say Onul should be the Boss. Shes respected and feared, murdered the former Boss, organized her own group to carry out a mission, and is a military badass. I think she wins because no one else would want to get in her way.

Now days she kinda sits back and relax's a little, maybe only getting involved when somethings important to her. She lets everyone have pretty much free reign, so long as no one upsets her.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **De** on **November 14, 2015, 07:42:03 pm**

I agree that Onul is super cool and probably respected within the fortress, but isn't she also locked away in the safe area watching over the children? I'd nominate Honeymoon but she definitely seems like somebody more comfortable in a "number two" position. Too dangerous at the top for the likes of her.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **November 15, 2015, 02:00:12 am**

Status update- I'm about halfway done with the write-up and it's been coming along smoothly now that I have time to work on it.

Urkad needs a nickname for Black Pat, but for the life of me, I can't think of a suitable one. Any suggestions?

Also, while reading through the old reports to try and pinpoint characters I realized that DeMarco was actually my dwarf that I had completely forgotten about before I started this turn... Well, too late to do much about that now.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **De** on **November 15, 2015, 01:23:46 pm**

Quote from: DDDragoni on November 15, 2015, 02:00:12 am

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Like a personal nickname? Like Patty?

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **November 15, 2015, 02:53:14 pm**

Quote from: De on November 15, 2015, 01:23:46 pm

Quote from: DDDragoni on November 15, 2015, 02:00:12 am

Status update- I'm about halfway done with the write-up and it's been coming along smoothly now that I have time to work on it.

Urkad needs a nickname for Black Pat, but for the life of me, I can't think of a suitable one. Any suggestions?

Also, while reading through the old reports to try and pinpoint characters I realized that DeMarco was actually my dwarf that I had completely forgotten about before I started this turn... Well, too late to do much about that now.

Like a personal nickname? Like Patty?

Urkad doesn't use names except for her immediate family, always referring to others by titles, like "Cannibal" or "Queen Bee" or "Professor" or "Enforcer," never Shofet or Honeymoon or Quasar or Ablel. She likes others to treat her the same, "Overseer" or "a buisnessdwarf" rather than Urkad.

I've tried to keep that consistent whenever the reports are in first person or when Urkad's talking. Whenever I switch to third person, names are fair game, but I thought it fit Urkad.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **November 16, 2015, 12:20:33 am**

Honeymoon is way too pragmatic and down to earth to become an actual noble...

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **November 16, 2015, 12:43:14 am**

((Warning- this thing is long. Here's a link to the end (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6611221#msg6611221>)))

Out on the frozen wastes, something was moving. Deus squinted, looking out into the snow from Icehold’s top level. He knew he’d seen something, but he couldn’t quite make out-

Deus’s eyes widened.

One level below, the rest of the Icehold militia was assembled, not on duty but still vigilant, eager for a chance to shed blood.

The dwarves looked up as Deus descended the staircase and spoke two words-

“They’re back.”

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Icehold- Autumn and Winter of 257

As Shofet Tradeday, Cannibal, finished telling her the news, Urkad exhaled and shook her head.

“I told those Greenskins to leave us alone, but here they are. Guess they need to learn some respect.”

“How *did* you get them to go away last time, Overseer? Maybe it will work again?”

Urkad chuckled. “It’s not important, Cannibal. What is important is that I’m a buisnessdwarf of my word. Get those gates open, let the boys have their fun. Show those greenskins what happens when I don’t get my respect.”

The Icehold militia didn’t care one iota about how much respect Urkad got from the goblins, nor did any of them know what the word iota meant. They were a collection of the most violent and bloodthirsty maniacs in the history of dwarfkind, and all they cared about was getting the chance to sink their weapons into goblin flesh.

There were, however, two exceptions.

Eral Soldcaves, Head Smasher, stood in the corner of the room, staring at the wall. If the other dwarves had any medical training and weren’t absorbed by the anticipation of the coming slaughter, they’d recognize the symptoms of depression.

Ablel Wheelspure, Urkad’s Enforcer, clutched his silver mace close to his chest as he shivered in the cold. He was only 12 years old, only 8 months an adult, and he was very confused and very scared. He’d wanted to help everyone, so when Urkad offered him a job, he’d accepted without question. But now he was had to hang around these scary dwarves with their smell and their violence and he didn’t want to hurt anyone he didn’t want to be here he wanted to go back inside he was so scared.

But none of that mattered at the moment, as the ice drawbridge lowered and goblin and dwarf charged towards each other across the slippery plain.

[Spoiler: The Battle, long version](#) (click to show/hide)

Stakud Whipdangles, better known as the Eye Stabber, dealt the first blow of the battle, refraining from stabbing eyes and instead kicking a goblin’s spine apart. She followed that up by knocking a second goblin to the ground before using her shield to crush its head. Her spear, Stonethetust, remained in her hand, ready to stab eyes.

On the roof, the Poacher Neblime let loose bolt after bolt, striking down several goblins and wounding a troll.

However, most dwarves don’t have the surety of feet to fight effectively on an icy bridge, as was soon discovered by Udib Citysneak, Spearmaster and former back-alley mugger; Mosus Bodicecomet, militia commander; and Shofet Tradeday, Cannibal, as they lost their footing and tumbled from the bridge. Luckily for them, their armor took the force of the fall and prevented any injury.

Across the moat, a squad of goblins holding crossbows let loose, their copper and silver bolts slicing through the air towards the fort.

Most of the bolts clattered of shields, armor, or ice, but a few found their targets. A pair of war dogs in the middle of mauling a goblin lasher were struck, one nearly torn on half by the barrage and the other wounded in three legs.

Two bolts also stuck Neblime up on the roof, both in the leg, piercing strait to the bone.

The Poacher was never the sturdiest of dwarves, and the pain from the injured was enough to send him tumbling forward off the roof, taking another bolt to the torso as he fell.

Back on the bridge, Bembul Laboredwrung, Grave Robber, dashed behind one of the crossbow-wielding goblins that had come too close to the fighting. With a single mighty swing of his mace, the goblin was sent flying through the air.

A pair of goblin lashers and a swordsgoblin leapt out of the way of their screaming, soaring comrade, before getting tangled in the two whips and falling of the bridge as one. The flying goblin continues on its path, stopping only when it struck the falling Neblime. The goblin feel to the ground, it’s momentum spent (and was quickly finished off by a single stroke from Deus,) but the force of the collision dramatically altered Neblime’s flight path.

Dumed Paintwords, Loose Cannon, was just able to duck out of the way of the tumbling unconscious dwarf as Neblime soared across the bridge, knocking aside a war dog and continuing unabated. He landed on his side, his arm protected from the friction by his cloak, and slid across the smooth ice bridge, over the pools of blood, and through Icehold’s front gate, coming to rest at the feet of the still-unresponsive Eral.

The flying <<copper bolt>> strikes The Poacher in the right upper leg, bruising the muscle through the -yeti leather leggings-!
The flying <<iron bolt>> strikes The Poacher in the right upper leg, chipping the bone through the -yeti leather leggings-!
The Poacher gives in to pain.
The flying <<copper bolt>> strikes The Poacher in the upper body, tearing the skin and bruising the muscle and bruising the left lung through the x<pig tail fiber cloak>x!
The Goblin Crossbowman slams into the Poacher!
The Loose Cannon rolls out of the Poacher’s flight path!
The Poacher’s right upper leg skids along the ground, bruising the muscle through the -yeti leather leggings-!
The war Dog jumps out of the Poacher’s flight path!
The Poacher slams into the war Dog!
The Loose Cannon scrambles out of the Poacher’s flight path!
The war Dog jumps out of the Poacher’s flight path!
The Poacher’s right lower arm skids along the ground, but it is deflected by The Poacher’s x<pig tail fiber cloak>x!
The Poacher slams into an obstacle!
The Poacher regains consciousness.
The Poacher gives in to pain.

...

Udib Citysneak grumbled as he stood, using his adamantine spear to push himself off the frozen ground. Hearing the sounds of combat above, he cursed himself for being so clumsy as to fall off the bridge and miss his chance to introduce his spear to some goblin skulls.

He cast his eyes around for a way to get back to the surface and rejoin the battle, but all he could see was two other dwarves—*make that three*, he thought, as Uvash Hallknights, Mace Lord, struck the bottom of the moat—and several discarded bolts and articles of clothing.

He sighed. *guess I’ll have to content myself with hearing the screams. Those ones directly above me are nice. I really like how they sound like they’re getting clo-*

Udib leapt to the side, narrowly avoiding the falling trio of goblins tangled together with a silver whip.

Udib smiled as he lifted his spear. Perhaps he wouldn’t miss out.

...

Back up on the bridge, Deus stood alone with goblins on all sides, having gotten separated from the others in the heat of battle. He glanced around at the goblins surrounding him, holding his adamantine short sword, Unnos Ilud, and tunnel tube shield, Stelidozkak, defensively so as to keep the goblins from ganging up on him.

He knew that he had to keep himself calm and disciplined, but the bloodlust rising inside him was too much...

Deus Tangletowns, Captain of the Guard, has entered a martial trance!

Deus and the area around him vanished in a barrage of bright blue as he slashed, stabbed, and cut everything around him. When he regained control of his senses, there was only a single goblin still standing on the bridge, trying to hold in its intestines.

The captain of the guard stabs The Goblin Swordsman in the lower body with his Unnos ilud, tearing the muscle through the <<giant cave spider silk cloak>> and spilling her reeking guts!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
The Unnos ilud has lodged firmly in the wound!

A swing from Bembul quickly changed that.

While the bridge was clear, the battle was not yet won. Several goblins and trolls remained on the tundra, some fleeing, some advancing, and some holding their ground.

Deus led the charge, soon outpacing the others—which soon proved to be a mistake, as the moment he rounded the corner of the moat a goblin lasher struck a decisive blow with her silver whip, knocking Deus unconscious.

The lasher laughed as she struck Deus again and again, her strikes meant to humiliate rather than kill. Only a few seconds later, however, she was shoved aside by a goblin crossbowman, who leveled his crossbow at the unconscious guard captain’s face, ready for a killing shot.

The Cannibal bites The Goblin Crossbowman in the right hand, tearing the muscle and bruising the bone through the <<groundhog leather right glove>>!
The goblin screamed as Shofet leapt from the moat, having climbed the rough sides of the icy trench in his rush for blood and meat. He tore into the goblin’s flesh as the pair fell down, the goblin’s cries dissolving into choking gurgles as the cannibal tore out his throat.

The remaining goblins and trolls turned to flee, but the assorted psychopaths of Icehold’s militia were not yet satisfied. They chased down and slaughtered every last goblin and troll on the tundra, until a single goblin was left, begging for mercy with his spear at his feet.

Instead of granting his request, Stakud showed the goblin her specialty.

The Eye Stabber stabs The Goblin Spearman in the right eye with her Stonthetust and the injured part is cloven asunder!
The Stonthetust has lodged firmly in the wound!

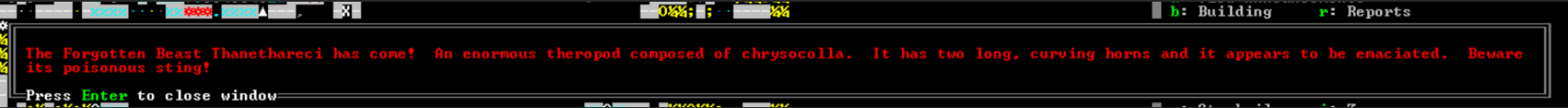
Spoiler: The Battle, tldr version (click to show/hide)
We won, Deus and Neblime wounded, one war dog killed.

At the very moment the last goblin fell, a cry erupted from Icehold.

This was not a cry of joy at victory, nor a cry of relief at being freed from the siege. In fact, it wasn’t a dwarven cry at all.

Perhaps “cry” is not the best word—perhaps roar might be more fitting.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The creature’s roar reverberated through the prison, echoing in all the nooks and crannies of the twisted hallways. The sound even made its way to the secluded Place, where Onul resided with the 24 children under her care.

Something in that sound resonated in the mind of Asen Orbchance, Dwarven Child, son of Zaneg Trumpetwhispered and Bembul Laboredwrung.

Asen Orbchance, Dwarven Child has been taken by a fey mood!

Mosus Bodicecomet, militia commander, ran down Icehold’s gigantic central staircase, having used her time trapped in Icehold’s moat to deconstruct the wall blocking access to the surface.

As soon as she reached the cavern, she charged at the beast head on—quickly changing her approach when a single swipe from the crystalline carnivore’s tail nearly removed her head. While she was bloodthirsty, she wasn’t stupid—she’d have to fight defensively for a while, until some kind of opening revealed itself or help came.

So she circled the beast, dodging bites, swipes, and swings, while striking back with blows that, due to the creature’s stony composition and her own defensive fighting, were unable to do more than chip it.

Several times she was forced to block a blow rather than dodge it, which sent her reeling each time, but she was quick to get back on her feet before Thanetharesi could utilize the opening.

This continued for several minutes with neither side able to gain an advantage, until a cry came from the stairwell.

“EYE STAB!!!!!!!!!!”

Stakud sprinted from the stairwell, Stonethetust held high as she jabbed it at the creature’s face.

The attack was no more effective than any of Mosus’s had been, but the extra combatant was enough of an advantage.

Thanetharesi was the one fighting on the defensive now, taking attacks from two sides as it struck back with weak, inaccurate blows.

The two dwarves bushed the creature back farther and farther, until a desperate strike at Mosus gave Stakud the opening she needed.

With a fierce cry, she jabbed Stonthetust deep inside the monster’s belly, and as it roared in pain, Mosus followed up with a mighty blow from Tetothotin, her bismuth bronze mace.

The force from the blow, amplified by the embedded spear, was more than the monster’s body could handle, and it crumbled.

[Spoiler: the combat log](#) (click to show/hide)

The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The militia commander bashes The Forgotten Beast in the left lower arm with her Tetóthotin, fracturing it!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The militia commander bashes The Forgotten Beast in the left foot with her Tetóthotin, fracturing it!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The militia commander bashes The Forgotten Beast in the lower body with her Tetóthotin, fracturing it!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The militia commander bashes The Forgotten Beast in the upper body with her Tetóthotin, fracturing it!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The Forgotten Beast charges at The militia commander!
The Forgotten Beast collides with The militia commander!
The militia commander is knocked over and tumbles backward!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The Forgotten Beast attacks The militia commander but She jumps away!
The militia commander bashes The Forgotten Beast in the left upper leg with her Tetóthotin, but the attack glances away!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The militia commander bashes The Forgotten Beast in the upper body with her Tetóthotin, fracturing it!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The Forgotten Beast attacks The militia commander but She jumps away!
The militia commander punches The Forgotten Beast in the upper body with her left hand, but the attack glances away!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The militia commander bashes The Forgotten Beast in the left upper leg with her Tetóthotin, fracturing it!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The militia commander bites The Forgotten Beast in the upper body, fracturing it!
The militia commander latches on firmly!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The Forgotten Beast breaks the grip of The militia commander's upper front teeth on The Forgotten Beast's upper body.
The Forgotten Beast charges at The militia commander!
The militia commander jumps away!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The militia commander punches The Forgotten Beast in the third toe, right foot with her left hand, but the attack glances away!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The militia commander scratches The Forgotten Beast in the left lower leg, fracturing it!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The militia commander bashes The Forgotten Beast in the left hand with her Tetóthotin, fracturing it!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The Forgotten Beast charges at The militia commander!
The militia commander jumps away!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The militia commander bashes The Forgotten Beast in the right lower leg with her Tetóthotin, fracturing it!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The militia commander bashes The Forgotten Beast in the upper body with her Tetóthotin, fracturing it!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The Forgotten Beast charges at The militia commander!

The Forgotten Beast collides with The militia commander!
The militia commander is knocked over and tumbles backward!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The militia commander bashes The Forgotten Beast in the upper body with her Tetóthotin, fracturing it!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The Forgotten Beast strikes at The militia commander but the shot is blocked!
The militia commander scratches The Forgotten Beast in the right upper leg, fracturing it!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The Forgotten Beast strikes at The militia commander but the shot is blocked!
The Forgotten Beast charges at The militia commander!
The militia commander jumps away!
The militia commander punches The Forgotten Beast in the left upper leg with her left hand, but the attack glances away!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The militia commander punches The Forgotten Beast in the left upper leg with her left hand, but the attack glances away!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The Forgotten Beast charges at The militia commander!
The militia commander jumps away!
The militia commander bashes The Forgotten Beast in the left lower arm with her Tetóthotin, fracturing it!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The militia commander bashes The Forgotten Beast in the left upper leg with her Tetóthotin, fracturing it!
The Forgotten Beast charges at The militia commander!
The militia commander jumps away!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The militia commander kicks The Forgotten Beast in the right hand with her right foot, but the attack glances away!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The militia commander bashes The Forgotten Beast in the left lower leg with her Tetóthotin, fracturing it!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The Forgotten Beast charges at The militia commander!
The militia commander jumps away!
The militia commander bashes The Forgotten Beast in the lower body with her Tetóthotin, fracturing it!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The militia commander scratches The Forgotten Beast in the head, fracturing it!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!

The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The Forgotten Beast charges at The militia commander!
The Forgotten Beast collides with The militia commander!
The militia commander is knocked over and tumbles backward!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The Forgotten Beast attacks The militia commander but She jumps away!
The Forgotten Beast attacks The militia commander but She jumps away!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The militia commander bashes The Forgotten Beast in the right hand with her Tetóthotin, fracturing it!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The militia commander punches The Forgotten Beast in the left lower leg with her left hand, but the attack glances away!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The militia commander strikes The Forgotten Beast in the upper body with s: Search

((skip 6 more pages of the same))

her Tetóthotin, fracturing it!
The Eye Stabber stabs The Forgotten Beast in the head with her Stonthetust, chipping it!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The militia commander bashes The Forgotten Beast in the upper body with her Tetóthotin, fracturing it!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The Eye Stabber stabs The Forgotten Beast in the upper body with her Stonthetust, chipping it!
The militia commander bashes The Forgotten Beast in the right upper arm with her Tetóthotin, fracturing it!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The Eye Stabber stabs The Forgotten Beast in the right lower arm with her Stonthetust, chipping it!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The militia commander bashes The Forgotten Beast in the left foot with her Tetóthotin, fracturing it!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The Eye Stabber stabs The Forgotten Beast in the right lower arm with her Stonthetust, chipping it!
The militia commander strikes The Forgotten Beast in the right lower leg with her Tobul Bim, fracturing it!
The Forgotten Beast misses The militia commander!
The Eye Stabber stabs The Forgotten Beast in the lower body with her Stonthetust, fracturing it!
The Stonthetust has lodged firmly in the wound!
The militia commander bashes The Forgotten Beast in the lower body with her Tetóthotin and the injured part is crushed!

Honeymoon knocked on the constructed wall deep in the caverns.

Knock knock... pause... knock knock knock

A few minutes later, she heard Onul give the answering knock from the other side.

“Why did you call me down here, Onul? Is something wrong?”

“I’m afraid so.” Despite the 2 feet of stone between them, Honeymoon could hear the resignation in Onul’s voice. “I hate to say it, but we have to open up the Place.”

Honeymoon’s eyes widened in shock. “What? But the whole point of the Place was to keep the kids away and safe from the psychopaths in here for years, not open it up after six months! That was your plan, remember?”

“Of course I remember! Nothing is more important to me than the safety of these children. But...” Onul sighed. “One of them, Asen, is having one of those ‘fey moods.’ And we don’t have everything he needs in here—no wood, no metal, and no bones. And you know what happens if a fey dwarf doesn’t get what he wants.”

Honeymoon shivered, the tales of dwarves driven mad and slaughtering those around them or starving themselves to death called to the forefront of her mind.

“You’re right. Let’s get this wall down. We still need to stay vigilant, though, and get it back up quick afterward. If one of them looks at Urkad wrong, or if Quasar gets his hands on one, or if any of those psychopaths get bored, there’s no telling what could happen.”

((OOOC note: at this point, we are currently 14 days into autumn. Hopefully the rest of the year knows how to keep itself calm.

The broker got herself in a bit of a pickle a couple days back—one of them Cave Crocodiles nearly put her down for a dirt nap. But she though fast, and lured the thing through the cage traps.

I can appreciate a quick mind in a dwarf—but it also means I gotta keep an eye on her now.

A caravan from the capital came by today, as expected. While we were negotiating over the goods, one of the guards slipped me a note—from my daughter.

I bought out the whole caravan. Being a legitimate buisnessdwarf, I could have put a more profitable deal for next time, but I had more important matters to deal with, and this way, I can make an even better deal next year.

My daughter says that the family business is still going strong. A couple of lawdwarves were poking around in one of the forges—they told her they were investigating a mysterious fire at a nearby warehouse.

She wished them the best of luck with their investigation, but she heard a couple of days later that the two had mysteriously vanished.

I’ve taught her well.

...

Four of the dwarves that gave the greenskins what they had coming to them are acting kinda funny.

The Poacher and the Grave Robber have started keeping their weapons on them all the time—even when they’re eating or sleeping.

It’s far from the strangest thing I’ve seen a dwarf do, and I’m glad they appreciate my craftdwarfship.

It’s the other two that may be a problem.

The Head Smasher nearly smashed her head against a wall yesterday. She was totally oblivious, didn't look like he knew where she was going.

And one of the macedwarves won't leave his room. He's just staring at the wall and not responding, even when I pushed him over.

They did good work the greenskins, so I'll let it slide this once. But they better shape up and start showing some proper respect soon.

I could have sworn that I saw something out of the corner of my eye today—a small figure darting around a corner and out of sight. It can't be a kid, they're all locked up in Queen Bee's damn "Place."

I followed after it, and I ended up in the finished good stockpile, and there was something there I didn't recognize.

Spoiler: [Something she didn't recognize](#) (click to show/hide)

This is a spore tree piccolo. All crafts-dwarfship is of the highest quality. It is encircled with bands of platinum, copper and round brilliant cut resin opals. This object menaces with spikes of dog bone.
On the item is an image of Rampartsculpt the awe-inspiring Barricade the gabbro earring in spore tree.
On the item is an image of a pear tree in resin opal.
On the item is an image of Uucar Laborfinger the dwarf and dwarves in pig tail fiber. Uucar Laborfinger is surrounded by the dwarves. The artwork relates to the ascension of the dwarf Uucar Laborfinger to the position of king of The Stake of Rings in 215.
On the item is an image of square brilliant cut gems in resin opal.

The Queen Bee was passing by with a block, so I asked her about it. She said she'd never seen it before, but I've been around the track enough to know when a dwarf is lying.

I've got my eye on you, Queen Bee.

Eral Soldcaves, Head Smasher stood in the dining hall, twitching. Her eyes flicked from side to side, her foot tapped against the ground, and her fingers gripped and released the table in front of her again and again.

The surrounding dwarves eyed her warily. With their pasts, most of them had seen or experienced something like this before—the telltale signs of an imminent dwarven tantrum.

Those dwarves who valued their lives began to stealthily vacate the room—a tantrum from a dwarf nicknamed "Head Smasher" was not anything they wanted to be in the vicinity of.

Eral's twitches intensified as she started to shake, and the remaining dwarves sprinted from the room as she rose with a monstrous cry-
"rrrrrrrrRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAaaaaaahhhh..."

But her massive shout was cut short by an equally massive yawn, and Eral stopped her tantrum as it began and went off to sleep.

Winter is upon You.

Onul watched from the stairs as Honeymoon placed the final block in the wall.

She sighed, and smiled—the children of Icehold were safe once again.

She climbed up the stairs, her hand against the wall as support for her injured leg.

As she crested the stairs, little Lokum ran up to her, worry apparent on her face.

"Miss Battleglazes? Something's wrong with Onul..."

Onul had always been fond of the child who shared her name, and to hear something was wrong with her troubled her greatly.

"What's the matter?"

"She won't leave the craftdwarf's shop, and there's something wrong with her eyes—it's like she can't see anything except the workbench."

Onul sighed. What Lokum had just described was a textbook possession.

"Run downstairs, little one. You may be able to catch Honeymoon before she leaves. Tell her what you told me."

As the child ran to catch Honeymoon, Onul went to gather and comfort the children. They would need to be careful again, for the safety of the children.

A wild troll slipped through the cage traps and whacked one of the war dogs before the Eye Stabber got there to do what she does best.

The beasties down in the caverns are getting uppity. More of 'em show up in the cage traps every week, and the cage stockpile is nearly full. Much more this and I'll have to let the militia loose down there.

And that's not the only thing that's come out of the caverns recently. The Professor sealed the Worm in real tight, but there was one thing he didn't consider—the worm doesn't have wings.

Spoiler: [But this does](#) (click to show/hide)

[
The Forgotten Beast Zulen Mevushudzu Nubpo Luke has come! A towering one-eyed damselfly. It has a knobby trunk and it has a bloated body. Its eye glows orange. Its clear exoskeleton is waxy. Beware its deadly spittle!
Press Enter to close window
p: Stockpiles i

The fly was able to get into the worm's room through a hole in the wall about twenty feet off the ground.

There was too much worm dust to know exactly what happened, but after a few seconds the worm was taking a dirt nap and the fly was heading for another hole, higher up, that would let it into the fortress.

It flew out over the water, chasin after something we couldn't see on the other side. The Poacher took a shot at it over the water.

The flying <<bronze bolt>> strikes The Forgotten Beast in the left third leg, tearing the muscle!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!

Now, either the Fly kept its brain in its leg or the Worm put up one hell of a fight, cuz after that one shot, the fly crashed strait into the water, dead as a doornail.

There’s one more thing—I’ve noticed more and more whispers and sidelong glances as I walk through the halls. No one’s said anything to my face, but you don’t become the greatest buisnessdwarf ever to live by not being able to judge public opinion.

It’s getting time to teach these dwarves some respect.

Eral Soldcaves, Head Smasher stormed through the lowest levels of Icehold, another tantrum in full force. Rounding a corner, she almost ran into Sakud, the Eye Stabber.

Stakud barely had time to start greeting her fellow milita-dwarf before Eral’s fist made contact with her foot. Eral swung twice more, but Stakud dodged both hits.

“Tha’s fer takin all the kills, ye damn glory hound!” Eral slurred, clearly not in her right mind.

Luckily for the Head Smasher, this happened to be one of Stakud’s rare lucid days, so she was answered with confusion rather than a spear to the face.

“An’ le’ tha’ be a lesson to ye! Now where’s tha’ damn planter..”

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Head Smasher punches The Eye Stabber in the left foot with her right hand, bruising the muscle through the ≡steel high boot≡!
The Head Smasher attacks The Eye Stabber but She rolls away!
The Head Smasher attacks The Eye Stabber but She scrambles away!
The Head Smasher misses The Planter!
The Head Smasher attacks The Planter but He scrambles away!
The Head Smasher grabs The Planter by the <giant cave swallow leather left glove> with her right lower arm!
The Head Smasher attacks The Planter but He scrambles away!
The Head Smasher punches The Planter in the left lower leg with her left hand, bruising the skin through the <alpaca wool trousers>!
The Head Smasher attacks The Planter but He scrambles away!
The Head Smasher misses The Planter!
The Head Smasher misses The Planter!

Urkad waited, hidden in the shadows by the finished goods stockpile. She’d started seeing things out of the corner of her eye again, and knew that it was only a matter of time before she caught someone in the act.

What act, exactly, she was planning to catch someone in, she didn’t quite know, but she knew something was going on—and that something had to do with the children and the piccolo she’d found in this stockpile months ago.

Her patience soon paid off, as Honeymoon rounded the corner, carrying something hidden beneath a cloth in her hands.

As soon as the manager passes by her, Urkad stepped out from the shadows and grabbed her arms from behind, causing the bundle she was carrying to fall, revealing a wooden trumpet.

Spoiler: Said woden trumpet (click to show/hide)

This is a pear wood trumpet. All crafts-dwarfship is of the highest quality. It is decorated with pig tail fiber and giant olm bone and encircled with hands of ash, oval claystone cabochons and steel. This object is adorned with hanging rings of pear wood.
On the item is an image of Rampartsculpt the Ave-inspiring Barricade the gabbro earring in copper.
On the item is an image of Spireplaited the Crown of Paddling the pear wood trumpet in diorite.
On the item is an image of a highwood in llama wool.

“You see, Queen Bee, I don’t much appreciate being lied to.”

Honeymoon turned her head to glare at her captor, her eyes shooting icy daggers. “I’m just trying to protect the children, Urkad. Your own daughter among them, I might add.”

Urkad sighed and shook her head, wrapping a pig tail fiber rope around Honeymoon’s hands as she spoke. “There you go again Queen Bee, too smart for your own good. You see, I was gonna make this easy for you, but you just had to go and disrespect me. To my face even! Now, we have to do this the hard way. Come along.”

Urkad pushed Honeymoon to the staircase, then the pair started to descend, level by level, silent all the while.

Emerging into the dining hall in the caverns, Urkad called out. “Enforcer! You ready?”

Ablel ran over. “Y-yeah, I brought E—the Head Smasher up from her cell, just like y-you said. She’s ch-chained over there. Y-you should see her face- the Grave Robber r-really did a number on her!”

Spoiler: A number on her (click to show/hide)

The Grave Robber punches The Head Smasher in the right lower arm with his left hand, bruising the skin through the ≡steel right gauntlet≡!
The Grave Robber punches The Head Smasher in the right lower arm with his right hand, bruising the fat through the ≡steel right gauntlet≡!
The Grave Robber punches The Head Smasher in the right upper leg with his left hand, bruising the bone through the ≡steel greaves≡!
The Grave Robber kicks The Head Smasher in the first toe, right foot with his right foot, but the attack is deflected by The Head Smasher’s ≡steel high boot≡!
The Grave Robber punches The Head Smasher in the upper right back teeth with his left hand and the severed part sails off in an arc!
The Grave Robber scratches The Head Smasher in the upper lip and the injured part is ripped into loose shreds!
The Head Smasher has become enraged!
The Grave Robber punches The Head Smasher in the left hand with his left hand, bruising the fat through the ≡steel left gauntlet≡!
The Grave Robber punches The Head Smasher in the right upper leg with his right hand, but the attack is deflected by The Head Smasher’s ≡steel greaves≡!
The Grave Robber punches The Head Smasher in the left upper arm with his right hand, bruising the muscle through the *steel mail shirt*!
The Grave Robber punches The Head Smasher in the left foot with his left hand, but the attack is deflected by The Head Smasher’s ≡steel high boot≡!

“Excellent job. Now, follow me.”

Urkad pushed Honeymoon over to where the chained Eral waited, glowering.

“Alright everybody, listen up!”

Urvad stood in front of the assembled scum and villainy of Icehold, her steely-eyed gaze sweeping the crowd.

“I’ve been doing everything I can to make this place great. I’ve been working day and night for Icehold, and this is the thanks I get?”

She shoved Honeymoon to the ground. “Lies from the Queen Bee.”

She took a step to the side and shoved Eral down. “Violence from the Head Smasher.”

She turned her gaze back to the crowd. “And disrespect from the rest of you.”

“Now, it’s clear to me that something has to be done to restore order around here, or dwarves like these two are going to tear this place apart. And nobody wants that, least of all me.”

“Now, without further ado, I’m going to turn things over to my good friend here.”

She turned to Ablel and nodded. The young dwarf stood frozen, clutching his mace to his chest.

Seeing his hesitation, Urkad stepped close to him and, grabbing him by the collar of his oversized armor, pulled his face in close to hers.

“Come on, you want to help this place, don’t you? You’re the Enforcer. These two broke the rules. So enforce them.”

“B-but Urkad, I—”

Urkad jammed a finger close to Ablel’s face, cutting him off. “I told you never to call me that. Now do your job or I’ll find someone else who will. Capisce?”

She shoved him back toward the two kneeling dwarves and stood, arms folded, as Ablel approached the two.

He stepped in front of Eral, closing his eyes.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered, as he raised the silver mace high above his head, the silver weapon glinting in the low light underground—

Then he lowered the weapon slowly to his side. “No.”

If looks could kill, Urkad’s would have sent Ablel’s head flying off in an arc. “What do you mean, no?”

“I mean no. I-i won’t do it.” Ablel dropped the mace, letting it clatter against the diorite floor.

“You can’t tell *me* no. Do you even know who I am, or were you too busy being useless to notice?”

“I-i know exactly who y-you are. Y-you’re a bully who gets m-mad if things don’t go your way, a-and a coward who gets other people to do your dirty work.”

Seething, Urkad spun to face the assembled dwarves. “Can you believe this? One of you get up here and teach these three some proper respect!”

But not a single dwarf moved.

Urkad sputtered, at a loss for words for the second time in her life, the first being the time the guilty verdict was handed down.

“I know who you are, too.” Honeymoon stood as Ablel untied her hands. “You’re a small-time crook with a big-time ego. Sure, you’ve got the charisma to control these dwarves for a while—” She looked Urkad dead in the eye, her somewhat gentle façade falling away to show the ruthless criminal underneath.

“But you don’t have the guts to make it last. You were never after respect. You were after fear. And the thing about fear—” she brought Urkad’s face close to her own. “It goes both ways, *Urkad Gleamcloister*.”

Urkad made a sound somewhat resembling the cry of a giant cave swallow, and ran away as fast as her legs would carry her.

Honeymoon straightened herself up, regaining her composure.

“Well,” she said, addressing the assembled dwarves. “Looks like we need a new Overseer.”

Whew! That was a doozy. Sorry it took so long, everybody. And apologies if I went too far into character stuff and too far away from DF stuff, I needed a way to get Urkad out of power and it snowballed.

If anyone has a better “title” for Black Pat besides “broker,” let me know and I’ll change it.

There was a bit of dramatic license in the battle, and a lot of it at the end there, but everything else was as it happened. Anyway, notes:

I had to open the Place twice for moods, but it should be re-sealed now. One of the kids in there grew up to be a peasant midway through my turn, idk if you want him released, Quasar.

Whoever’s up next should probably work on raising happiness, we’ve got two dwarves close to going insane.

The animal stockpile is full and the cage traps keep catching more, you may want to train and/or butcher some.

It takes a long time to get anything done, because there’s only 30 or so working dwarves and a lot of things that need doing.

EDIT: The save (<http://dffdbay12games.com/file.php?id=11273>)

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **De** on **November 16, 2015, 02:35:28 am**

Wonderful job! That was very gripping and I liked the ending quite a bit. I think the idea with the place was to create a secondary stronghold full of uncorrupted dwarves so it would make sense to leave the "grown up" 12 year olds inside to help out Onul. Unless Quasar was planning seed them throughout Icehold and have Onul take over?

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Shofet** on **November 16, 2015, 05:41:58 am**

I'd really like to become a legendary biter. Perhaps you let the cannibal help with the animal stockpile, for who evers next. Sure wish I could take a turn, but my laptops so old. I usually play nano or two bit forts with 80 dwarves.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **De** on **November 16, 2015, 01:44:30 pm**

Quote from: Shofet on November 16, 2015, 05:41:58 am
I'd really like to become a legendary biter. Perhaps you let the cannibal help with the animal stockpile, for who evers next. Sure wish I could take a turn, but my laptops so old. I usually play nano or two bit forts with 80 dwarves.

I know what you mean. My situation is even worse. I have a brand new computer sitting in this room but I need an adapter for the monitor before I can fire up and test it out. I'm looking at 11 days for yet another piece to get here. So frustrating. I might look at the save anyway. What the hell, I'm already terminally behind in NaNoWriMo.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **uber pye** on **November 16, 2015, 03:33:47 pm**

I dont think we have turn orders anymore because no one is keeping track

I might take a second turn if nobody steps up by Friday, i'll have to figure out a way to weave pyer back in to the story though.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **November 16, 2015, 03:44:15 pm**

Icehold is actually quite small, 58 dwarves and a 2x1 embark (I think) it's far from the most taxing fort I've ever played. Why don't one of you download the save and see how it runs? Just be sure to set the population caps or migrants and babies will swarm you. One moment, let me add the save link to my report...

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **November 16, 2015, 04:25:13 pm**

Quote from: DDDragoni on November 16, 2015, 03:44:15 pm
Icehold is actually quite small, 58 dwarves and a 2x1 embark (I think) it's far from the most taxing fort I've ever played. Why don't one of you download the save and see how it runs? Just be sure to set the population caps or migrants and babies will swarm you. One moment, let me add the save link to my report...

Aye, this. Between the population limit and the tiny embark, fps is unlikely to ever be a problem in Icehold. It's actually made me want to do more small embarks, because the tininess doesn't really impact gameplay as much as I would have expected, and not having to worry about fps is a boon.

Might as well just play this on a first-come first-served basis. Whoever claims it first (and hasn't already had a turn) gets the next turn. If it stays idle for a few days, we'll open it to people who have already had turns as well.

Quote
Just be sure to set the population caps or migrants and babies will swarm you.

This makes me want to mod the game to make a hostile civ made entirely of deadly Dwarven babies. "The swarms are coming! The swarms are coming!"

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Shofet** on **November 17, 2015, 12:49:10 am**

What version was this fort on?

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **November 17, 2015, 12:58:28 am**

Quote from: Shofet on November 17, 2015, 12:49:10 am
What version was this fort on?

40.24.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **De** on **November 17, 2015, 12:13:50 pm**

I have an idea so I'm grabbing the save and checking it out, but I need to reread the thread and make sure I'm conversant in the details. I don't want to kill the fortress in my confusion. I've only down early turns in succession forts.

Edit: It seems to work with just a little texture confusion. If I made DeMarco a character DDDragoni, what would he be in for? I'm tempted to say he was sent to Icehold for running an illegal exotic animal market, smuggling dragon whelps. People like em when they're small and cute but then...

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **November 17, 2015, 04:21:41 pm**

Quote from: De on November 17, 2015, 12:13:50 pm
Edit: It seems to work with just a little texture confusion.

Since it's a vanilla game, here's how you can fix the texture confusion:

- * Go to **\Dwarf Fortress\data\save\Icehold** and delete the folder called "raw".
- * Now go to **\Dwarf Fortress** and copy the folder called "raw".
- * Finally, paste that folder back into the first spot: **\Dwarf Fortress\data\save\Icehold**

This will completely reset the save back to default ASCII. You can then use the LNP to set it to whichever tileset you prefer (or do it manually if you're hip).

Note that this will also reset any mods. If you want to keep the mods, I think you need to copy only the "graphics" subfolder of \raw\.

Icehold is vanilla, though, so that won't be a problem.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **November 17, 2015, 04:45:16 pm**

Quote from: QuQuasar on November 17, 2015, 04:21:41 pm
Quote from: De on November 17, 2015, 12:13:50 pm
Edit: It seems to work with just a little texture confusion.
Since it's a vanilla game, here's how you can fix the texture confusion:

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* Finally, paste that folder back into the first spot: `\Dwarf Fortress\data\save\Icehold\`

This will completely reset the save back to default ASCII. You can then use the LNP to set it to whichever tileset you prefer (or do it manually if you're hip).

Note that this will also reset any mods. If you want to keep the mods, I think you need to copy only the "graphics" subfolder of `\raw\`. Icehold is vanilla, though, so that won't be a problem.

Replacing the raws may require the reset of the population cap. This can be done easily using the loading page of the launcher utility thing.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **De** on **November 17, 2015, 05:57:06 pm**

Quote from: QuQuasar on November 17, 2015, 04:21:41 pm

Quote from: De on November 17, 2015, 12:13:50 pm

Edit: It seems to work with just a little texture confusion.

Since it's a vanilla game, here's how you can fix the texture confusion:

* Go to `\Dwarf Fortress\data\save\Icehold\` and delete the folder called "raw".
* Now go to `\Dwarf Fortress\` and copy the folder called "raw".
* Finally, paste that folder back into the first spot: `\Dwarf Fortress\data\save\Icehold\`

This will completely reset the save back to default ASCII. You can then use the LNP to set it to whichever tileset you prefer (or do it manually if you're hip).

Note that this will also reset any mods. If you want to keep the mods, I think you need to copy only the "graphics" subfolder of `\raw\`. Icehold is vanilla, though, so that won't be a problem.

I am so not hip. I had to literally phone a friend to remember how to use BBCode a month or so back because the only regular forum going I ever did was during the glory days of Homestuck. I'll try the copy and paste thing, I do know about the population cap in the launcher at least. I make use of it in my personal forts in a sad attempt to thwart lag. It works for awhile. The caverns always do me in eventually. Speaking of my rediscovered ability to do URL links in BBCode, since I'm doing a reread maybe I'll make a sort of recap post linking to all the stuff missed in the OP. Probably not totally helpful but it might help me keep things straight.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **November 17, 2015, 06:47:50 pm**

Icehold is probably overdue for a new thread in order to provide it with an up-to-date cover page.

I keep wanting to do so myself, but I'm sposed ^(totally a word) to be maintaining both Breadbowl and Bonepillar, which is enough for me. Adding another one would probably tip me over the edge into unbridled power madness. Cue "In the year 2015, Quasar laid a series of oppressive edicts upon the Bay12 forums."

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **November 17, 2015, 08:32:15 pm**

Quote from: De on November 17, 2015, 12:13:50 pm

I have an idea so I'm grabbing the save and checking it out, but I need to reread the thread and make sure I'm conversant in the details. I don't want to kill the fortress in my confusion. I've only down early turns in succession forts.

Edit: It seems to work with just a little texture confusion. If I made DeMarco a character DDDragoni, what would he be in for? I'm tempted to say he was sent to Icehold for running an illegal exotic animal market, smuggling dragon whelps. People like em when they're small and cute but then...

Do whatever you want with DeMarco- I think I forfeited any claim I may have had on him when I forgot he existed. As far as textures go, I used ASCII, so LNP should be able to fix it.

Quote from: QuQuasar on November 17, 2015, 06:47:50 pm

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I keep wanting to do so myself, but I'm sposed ^(totally a word) to be maintaining both Breadbowl and Bonepillar, which is enough for me. Adding another one would probably tip me over the edge into unbridled power madness. Cue "In the year 2015, Quasar laid a series of oppressive edicts upon the Bay12 forums."

I may take a shot at this later, if everyone's alright with it.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **De** on **November 17, 2015, 10:41:28 pm**

Quote from: DDDragoni on November 17, 2015, 08:32:15 pm

Quote from: De on November 17, 2015, 12:13:50 pm

I have an idea so I'm grabbing the save and checking it out, but I need to reread the thread and make sure I'm conversant in the details. I don't want to kill the fortress in my confusion. I've only down early turns in succession forts.

Edit: It seems to work with just a little texture confusion. If I made DeMarco a character DDDragoni, what would he be in for? I'm tempted to say he was sent to Icehold for running an illegal exotic animal market, smuggling dragon whelps. People like em when they're small and cute but then...

Do whatever you want with DeMarco- I think I forfeited any claim I may have had on him when I forgot he existed. As far as textures go, I used ASCII, so LNP should be able to fix it.

Quote from: QuQuasar on November 17, 2015, 06:47:50 pm

Icehold is probably overdue for a new thread in order to provide it with an up-to-date cover page.

I keep wanting to do so myself, but I'm sposed ^(totally a word) to be maintaining both Breadbowl and Bonepillar, which is enough for me. Adding another one would probably tip me over the edge into unbridled power madness. Cue "In the year 2015, Quasar laid a series of oppressive edicts upon the Bay12 forums."

I may take a shot at this later, if everyone's alright with it.

I'd be in favor of that. I could do it but I feel obligated to admit that I'm not the most reliable internet going. Sooner or later, something will come up and I won't visit these forums for a month or six and Icehold's already been through that once.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Shofet** on **November 18, 2015, 12:12:22 am**

If I take a turn it will have to be after.thanksgiving. The plant I work at is working me 6-7 days a week till then.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **November 18, 2015, 12:36:25 am**

So I guess I'm starting a new thread then. Send me quotes/excerpts/pictures/things you want me to include on the front page post and I'll start putting something together!

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **De** on **November 18, 2015, 02:03:47 pm**

At least you'll be able to give a more accurate name... I swear I'm going to get rereading this thread just as soon as the damned dizziness from my stupid, stupid ears passes.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **November 18, 2015, 04:18:29 pm**

I FOUND WHAT THE THREAD NAME IS REFERENCING (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ice_Station_Zebra)

Quasar, why did you have to write your turn in so many parts? It's like you were trying to make a coherent and well-written story or something. Linking is annoying...

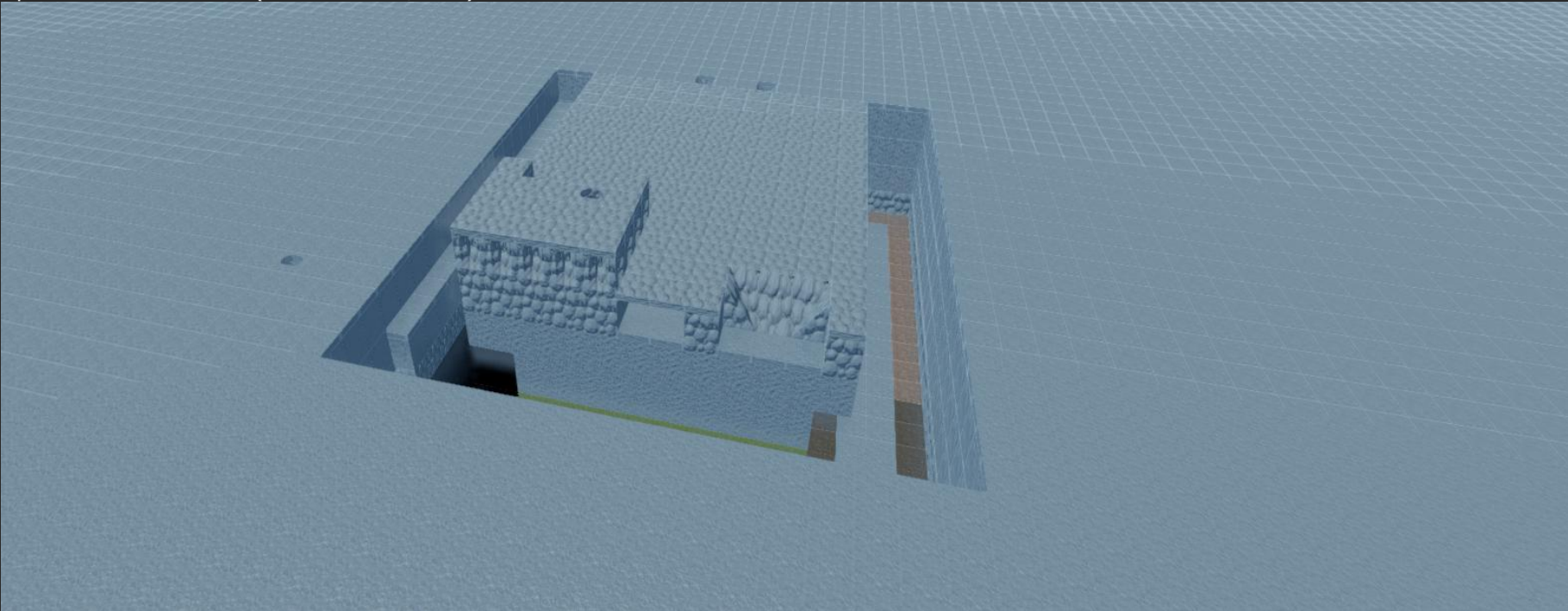
Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Taupe** on **November 18, 2015, 04:24:14 pm**

Quote from: DDDragoni on November 18, 2015, 04:18:29 pm
I FOUND WHAT THE THREAD NAME IS REFERENCING (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ice_Station_Zebra)
Quasar, why did you have to write your turn in so many parts? It's like you were trying to make a coherent and well-written story or something. Linking is annoying...
Wow, that's actually clever. Nice find. almost makes you not want to rename this thing after all.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **November 18, 2015, 04:37:03 pm**

What image should I use for the new OP?

Spoiler: [Armok Vision](#) (click to show/hide)



Spoiler: [In game screenshot\(current state\)\(Texture pack can be changed\)](#) (click to show/hide)



Spoiler: [The one from this thread](#) (click to show/hide)



Or something else?

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **November 18, 2015, 04:51:00 pm**

[Quote from: DDDragoni on November 18, 2015, 04:18:29 pm](#)

Quasar, why did you have to write your turn in so many parts?

Well if people wouldn't have kept INTERRUPTING MY TESTING with petty issues like strange moods, goblin sieges, vampire queens, cyclops, forgotten beasts loose in the fortress, giant cave spiders loose in the fortress, vigilantes loose in the fortress and elaborate conspiracies to protect children, maybe my notes wouldn't be so fragmented.

For future reference, here is the correct order of prioritisation:

1. Science
2. Everything else

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **Gwolfski** on **November 18, 2015, 04:54:58 pm**

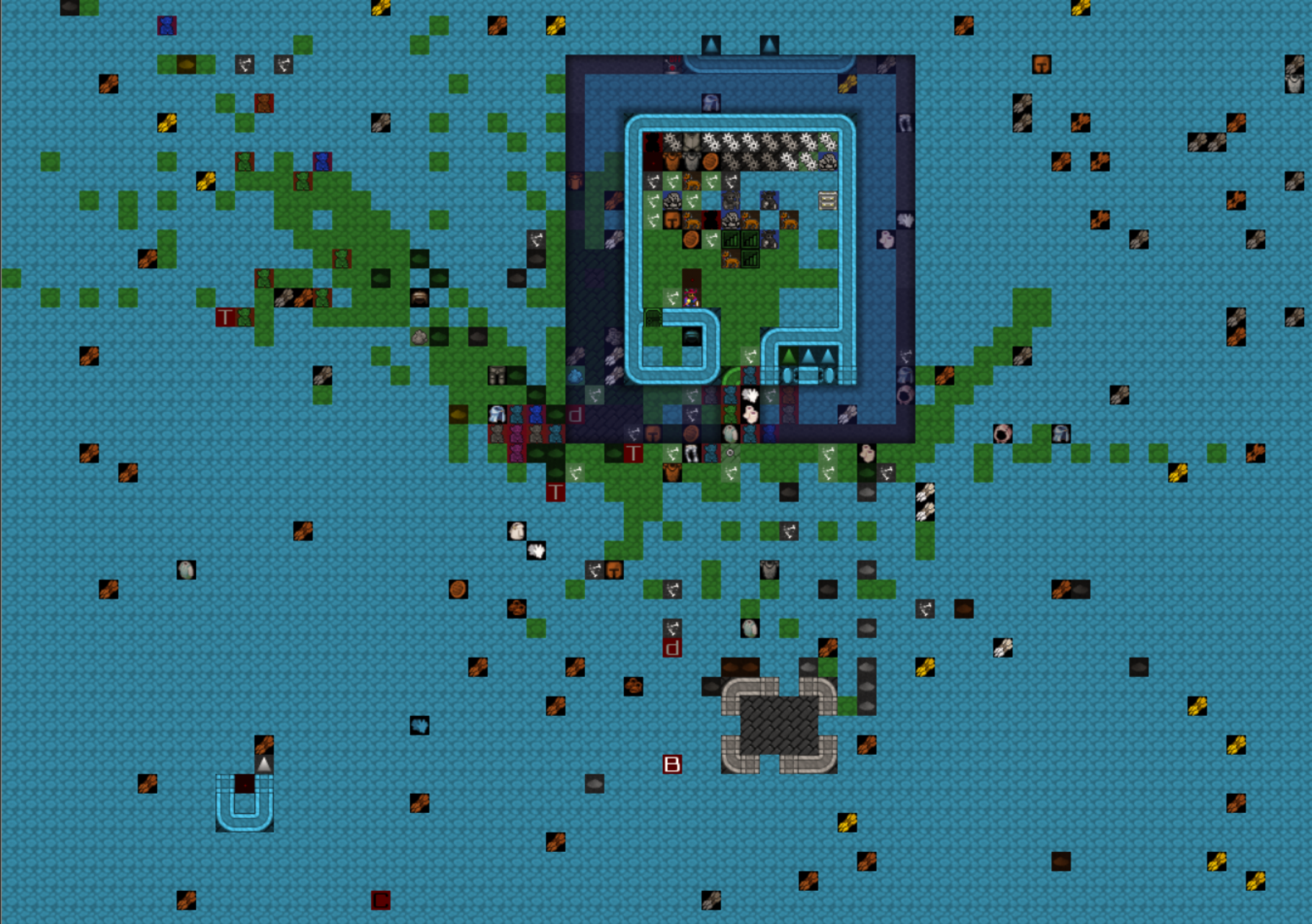
use the current screenshot in pheobus.

Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **November 18, 2015, 05:44:21 pm**

[Quote from: Gwolfski on November 18, 2015, 04:54:58 pm](#)

use the current screenshot in pheobus.

Spoiler: Here's Pheobus for comparison, if anyone else wants to weigh in. (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: Ice Station WereZebra**
Post by: **DDDroni** on **November 18, 2015, 06:37:02 pm**

New topic! Still under construction, lemme know if there's anything I should add/remove/change.
(<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=154047.0>)

Remember, reply to the new topic of you still want notifications.

Title: **Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **November 18, 2015, 06:30:02 pm**

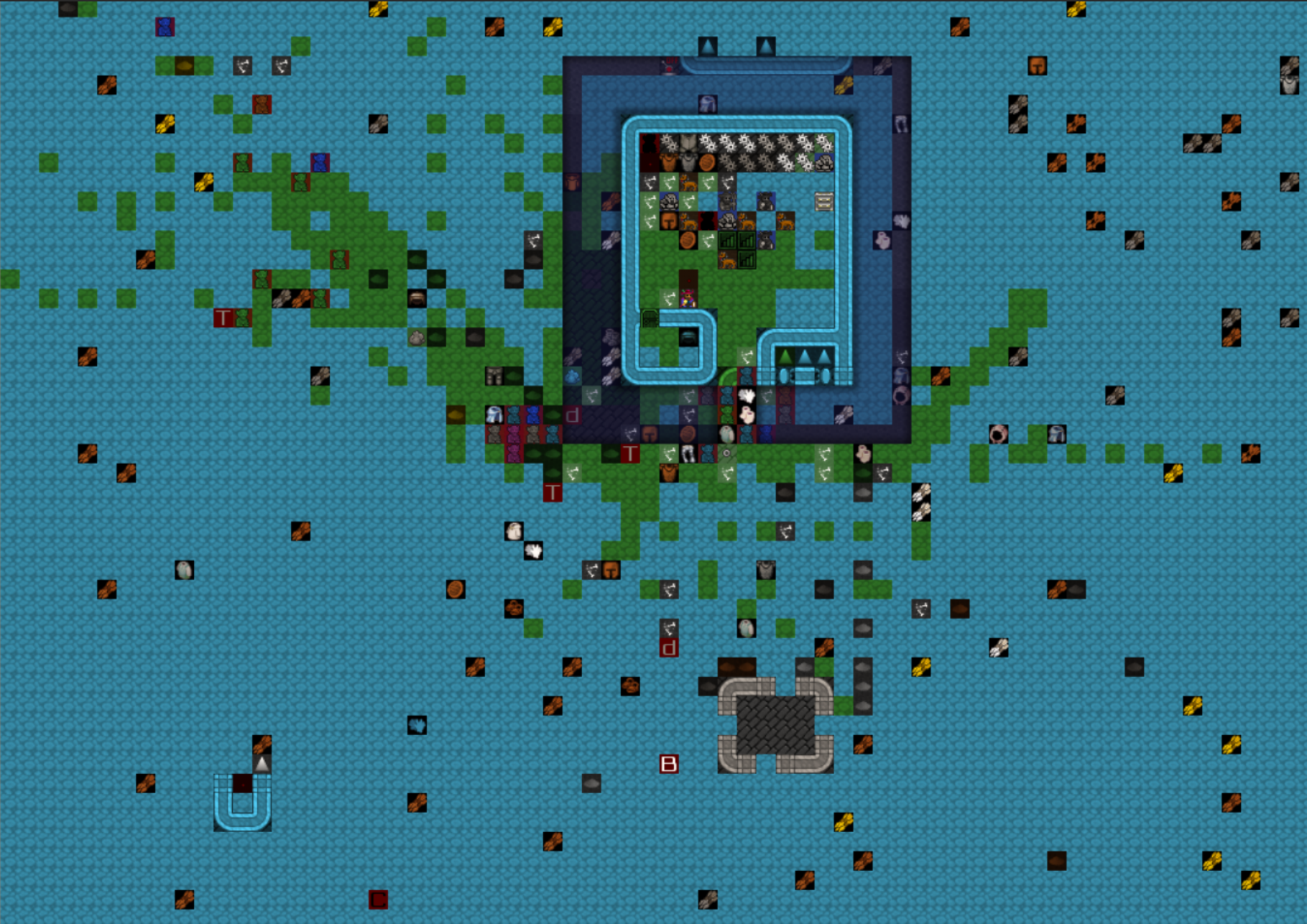
Quote from: QuQuasar on November 03, 2015, 08:20:35 pm

Welcome to Icehold: you can swap your stripey jumpsuit for proper clothes and get yourself a shiv from the fungiwood bins.

Don't mind the goblin skeletons and miasma filled staircase, try not to trip over the yeti bones, and for the love of Armok don't stare at the Eye Stabber. You don't want to get her excited.

Icehold, The Dwarven Prison

In the dwarven civilization known as the Stake of Rings, those who commit the worst of crimes are sent deep into the frozen ice cap to the structure known as Icehold. Carved out of the ice by seven desperate convicts sent into the cold in the spring of 250, Icehold has survived-even thrived-despite the isolation and biting cold.



But between the exterior assaults from undead, goblins, forgotten beasts, and weremammoths and the interior pressure of fifty of the worst dwarven criminals of all time jammed together, how long can Icehold stand? Only time will tell.

Quote from: QuQuasar on October 16, 2015, 11:56:09 pm

I imagine that last sequence with Udil the mayor playing out something like this:

Udil steps outside, squinting in the bright light. For a moment, all is calm. Then, Udil falls to his knees, raising his hands and face dramatically, and proclaims:

"I WAS NAUSEATED BY THE SUN! **THERE IS NO HOPE!**"

Udil then emits a massive geyser of high-pressure projectile vomit and collapses on his back, flopping around like a dead fish, vomiting all the while.

Quote from: Salmeuk on July 01, 2015, 06:17:24 am

Next up: Puppies vs. Weremammoth - place your bets now!

Icehold is a 40.24 sucession fort, originally started by Gojira1000 here (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.0>) and moved to a new topic for housekeeping purposes. It is situated in the polar galcier, just south of a necromancer's tower.

Population is supposedly capped at 30 with a max pop of 40 and a 10/50 child ratio, otherwise game is full vanilla.

Quote from: QuQuasar on October 14, 2015, 08:22:14 pm

Generally I would be ecstatic at the presence of another poisonous beast to study, but the creature's ability to bite the heads off of live trolls is likely to prove an obstacle to administering its venom to test subjects in a controlled environment.

Links are for reference only, please reply to this thread, not the old one

Turns:
Gojira1000(Black Pat): In which Icehold is founded. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6278504#msg6278504>)

Taupe(Honeymoon): In which stealth weremammoths become a problem. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6291288#msg6291288>) (Part 2) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6291400#msg6291400>) (Part 3) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6292371#msg6292371>) (Part 4) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6292371#msg6292371>)

topic=151175.msg6292587#msg6292587)

Neblime: In which population exceeds its recommended value. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6301675#msg6301675>)(Part 2) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6317766#msg6317766>) (Part 3) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6329079#msg6329079>)

Salemuk(Mistem): In which the weremammoths return and spread their curse. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6343681#msg6343681>) (Part 2) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6348962#msg6348962>) (Part 3) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6357902#msg6357902>) (Part 4) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6369754#msg6369754>)

Deus Asmoth(Deus):In which undead, vampires, and nobles don't mix. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6371344#msg6371344>) (Part 2) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6373355#msg6373355>) (Part 3) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6380387#msg6380387>) (Part 4) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6382730#msg6382730>) (Part 5) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6427306#msg6427306>)

uber pye(pyer): In which a toddler somehow ends up in charge. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6428316#msg6428316>) (Part 2) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6438540#msg6438540>) (Part 3) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6439159#msg6439159>) (Part 4) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6443798#msg6443798>) (Part 5) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6447187#msg6447187>)

QuQuasar(Quasar): In which science is performed. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6553448#msg6553448>) (Part 2) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6553668#msg6553668>) (Part 3) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6555374#msg6555374>) (Part 4) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6556607#msg6556607>) (Part 5) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6556950#msg6556950>) (Part 6) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6559596#msg6559596>) (Part 7) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6559868#msg6559868>) (Part 8) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6561022#msg6561022>) (Part 9) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6563418#msg6563418>) (Part 10) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6565441#msg6565441>) (Part 11) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6567145#msg6567145>) (Part 12) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6569999#msg6569999>) (Part 13) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6570211#msg6570211>) (Part 14) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6572617#msg6572617>) (Part 15) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6574215#msg6574215>) (Part 16) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6577606#msg6577606>)

DDDragoni(Urkad): In which goblins meet legitimate buisnessdwarves. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6590180#msg6590180>) (Part 2) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6593604#msg6593604>) (Part 3) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6598182#msg6598182>) (Part 4) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6611150#msg6611150>)

De(DeMarco) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=154047.msg6628180#msg6628180>): Writeups in progress. (Part 2) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=154047.msg6632767#msg6632767>) (Part 3) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=154047.msg6642122#msg6642122>) (A bit of history.) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=154047.msg6663887#msg6663887>)

Sanctume (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=154047.msg6707431#msg6707431>): In which mental health becomes a priority. (Part 2) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=154047.msg6709471#msg6709471>) (Part 3) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=154047.msg6711735#msg6711735>) (Part 4) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=154047.msg6717906#msg6717906>) (Part 5) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=154047.msg6729707#msg6729707>) (Part 6) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=154047.msg6734245#msg6734245>) (Part 7) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=154047.msg6738652#msg6738652>) (Part 8) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=154047.msg6751434#msg6751434>)

Ethan741: In which vampires and vomit run rampant. (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=154047.msg6762215#msg6762215>) (Part 2) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=154047.msg6805441#msg6805441>) (Part 3) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=154047.msg6811798#msg6811798>)

Deus Asmoth (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=154047.msg6877780#msg6877780>): In which there is a giant spider party. (Part 2) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=154047.msg6919903#msg6919903>)(Part 3) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=154047.msg6922102#msg6922102>) (Part 4) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=154047.msg6934253#msg6934253>) (Part 5) (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=154047.msg6950139#msg6950139>)

MoonyTheHuman: In progress!

Upcoming

Uber Pye

Imic

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **November 18, 2015, 06:31:56 pm**

Prisoner Record 1 (Aka Dorfed people)

“Black” Pat Covenpost	Date of Incarceration: Spring of 250	Crime: Murder, Assault
“Honeymoon” Ashenchannel	Date of Incarceration: Autumn of 250	Crime: Kidnapping, Extorion, Arson, Theft
Neblime Fishportal	Date of Incarceration: Summer of 251	Crime: Poaching
“Lord” Lubbie Hammertwigs	Date of Incarceration: Summer of 251	Crime: Volunteer
Zaneg Trumpetwhispered	Date of Incarceration: Summer of 251	Crime: Tresspassing, Conspiracy to commit Murder
Nidilap Floordrink	Date of Incarceration: Summer of 251	Crime: Trespassing, Attempted Murder

“Deus” Tangletowns	Date of Incarceration: Spring of 252	Crime: Murder
Urkad Gleamcloister Drunkenness	Date of Incarceration: Spring of 252	Crime: Murder, Vandalism, Blackmail (All unproven), Public
Shofet Tradeday	Date of Incarceration: Spring of 252	Crime: Murder, Cannibalism
Quasar Honoredglaze	Date of Incarceration: Summer of 252	Crime: Kidnapping
DeMarco Sealwashed	Date of Incarceration: Summer of 252	Crime: Smuggling, Possession of dangerous animals
Mistem Mistymanor	Date of Incarceration: Summer of 252	Crime: Cult Membership, Conspiracy to commit Treason
Pyer Granitefutue	Date of Incarceration Birth: 16/Opal/252	Crime: n/a
Sanctume Hallnights	Date of Incarcerantion: Winter of 252	Crime: Desertion, Filicide
Zuggles [damaged]	Date of Incarceration: [damaged]	Crime: Kleptomania

Spoiler: Prisoner Record 2 (Aka Other major players) (click to show/hide)

Onul Battleglazes	Date of Incarceration: Spring of 251	Crime: Murder, Vigilantism
Deduk Bisekfath	Date of Incarceration: Summer of 251(Deceased)	Crime: Impersonating a Noble
“Stabbin” Rovod Channelledsocket	Date of Incarceration: Autumn of 250 (Deceased)	Crime: Murder
Ablel Wheelspure	Date of Incarceration: Autumn of 250	Crime: Child of Convicted Murderers
Stakud “Eye Stabber” Whipdangles	Date of Incarceration: Spring of 251	Crime: Murder, Assault, Blinding a Noble
Limul “Igor” Lashroses	Date of Incarceration: Winter of 252	Crime: Treason
Difio Brightringed	Date of Incarceration: Summer of 252	Crime: [There is damage to the recordbook here]
Thob Worldgloves	Date of Incarceration: Spring of 252	Crime: [It has rendered some dwarves' crimes illegible.]

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**
Post by: **De** on **November 18, 2015, 06:53:31 pm**

Quotable Icehold

Quote from: QuQuasar on November 03, 2015, 08:20:35 pm

Wonderful! Welcome to Icehold: you can swap your stripey jumpsuit for proper clothes and get yourself a shiv from the fungiwood bins.

Don't mind the goblin skeletons and miasma filled staircase, try not to trip over the yeti bones, and for the love of Armok don't stare at the Eye Stabber. You don't want to get her excited.

I've been skimming through the old thread looking for quotes. I found myself essentially copy and pasting entire turns, so this is my attempt to pare it down to quotes that summarized the feeling of each turn. If I missed any players or comments that were particularly juicy (or if this is too damn long or spoilerific) please let me know.

Quote from: Gojira1000 on June 04, 2015, 07:44:06 pm

Moonstone 1: Winter arrives - but who the hell can tell, other than the sun never comes up? The cavern section we control is sealed. I think. I worry about the well, but we've already needed it once. We're growing food and have a still up. The metal industry is still non-existent, and we're gonna need armor, but the theft industry is doing OK. The loot we took from the caravan saved us. See? People are good-hearted, you just gotta ask, and ye shall receive, like my ma always said.

Quote from: Taupe on June 10, 2015, 12:55:16 am

My name is Honeymoon, or at least that's what they started calling me a few years ago. For 5 years, I'd been running the greatest honey cartel in the history of dwarfkind. Also most likely the only one. My official profession as a wax-worker was merely a front, meant to disguise my illicit activities. Bee kidnapping, honey extortion, destruction of rival flower fields, and setting fire to disrespectful or cocky bee-keepers' boxes, nothing was out of our league. those who opposed us soon found themselves wearing a pair of wax sleepers. Then we bludgeoned them to death because wax doesn't actually sink.

Quote from: Taupe on June 10, 2015, 12:55:16 am

We are going to eat the fuck out of this yeti.

Quote from: neblime on June 14, 2015, 09:46:52 pm

No sir I didn't know I was hunting (bloodthirsty) cavies on the baron's land, I thought I was protecting the populace from these vile creatures
Spoiler: I mean look at that thing (click to show/hide)



Quote from: Salmeuk on June 21, 2015, 05:36:49 am

Oh, you really want to know how the story ends? FUCK YOU! WE'RE BOTH SITTING ON A DONKEY CART DESTINED FOR THE WORST PRISON ON THIS PLANET, HOW DO YOU THINK THE STORY ENDS?

Quote from: Salmeuk on July 01, 2015, 06:17:24 am

Two facts are established: We have too much Yeti meat. We also have too many children. The obvious solution (mystery stew for all!) isn't feasible since children aren't usually used as cooking ingredients.

Quote from: Salmeuk on July 02, 2015, 10:04:11 pm

They shout and scream to open the gate in case there's another mammoth, but no one responds. They then realize they *are* the dead.

Werecurses transmit through wounds inflicted by those accursed. This means that, out of the 16 dwarves now locked outside, 11 might be cursed. Those safe inside face a difficult question: how do we deal with eleven potential Stosbûb's?

Quote from: Gojira1000 on July 08, 2015, 08:54:22 am

This fortress has become a John Carpenter movie.

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on July 13, 2015, 04:58:53 pm

... I unpaused the game for nearly two seconds after opening it for the first time when I got this announcement:

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



It's going to be one of *those* kinds of years, I guess.

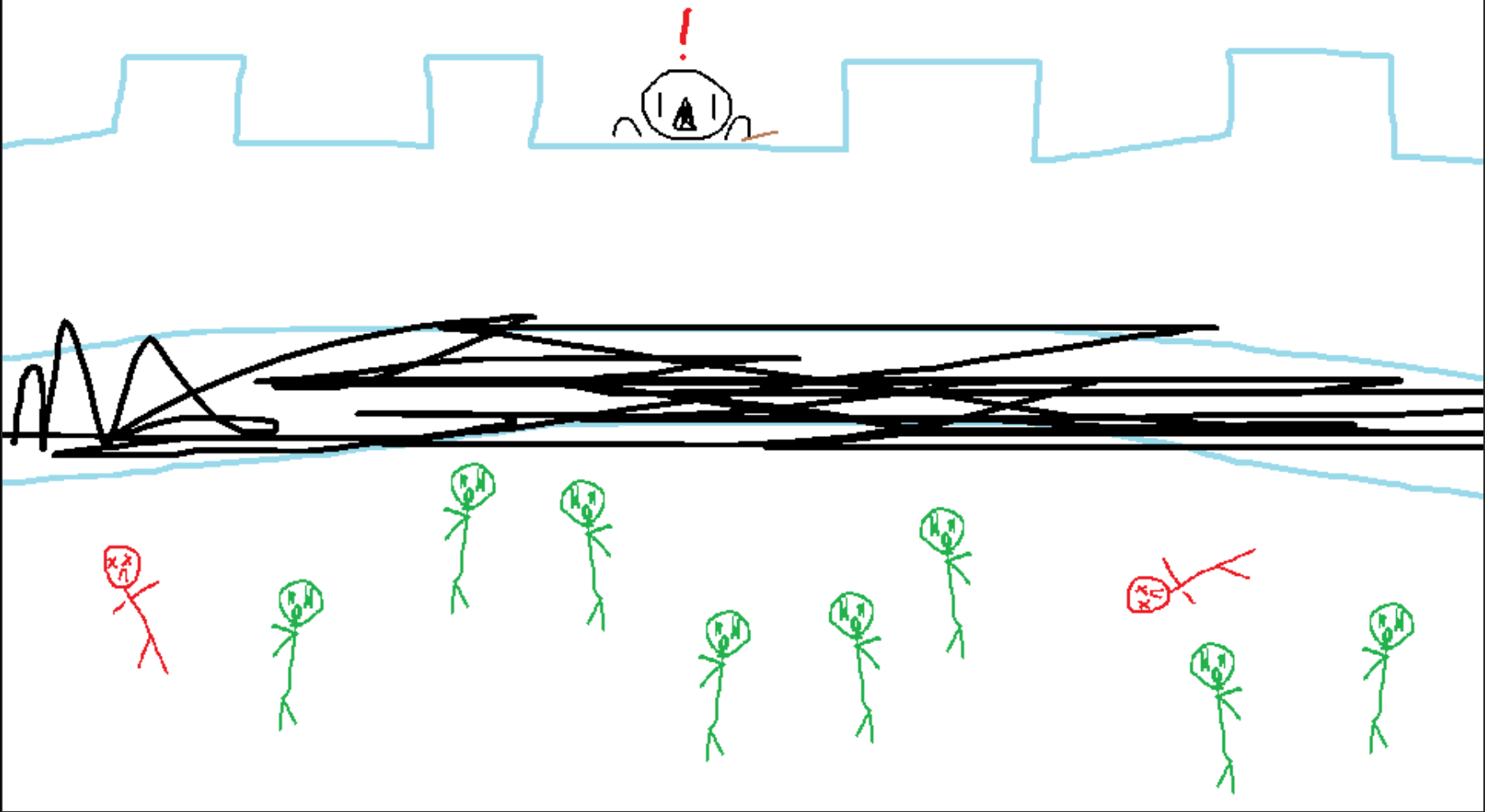
Quote from: Deus Asmoth on July 17, 2015, 06:34:28 pm

*"The others... they don't want to dig it out, though. There are legends of terrible curses unleashed by digging up adamantine."
For a moment, I can't speak. I look at her, laughing. "What could we possibly provoke that we haven't already been through? Our civilians have been turning into mad beasts, we're under siege from zombies, and our mayor wanted to drain us of our blood up until the zombies killed her! And to be honest, I'm not entirely sure that Black Pat wouldn't do exactly the same thing given the chance!"*

Quote from: uber pye on August 06, 2015, 11:18:59 pm

Spoiler: huh? (click to show/hide)





WHAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!

thud

Quote from: uber pye on August 11, 2015, 08:53:37 pm



18th of slate

it is a sweater nitting goast!

Quote from: QuQuasar on October 12, 2015, 10:59:45 pm

Uh... y- yes, okay, that was me indeed, though I'd object to the use of the term 'crazy doctor'. I'm quite sane, I assure you. I check every day, using a customised methodology I developed myself.

And I'd also like to assure you, those "kidnapped orphans" you mentioned were never in any danger. All seventeen of them were in the control group, you see. Also, it's hardly kidnapping if they don't have parents, is it?

Quote from: QuQuasar on October 21, 2015, 03:37:42 am

At the very least, going outside into the freezing cold stark naked and armed with a weapon you have absolutely no proficiency in, nor any bolts for, while the prison is being besieged by goblins, is not the most convincing indication of sanity.

Her eyes are glazed. She's not even really looking where she's going: she steps over the cage traps subconsciously. If you listen closely, you can hear her muttering quietly to herself.

"Stab stab stab eyes stabs eyestab? Stab the eyes. Stab the eeeeyes. Eye stab the eyes in the stabbing. Stabstabstab? Stab stab."

She steps out into the courtyard above, and everyone stops moving. Suddenly being confronted by a naked dwarf woman muttering to herself tends to do that.

Stakud looks up to see dozens of goblins in front of her, staring in shock at her with wide, stabbable eyes. And in the sudden silence, she starts giggling.

Quote from: DDDragonI on November 05, 2015, 09:08:13 pm

"So tell me, what are the two biggest threats to our little community?"

Urkad had gathered several of Icehold's most influential dwarves for this meeting. Sitting at tables in the back of the dining hall were Honeymoon, Quasar, Deus, Neblime, Black Pat, and Mistem. Ablel was, as always, standing at Urkad's shoulder.

Honeymoon was the first to speak. "Besides each other? The goblins outside and that giant worm down below."

Quote from: QuQuasar on November 08, 2015, 04:55:53 pm

Quote

I have, however, encountered a problem with the Professor. It appears that the prison’s war dogs have taken a liking to him- all 42 of them. Sometimes he can’t move, there’s so many dogs.

Experiment 11: Preliminary testing of prototype canine-powered dwarven locomotion method

Abstract: It is known to science that a large quantity of solid particles will behave in some ways more reminiscent of a flowing liquid than a collection of solids. Combining this knowledge with the well known dog-attracting properties of cooked meat, and the sheer quantities of both dogs and meat in Icehold, and it should be possible to exploit this behavior to ride, and possibly even steer, a fluid wave of dogs to ones destination.

Testing Apparatus: x42 war dogs (varying sizes), 1x wooden bed, 27x cooked yeti meat.

Hypothesis: I will stand aboard the bed and sail into the dining room aboard a sea of dogs, to the astonished cheering and applause of Icehold's denizens.

Results: Buried in dogs. Had to be rescued. Testing discontinued.

Note to self: Never speak of this again.

Quote from: DDDragoni on November 16, 2015, 12:43:14 am

Deus led the charge, soon outpacing the others—which soon proved to be a mistake, as the moment he rounded the corner of the moat a goblin lasher struck a decisive blow with her silver whip, knocking Deus unconscious.

The lasher laughed as she struck Deus again and again, her strikes meant to humiliate rather than kill. Only a few seconds later, however, she was shoved aside by a goblin crossbowman, who leveled his crossbow at the unconscious guard captain’s face, ready for a killing shot.

The Cannibal bites The Goblin Crossbowman in the right hand, tearing the muscle and bruising the bone through the <<groundhog leather right glove>>!!

Quote from: DDDragoni on November 16, 2015, 12:43:14 am

Honeymoon straightened herself up, regaining her composure.

“Well,” she said, addressing the assembled dwarves. “Looks like we need a new Overseer.”

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**
Post by: **Sanctume** on **November 18, 2015, 08:08:48 pm**

Please dwarf me, macedwarf / recruit, Sanctume, and a turn list

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **November 18, 2015, 08:26:56 pm**

Quote from: Sanctume on November 18, 2015, 08:08:48 pm

Please dwarf me, macedwarf / recruit, Sanctume, and a turn list

Welcome to Icehold, criminal scum. You've been added to the list.

What're you in for?

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**
Post by: **Sanctume** on **November 19, 2015, 12:14:30 am**

Quote from: DDDragoni on November 18, 2015, 08:26:56 pm

Quote from: Sanctume on November 18, 2015, 08:08:48 pm

Please dwarf me, macedwarf / recruit, Sanctume, and a turn list

Welcome to Icehold, criminal scum. You've been added to the list.

What're you in for?

Filicide and desertion; insanity defense.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **November 19, 2015, 12:39:10 am**

Quote from: Sanctume on November 19, 2015, 12:14:30 am

Filicide and desertion; insanity defense.

See, this?

This is why we have the Place.

It's just like how Hogwarts kept Harry away from his uncle and aunt, except instead of an enormous castle filled with magic and adventure it's a tiny, damp, dark hole with unfurnished rooms barely bigger than cells where the children are permanently imprisoned and are never allowed to leave.

So magical!

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **November 19, 2015, 02:12:42 am**

Quote from: QuQuasar on November 19, 2015, 12:39:10 am

Quote from: Sanctume on November 19, 2015, 12:14:30 am

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It's just like how Hogwarts kept Harry away from his uncle and aunt, except instead of an enormous castle filled with magic and adventure it's a tiny, damp, dark hole with unfurnished rooms barely bigger than cells where the children are permanently imprisoned and are never allowed to leave.

So magical!

So does this make Onul Dumbledore, or Hagrid?

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**
Post by: **Sanctume** on **November 19, 2015, 10:51:49 am**

Quote from: QuQuasar on November 19, 2015, 12:39:10 am

Quote from: Sanctume on November 19, 2015, 12:14:30 am

Filicide and desertion; insanity defense.

See, this?

This is why we have the Place.

It's just like how Hogwarts kept Harry away from his uncle and aunt, except instead of an enormous castle filled with magic and adventure it's a tiny, damp, dark hole with unfurnished rooms barely bigger than cells where the children are permanently imprisoned and are never allowed to leave.

So magical!

Everyone was drunk: my law-dwarf, judge-dwarf and jury-dwarf of my peers, but I was left sober--I claim cruel and unusual punishment, so I got Icehold out of a plea deal.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**
Post by: **Sanctume** on **November 20, 2015, 09:55:55 am**

Quote from: De on November 18, 2015, 02:03:47 pm

At least you'll be able to give a more accurate name... I swear I'm going to get rereading this thread just as soon as the damned dizziness from my stupid, stupid ears passes.

Yo De, how is it going? I hope you're feeling better.

DDDragoni, is there a link to the current save? I'd like to browse around the current save while I have time this weekend.

nvm, found the last save here:

Quote from: DDDragoni on November 16, 2015, 12:43:14 am

EDIT: The save (<http://dffd.bay12games.com/file.php?id=11273>)

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**
Post by: **Gwolfski** on **November 20, 2015, 11:59:33 am**

add me to turn list

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**
Post by: **De** on **November 20, 2015, 01:20:51 pm**

Quote from: Sanctume on November 20, 2015, 09:55:55 am

Quote from: De on November 18, 2015, 02:03:47 pm

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nvm, found the last save here:

Quote from: DDDragoni on November 16, 2015, 12:43:14 am

EDIT: The save (<http://dffd.bay12games.com/file.php?id=11273>)

Yeah, it's a recurring thing, hopefully I'll be able to get through my turn this weekend.

BTW, there aren't a lot of dwarfs available in Icehold Sanctume so I might not be able to provide a Macedwarf, I have my eye on a suitable candidate. I shall post his stats once I dig in.

Edit: Also thanks again to Quasar for technical help. For some reason whenever I take a save file from vanilla DF and try to put it in my LNP game it turns all the dwarfs into blue creepy manikin things, but creating a new world with LNP and exchanging the raws solves the problem. I hope it doesn't create new problems in the fixing. I've noticed that dwarves in my version of the game don't seem to grieve... but who knows, that might be a good thing and this is Icehold, home of hardened criminals.

Though weirdly, even with new raws it's still doing that thing where it replaces letters with random symbols. Does anyone know why games do that? For instance Onul's name appears as Lever Symbol-nul.

Sanctume, I can give you a male legendary speardwarf who is stumbling around oblivious, a female legendary macedwarf who is on the brink of going crazy, or a legendary female sword dwarf who is doing fine.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **November 20, 2015, 09:00:52 pm**

Quote from: De on November 20, 2015, 01:20:51 pm

Though weirdly, even with new raws it's still doing that thing where it replaces letters with random symbols. Does anyone know why games do that? For instance Onul's name appears as Lever Symbol-nul.

That's because that's actually her name!

I'm not 100% certain so don't quote me on this, by I *think* O-grave, or Ò, represents the closed sound of the letter o. That's the sound of the o in "conscious" or "dog", as opposed to the sound of the o in "coat" or "dough".

So Ònul would be pronounced "On-ull" rather than "Oh-null"

(Unless you mean you're *actually* seeing levers rather than just an o-grave, in which case I'd suggest turning on TrueTypeFonts in the LNP's Graphics tab)

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**
Post by: **De** on **November 20, 2015, 09:09:11 pm**

Quote from: QuQuasar on November 20, 2015, 09:00:52 pm

Quote from: De on November 20, 2015, 01:20:51 pm

Though weirdly, even with new raws it's still doing that thing where it replaces letters with random symbols. Does anyone know why games do that? For instance Onul's name appears as Lever Symbol-nul.

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So Ònul would be pronounced "On-ull" rather than "Oh-null"

(Unless you mean you're *actually* seeing levers rather than just an o-grave, in which case I'd suggest turning on TrueTypeFonts in the LNP's Graphics tab)

Yeah, "A" is a figurine for me right now.

Sanctume! I found you someone who isn't crazy depressed!

[Spoiler: for a given value of not crazy \(click to show/hide\)](#)

nothing after witnessing death (x15) and **horrified** after witnessing death (x21).

Within the last season he felt nothing while in conflict

be kept regarding the mental degradation of the subject.
Hypothesis: Subject will slowly go mad with inner questioning and self-doubt.
Result: New overseer activated the lever multiple time withing the first minute to determine effect.
Conclusion: No breakthrough in the field of dwarven psychology was made, although the inquisitive nature of the subject is saluted.

I have not touched that lever. I am too busy disbanding all the food stockpiles to convince the dwarves to move the pigtails to somewhere they can process them so we can make clothes because everybody is basically naked. Levers can go hang.

Edit: DDDragoni, I love the "You should work on increasing happiness because some dwarves are almost crazy" and not the "BTW, I ordered a bunch of peoples' pets slaughtered". Correlation is not necessarily causation but still... You ordered Honeymoon's pets slaughtered. *Honeymoon's!* You monster. Or was this Urvad's revenge? She trying to get a little respect back?

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**
Post by: **Taupe** on **November 21, 2015, 12:16:32 am**

Quote from: De on November 21, 2015, 12:06:50 am

Edit: DDDragoni, I love the "You should work on increasing happiness because some dwarves are almost crazy" and not the "BTW, I ordered a bunch of peoples' pets slaughtered". Correlation is not necessarily causation but still... You ordered Honeymoon's pets slaughtered. *Honeymoon's!* You monster. Or was this Urvad's revenge? She trying to get a little respect back?

Oh.
My.
Fucking.
ARMOK.

You told the butchers to scathe *MAFOL!?!!*

You know what they do with revenges in the Mbfia (The bee-based second grade mafia)? They *out-revenge* them.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**
Post by: **De** on **November 21, 2015, 12:58:35 am**

Quote from: Taupe on November 21, 2015, 12:16:32 am

Quote from: De on November 21, 2015, 12:06:50 am

Edit: DDDragoni, I love the "You should work on increasing happiness because some dwarves are almost crazy" and not the "BTW, I ordered a bunch of peoples' pets slaughtered". Correlation is not necessarily causation but still... You ordered Honeymoon's pets slaughtered. *Honeymoon's!* You monster. Or was this Urvad's revenge? She trying to get a little respect back?

Oh.
My.
Fucking.
ARMOK.

You told the butchers to scathe *MAFOL!?!!*

You know what they do with revenges in the Mbfia (The bee-based second grade mafia)? They *out-revenge* them.

Hush, hush. I found the butchers in time and stopped it. Thank goodness I happened to be perusing the kitchen area and stumbled across the act in progress. I've put a stop to all butchering for the time being. We have tons of food and other problems anyway. I think something must have gotten mixed up, cause there were a couple of peoples pets ordered to the chopping block and honestly since most of these dwarves are teetering on the edge of sanity I really doubt it was intentional.

Edit: Does anyone want to be dorfed as a male mason before I name him in post and make the transition to being dorfed awkward? Gwolsky? Does anyone want to be the administrative cousins of a political upstart? I've got one of each gender, going fast. One's a male legendary spear dwarf on the very edge of sanity, the other's a legendary female sworddwarf, one of the few fighters left in the actual militia. For that matter, does anyone want to be a poet sentenced to exile for speaking out against the queen and committing "unspeakable" sexual acts with other young lady literary types? I think I'm going to play as DeMarco so the poet is up for grabs. Don't miss your chance to say you died in Icehold!

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **November 21, 2015, 01:27:35 am**

I think what happened there was I ordered a bunch of animals slaughtered back in Summer to try and handle the dog problem, and when no one ever did that I assigned war dogs at random but never cancelled the butchering.

But in character, that was totally Urkad being petty.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**
Post by: **Gwolski** on **November 21, 2015, 07:09:46 am**

Quote

want to be the administrative cousins of a political upstart

this guy, i think

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**
Post by: **Difio** on **November 24, 2015, 08:52:37 pm**

...

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**
Post by: **De** on **November 25, 2015, 12:53:51 am**

Okay so here's the skinny. I've got this thing called Meniere's disease which sometimes makes me really dizzy but I'm pretty used to it. I hadn't had a problem with it for a couple months then these last two weeks I've been worse than ever. This time there's a headache that comes along with pretty intense nausea and loss of vision in my left eye. I went to the doctors and they've told me this just happens to some people and there's nothing I can do about it. So for the foreseeable future double vision, puking and intermittent blindness are just how I roll. I've only managed to play a couple of months of Icehold. I've reorganized the military and my current project is getting all the VIP citizens into full leather armor that won't wear out because clothes in Icehold are a major source of unhappiness. Also The Place is lacking some vital supplies and I haven't worked out how to help them yet. I have a couple pages of narrative stuff written up, most of it was done before the head splitting, sight destroying headache hit. I've been struggling to finish up the beginning of the "intro" and move on to telling about the three months I've managed to play (lots of dwarves going insane and slipping into depression) but it's a struggle. Do you guys want the narrative stuff or should we revert the save to before my turn? I'm happy to keep playing, I'm certainly not getting out of bed much, but I can see people are impatient I don't blame them.

Here's at least something.

Spoiler: From the Writings of Thob Worldglove (click to show/hide)

How long has it been since I held a pen? There was a time when this simple act was the source of my greatest joy. I have filled so many

cheap rooms overlooking the rougher districts of cities’ artisan quarters with stack upon stack of scribbled over sheets of paper. So many words they crowded back the furniture and one had to weave their way around them to traverse from one corner to another. Now this single pile of fine white writing paper, obtained for me by Black Pat, the founding mother herself, has been gathering dust in the corner of my room for how long? Months? A year or two? Time passes strangely in this land of interminable darkness and glaring ice. The unbroken plane of that white expanse and the depth of the season long nights have a way of wiping thoughts from the surface of the mind. What can there be to say in the face of such impenetrable blankness? And yet... Was there ever an author who could resist the allure of her own handwriting across the stark fresh sheet forever even when she senses the emptiness behind her words?

I felt this... vacuity coming over me even before the ruination of my hopes and my journey here. There was the growing sense that I was speaking endlessly only to myself, shouting into the unmoved void. One cannot change a foolish, oppressive system by repeating the list of its flaws to any who might be coaxed to stop and listen over a glass of prickly berry wine. Change on such a scale only comes as the result of concerted action, undertaken by many willing hands at a time. Winning hearts and minds is a meaningless exercise; it is hands that act upon the world. The mind needs the hand to focus it, or else thoughts chase each other in endless circles until they spill out into nothingness and poison the heart. Hence, writing, which is the act of thinking distilled through the action of the hands. Or when lacking such essentials as ink, pens, paper and the will to go on, weaving, which is the act of avoiding all thought focused towards a tangible product.

I have done a great deal of weaving of late, and I have become quite good at it. The great irony of my life being that I have probably been of more tangible benefit because of the cloth I have produced in my silence than I ever was through the poetry and essays of my vocal youth. There is a desperate need for cloth, and clothing here. We have the pig tails and the tools to process them into thread and the looms to make cloth and yet, once again, it is the will that fails. The orders that come down are confusing and contradictory. We have been told to produce robes and socks and yet no one has been designated to collect the pig tails or to process them so we have no thread and no cloth, or perhaps we do and they are simply being kept in a stockpile twenty stories away from the clothier’s shop. No one knows. No one cares to find out. And dwarves traverse halls of carved ice with their blue skin showing plain through the holes of their garments.

So once again, I find myself with everything to do and still, somehow, nothing to do. A state shared by most of my cohort here. The Queen Bee might well have stung the cowardly lion into flight, but without willing workers her frozen hive will kill itself on its own indolence. My uselessness in such a situation is profound and has been aptly demonstrated in the past, and yet... I said something into the silence and for the second time in my life that little spark of words found dry tinder where it could flare and catch. I may have started something. Well, perhaps the pig started it. It’s difficult to say.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**
Post by: **DDDragon** on **November 25, 2015, 01:22:59 am**

Oh my god that sounds horrible. All my sympathies go out to you. Don't stress yourself worrying about getting Icehold done- if you need rest, then you need rest.

I think the decision to revert, hand over the save, or keep playing should be between you and Shofet- if you feel up to continue/if Shofet doesn't want to wait

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**
Post by: **De** on **November 25, 2015, 02:47:16 am**

Quote from: DDDragon on November 25, 2015, 01:22:59 am

Oh my god that sounds horrible. All my sympathies go out to you. Don't stress yourself worrying about getting Icehold done- if you need rest, then you need rest.

I think the decision to revert, hand over the save, or keep playing should be between you and Shofet- if you feel up to continue/if Shofet doesn't want to wait

It's not the playing that bothers me so much as the writing it up. It frustrates me because I had plans for the write up man. Also, I witnessed what I'm pretty sure is Icehold's first official cold blooded murder. Which is always fun. If I can't whip up something by tomorrow I'll PM Shofet.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**
Post by: **Shofet** on **November 25, 2015, 09:22:32 pm**

Thats terrible :-[

Ill be honest, I've played DF a bit, but Ive never played a succesion fort before. If someone could give me a brief summary of what to do, to grab the save and open it, that would be awesome.

If you want more time feel free de

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**
Post by: **uber pye** on **November 25, 2015, 09:36:13 pm**

if ya cant do a full write up you could outline it, but do what ya wanna do, just don't kill yurself de.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**
Post by: **De** on **November 25, 2015, 11:37:30 pm**

Here it is, just before the deadline. For fun, see if you can't pick out which parts were written pre or post headache.

Part One: A Pig in a Poke

Urkad made a sound somewhat resembling the cry of a giant cave swallow, and ran away as fast as her legs would carry her. Honeymoon straightened herself up, regaining her composure.

“Well,” she said, addressing the assembled dwarves. “Looks like we need a new Overseer.”

There was a moment in which all eyes were on Icehold’s principle administrator, and then they turned away. Someone sneezed. People were suddenly very busy over their yeti and plump helmet stew. Honeymoon continued to stand there in the cavern dining hall while the lamp light caught the gem window center piece and cast rainbows across every downturned face.

“Oh come on,” she goaded. “I refuse to let this place die and sink into obscurity simply because no one was willing to step up. Last year everyone was clamoring for a piece of the action and now this?”

There was a polite cough from near stairs, one of the stairs, and the resident Professor spoke up. “Really it’s not that big of a job, there are only fifty... er... thirty of us left out here in the fortress, compared to what other Overseers face that’s hardly a task to tax any dwarf. Although,” he hastily threw up his hands as if to ward off the gaze of the handful of faces that had turned towards him, “I could not possibly take it on myself at this time. I simply could not continence any further interruption of my valuable work.”

There was a kind of collective shuffle and murmur.

“Maybe we should get the stick out again? Remember when we did the stick thing?”

“That’s how we ended up with that kid overseeing the place; that was a stupid idea.”

“Hey! That kid was the best Overseer we ever had!”

“Wasn’t he the one who built the mine cart track of perpetual death?”

“Well you don’t have to agree with every policy to still think someone was a great leader.”

“He’s gone though, like most of the kids.”

[Spoiler: uber_pye in The Place](#) (click to show/hide)



Recollection gradually shifted attention towards another former Overseer. The mysterious Captain of the Guard, Deus, was at that moment refilling his silver flask at the beer keg. He looked up as the murmuring subsided and he felt the group focus coalesce around him. He confronted this influx of hope with stony impassivity.

“May I remind you all that I fulfilled my term as Overseer a mere three years ago? You cannot expect me to save you every time. Indeed,” he went about the task of sealing his flask and tucking it away inside his armor in a deliberate slow manner that made it impossible for anyone observing to miss the recent bandaging and the obviously still painful wounds, “my last attempt at rescue was almost... my last.” He frowned, more concerned about the stylistic infelicity in his previous statement than he was about his recent brush with death, if truth was to be told.

[Spoiler: Deus's Health](#) (click to show/hide)

The Health of Deus Lertethamost captain of the guard						
46:	Status	Wounds	Treatment	History		
12th Limestone	257:	Evaluated	-	Black Pat	Kanzuditeb	Founder
12th Limestone	257:	Cleaned	-	Black Pat	Kanzuditeb	Founder
12th Limestone	257:	Received polar bear	-	Black Pat	Kanzuditeb	Founder
12th Limestone	257:	Received cave spider	-	Black Pat	Kanzuditeb	Founder
12th Limestone	257:	Received willow splint	-	Black Pat	Kanzuditeb	Founder

Group awareness turned to the hero of the recent battle against the goblins. Shofet the Cannibal was diligently attempting to loosen a scrap of... something that had become wedged between his back teeth and failed to notice that he had become the subject of brief, horrified, mass contemplation.

[Spoiler: Shofet the Cannibal](#) (click to show/hide)



“Has anyone seen Black Pat?” asked someone.

“She hardly ever comes out of the hospital anymore,” was the answer everyone already knew. Black Pat had exhausted her life’s supply of patience years ago.

Likewise, no one needed to bring up the Vesh worshipper. People like that had their place to be sure, the Eye Stabber was rumored to be a follower of the deity herself, but one didn’t want them in charge... or back in charge at any rate. The dwarf known as Lord Lubbie wasn’t hanging around the booze stockpile because he tended to spend all day out working in the fields until he collapsed; no one suggested fetching him.

[Spoiler: Lord Lubbie Labors On](#) (click to show/hide)



“Wasn’t there another guy? From awhile ago...”

“Yeah, yeah, he was alright.”

There was an audible clunk as Neblime the Poacher dropped his stone mug on the table and sat up, alert.

“What was his name?”

The Poacher stood up.

“I remember, Zaneg wasn’t it?”

And then he sat back down, swiping the mug off the table with a single swat.

“I dunno, Zaneg’s pretty weird.”

“What makes you say that?”

“About five years of being married to her.”

“Oh...”

Unable to take much more of this, Honeymoon threw up her hands and walked out of the cavern. She stormed up to her bedroom and threw herself onto her bed where she spent a few soothing hours studying the design of the bedposts. Behind her, Icehold gradually subsided back into its accustomed quiet gloom.

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DeMarco didn’t have friends any more. This wasn’t really a problem. It was because most everyone she’d really known had gone off with that weirdo, Onul, to The Place and so long as they were there, she wouldn’t have to watch them die. That was good. After what had happened to her sister, and her mom and her... father (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6357902#msg6357902>), DeMarco was sick of watching people die. That said, it was important to know how to make small talk because if you didn’t people assumed you were having some kind of episode and that was how accidents happened. When everyone was feeling just a wee bit jumpy like this, it didn’t hurt to take an extra five minutes to discuss the weather. Not that the weather was ever any different.

Spoiler: DeMarco's family (click to show/hide)

| Dwarf Fortress                       |                        |                      |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------|----------------------|
| Relationships of the Dragon Smuggler |                        |                      |
| DeMarco                              |                        | Urvadstelid          |
| Erush Atiszanos                      | Furnace Operator       | Mother               |
| Endok Konosrutod                     | Weremammoth Gem Setter | Father               |
| Urvad Ilromakrul                     |                        | Paternal Grandmother |
| Tirist Rigothdustik                  |                        | Paternal Grandfather |
| Sibrek Beretost                      |                        | Older Brother        |
| Inod Nomalidok                       |                        | Older Brother        |
| Onul Asmelavuz                       |                        | Older Brother        |
| Tulon Ustuzol                        |                        | Older Brother        |
| Olon Besmarnabas                     |                        | Older Brother        |
| Doren Dodoknoleth                    | Miner                  | Older Sister         |

Still, when she’d said ‘hello’ to the dead-eyed, ancient weaver woman sitting next to her she hadn’t meant anything by it. All she’d wanted was to get through the obligatory sanity litmus test in as quick a fashion as possible. How had she gotten into a gods damned conversation?

“There are few things left in life that truly irk me,” the weaver had announced, “small talk is one of them. I hate pointless chatter, such a waste of good words. If one is going to talk, one should truly communicate, don’t you think? True communication is an exchange of souls. So tell me, what are you in for?”

DeMarco gaped. “Are you nuts? You don’t fucking ask that, this is Icehold!”

“Really? I’ve never noticed anyone else being particularly coy about their history, except for maybe that Deus fellow.”

“That’s because nobody gives a shit about the past here. None of that matters, not since we were sent to die in this place. Who gives a flying fuck about any of it now?”

“I was simply making conversation. And anyway, as young as you are, I really doubt you were the one sentenced for any crimes, sent here with your parents weren’t you? We have a surprising number of children and families in this place.”

“Not that surprising really,” replied DeMarco. The severity of her scowl drew deep grooves on her face, prematurely aging her well past her actual sixteen years. “It’s bad blood, that’s all. Trouble runs in the family, that’s what my mum used to say, might as well send the brats up here and save time later. Most dwarves are born assholes anyway.”

“You make an interesting point,” said the weaver. She tilted her head and studied the young dwarf. DeMarco squirmed in her seat. She felt



a deep need to look away from the dull depths of those eyes. She thought she had gotten pretty much accustomed to dealing with people who had a screw loose. “You agree with the Queen’s policy then? I always thought it was the duty of the young to question every decision made by their elders.”

Spoiler: DeMarco's Values (click to show/hide)

Like others in her culture she greatly prizes loyalty, values family greatly, sees friendship as one of the finer things in life, believes that honesty is a high ideal, greatly respects artists and their works, really respects those that take the time to master a skill, deeply respects those that work hard at their labors, respects fair-dealing and fair-play, values cooperation, finds merrymaking and partying worthwhile activities, values martial prowess, values leisure time, respects commerce and finds nature somewhat disturbing. She personally treasures independence, does not respect the law, values tradition and considers crafts dwarfship to be relatively worthless. She dreams of mastering a skill. She is incurious and never seeks out knowledge or information to satisfy herself. She is prone to strong feelings of jealousy. She is often nervous. She prefers that everyone live as harmoniously as possible. She is generally quite confident of her abilities when undertaking specific ventures. She tends to ask others for help with difficult decisions. She tends not to reveal personal information. She tends to form only tenuous emotional bonds with others. She can occasionally lose focus on the matter at hand. She occasionally overindulges. She is somewhat fearful in the face of imminent danger. She tries to keep her things orderly. She is rarely happy or enthusiastic, and she is conflicted by this as she values parties and merrymaking in the abstract. She does not have a great aesthetic sensitivity, and she is conflicted by this as she values artwork and its creation. She scratches her nose when she's nervous. She needs alcohol to get through the working day.

“I don’t care what decisions anyone makes, it’s none of my business.” DeMarco hunched her shoulders forward and turned away from the old dwarf, pretending to focus on her meal even though the giant rat brain roast wasn’t really doing anything for her today. That was when the squealing caught her attention. Grateful for something to focus on that wasn’t an elderly dwaf with something missing behind her eyes or lukewarm congealing glop that was meant to be lunch, she craned her neck to see through the door.

Spoiler: Rat Brain Roast (click to show/hide)

prepared giant rat brain roast 20  
This is a stack of 20 prepared giant rat brain roast. The ingredients are exceptionally minced goat cheese, exceptionally minced prepared giant jaguar brain, finely minced kea meat and exceptionally minced prepared giant rat brain.

Outside a burly dwarf DeMarco had seen around, in Icehold you saw everyone on a regular basis whether you wanted to or not, was leading a couple of war dogs and one loudly protesting pig towards the butcher’s block kept behind the chicken/duck/goose/helmet snake coop. There’d been a lot of this lately, Overseer Urkad had ordered a bunch of the animals butchered saying she couldn’t stand the mess or the noise they made. DeMarco had blocked it out, except something about this scene was... off.

“Hey wait a minute, isn’t that Honeymoon’s pig?”

The weaver peered through the door. “I confess one pig looks very much like another to me, though there aren’t many in this fortress to choose between so I suppose it must be somebody’s pig.”

“He can’t slaughter Honeymoon’s pets!” DeMarco was aghast. “There are rules against it and everything!”

“To paraphrase your charming idiom: this is Icehold, who gives a flying fuck about rules?”

Before she knew what was happening, DeMarco was on her feet and running towards the open cavern. Among dwarves, the tradition of the battle cry runs deep. There have been many uttered throughout the ages, some more inspiring than others but all of them delivered with passion. DeMarco drew in a breath that went all the way to her belly and bellowed with a force granted to her by the ancestors.

“Hey shitface! Unhand that pig!”

The dwarf turned towards her and raised the giant hammer in his hand, probably out of instinct but DeMarco skidded to a stop while she was still out of arm’s reach anyway. She recognized him now that she saw the hammer. He was Shorast, one of their kind-of-sort-of-masons. In Icehold a lot of dwarves were kind-of-sort-of various professions. He was big and tough and even less given to compassion and empathy than most of the fort’s populace. At the moment he was boggling at her in surprise but that would no doubt change if she gave it a chance to.

“Those animals aren’t part of the livestock, they’re Miss Honeymoon’s pets,” she said, hoping this would be all the explanation needed. It wasn’t.

“Bugger off kid, I’ve got my orders from the Overseer to do these in and be quick about it. Go play somewhere else or I’ll go upside your head first, teach you some manners.” Shorast grinned at her and waved the blood spattered butcher’s tool in her face. DeMarco forced all her joints to lock so that she neither cringed away nor stepped back.

“If by “the Overseer” you mean Urkad Gleamcloister, I believe she is no longer the head of Icehold as of last week.” The voice coming out of nowhere almost made DeMarco jump after all. She hadn’t realized that the weaver had followed.

“Who the fuck are you, old lady?” demanded Shorast.

“Thob Worldglove, creator of Egath Gembish the silk shoe, weren’t you in the meeting hall when Urkad... stepped down?”

Spoiler: Thob (click to show/hide)

Thob Dramreg, Dissident  
\*Thob Worldgloves\*  
Creator of Egath Gembish  
Pickup Equipment  
Dabbling Discipline  
Adept Observer  
Dabbling Fighter  
Dabbling Wrestler  
Dabbling Striker  
Dabbling Kicker  
Dabbling Dodger  
Novice Engraver (Rusty)  
Dabbling Butcher  
Legendary Weaver

“I was around when all that bullshit with the Queen Bee happened. You know what I didn’t see? Someone else stepping up, that makes Urkad the boss as far as I’m concerned.”

“Urkad’s a bully,” said DeMarco, “and if she told you to kill Honeymoon’s pets then she’s fucking sneak of a backstabber too.”

"Watch your mouth brat; you're talking about your betters." Shorast waved the hammer at DeMarco again. She caught the movement out of the corner of her eye and couldn't help an instinctive flinch. Shorast's leer grew broader still.

"I would hardly call a coward who sends the likes of you to do her dirty work for her anyone's better," said Thob.

"Shut up and sit down, dumb bitch." Shorast sounded tired and bored. He tried to push his way past them but DeMarco managed to tangle herself in the leashes, by now both dogs were barking in counterpoint to the pig's violent squealing. "Now look what you've done! I'm gonna have to tell the boss about this."

"We've told you, ignorant clout, Urkad is no longer the boss," replied Thob. Her face was preternaturally calm.

"Are you going to try to tell me that you are?" demanded Shorast.

For the first time, Thob took a step back. "Oh no, I don't become... involved with politics these days."

"I am," said DeMarco. The blood was pounding in her ears and she felt a bit dizzy but she wasn't about to back off, if you did that in a place like this you would never stop.

"You?" Shorast stared down at her. "You and what army?"

"She hardly needs an army. Tradition dictates that when the last Overseer fails to appoint a successor then the post is left open for the next person who volunteers for it," said Thob.

Shorast snorted. "Who's going to listen to her?"

"They will listen to me." The declaration was delivered at normal volume, at some point the pig and dogs had stopped their protesting noise. Shorast whirled around and found himself face to face with the manager, bookkeeper, and de facto king maker of Icehold, Honeymoon Ashenchannel. He bent back, trying to put distance between himself and the heliotrope fire of her gaze. She leant towards him, smiling and scratching at her pig's snout while he made happy grunting noises. "I know this wasn't your idea Shorast, and you made me a mighty fine bed back in the day, so I'm going to let you walk away from this, but by bloody fucking Armok if I find you scathed so much as a hair on Mafol's chin there will not be enough left of you to fill one of the Professor's specimen vials. Do you understand me?"

"Yes Miss Honeymoon!"

"Good, run along now."

Shorast dropped the leashes and his hammer and took off for the stairs at an awkward half jog, trying to pretend like nothing had happened. Thob Worldglove bent down and helped DeMarco disentangle herself while Honeymoon made a fuss over the pig and two dogs.

"Hush, hush, honey love, everything's better now. And some guard dogs you turned out to be, still I'm glad you're not supper, stringy things that you are." She looked up and saw that DeMarco had finally regained her feet. "Thanks for stepping in there kid, I owe you one."

DeMarco felt her face going hot, which was only more embarrassing. She stammered. "N- no, you don't. It's cool."

The Queen Bee of Icehold stared back at her, her expression distant and calculating. "If you say so, but I'm probably going to owe you a few after this." She stood up and cupped her hands to her mouth. "Ladies and Gentledwarfs we have a new Overseer, DeMarco Sealwashed!"

DeMarco's mouth dropped open until Thob elbowed her in the back and she remembered to close it. The dwarves of Icehold stared at them for a moment or two and then went back to this business shuffling around the caverns. The show, at least for the time being, was over and life went on.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **November 26, 2015, 03:12:18 am**

Wonderful writing De! Very fitting for Icehold, and you've stayed nicely in-character all the previously established dwarves. It's good to see the spare dwarves getting characterized, too.

All in all, a most promising start, if sadly lacking in the scientific department. It would have been most educational to perform a few psychological tests on Honeymoon in the event of Mafol's death. Preferably while well-armored.

Quote  
"I know this wasn't your idea Shorast, and you made me a mighty fine bed back in the day, so I'm going to let you walk away from this, but by bloody fucking Armok if I find you scathed so much as a hair on Mafol's chin there will not be enough left of you to fill one of the Professor's specimen vials. Do you understand me?"  
Curses! I need to refill my stocks of dwarf extract, too. I guess I'll just have to keep waiting on someone to die.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **November 26, 2015, 03:15:07 am**

Based on the quality of writing here, that's not Meniere's disease, that's a fey mood!

You basically nailed Urkad in one sentence there. Did I accidentally order the pig slaughtered, or was that dramatic license?

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Person** on **November 26, 2015, 11:26:38 am**

Been following this fort for awhile and I like what you've all made. Very good writing. In other words, posting to watch. Early on I kinda felt like claiming a turn, but I'm not really sure I could do this fort justice. Dwarf fortress is more fun for me without deadlines anyway.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **De** on **November 26, 2015, 02:59:31 pm**

Quote from: [DDDragoni](#) on November 26, 2015, 03:15:07 am  
Based on the quality of writing here, that's not Meniere's disease, that's a fey mood!  
You basically nailed Urkad in one sentence there. Did I accidentally order the pig slaughtered, or was that dramatic license?

I'm pretty sure it was just the dogs. The dramatic bit was that I noticed what was going on when Shorast there literally had Honeymoon's dog on the chopping block. I stopped it and went into the stocks menu and erased all orders for slaughtering without paying attention to whose was whose. Then I made that forum post you saw. Once I took a moment to breathe (everyone in Icehold who isn't in The Place is on the edge of sanity I don't want any pet deaths), I realized the mistake you must have made because I've done that too. It's when you designate an animal for one thing in game and another in Therapist, that's how you can have a standing order to make an animal a pet and a meal at the same time. I hadn't picked a player character yet and I wasn't sure how someone like DeMarco would end up as Overseer, so actually you provided me with a handy way to introduce the characters. Also Shorast is.... interesting.

Thanks for the compliments guys but unfortunately most of this was written before I got sick. So I haven't written any of the stuff I intended to follow up with. I'm feeling a bit better now but the medication I'm on makes me groggy as hell. I'd intended to do a dive on



the Legends mode but we'll see if I have the energy to carry out all my big plans (getting everyone clothes and moving food to The Place).

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **De** on **November 29, 2015, 01:47:34 am**

## Part Two: Running the Asylum

-From the Overseer log of Icehold Granite-Hematite SPRING year ~~158~~ 258 or whatever-

*I'm supposed to be writing up everything I do as Overseer for the official record, though who ~~the fuck~~ is going to read this thing all the way out here I don't know. I guess in the future if some adventurer decides to hitch up a sled and trek out across the ~~iceberg~~ glacier to fight the necromancers they might find this book and be, like, mildly curious about how a bunch of crumbled ruins got here. Hell, ~~dumbass~~ you can read this at night around the fire while you're killing and roasting your own sled dogs, be my guest you frostbitten looky-loo.*

*Anyway ~~this place is a shitstorm waiting to happen~~ has a lot of problems that are gonna get bad if we don't do something about them, which is easier said than done. Everyone's running around with their asses hanging out of the cruddy snot-caked rags we're all wearing even though it's so cold piss freezes because our stockpile system makes no ~~motherfucking~~ sense at all. Urkad ordered up a bunch of robes ~~and shit~~ but nobody knows where anything is so they never got made. Also, there's a ton of junk designated to be melted in the forge but there's been a magma man camped out by the smelters since forever so no, that's not gonna happen.*

Spoiler: He's a Magma Man (click to show/hide)



*Why this place has to be so Armok damned huge when it's just us is utterly ~~fucking~~ beyond me. I guess nobody's had anything better to do on this ~~iceberg~~-glacier. Looks like my first season as a bloody Overseer is gonna be about overseeing a mother-fuck-ton of hauling up and down like a hundred plus flights of stairs. Whoopy-fricking-doo!*

-D.

~~~

```
Kogan Bomrekkutam Captain's Son cancels Plant Seeds: Needs sweet pod
seeds
Marked 1 items to melt
Onul Nokzamikod Protector of Innocents cancels Give Food: No food
available
```

Onul checked the stockpile for sweet pod seeds and came up empty. That was strange, she was sure she could remember carrying a pot of them down here just... how long ago had it been? It was hard to tell. There wasn't much to mark the passage of time in The Place, unless that was you counted the wear and tear of clothing as a kind of record. Many of the kids were running around half naked. Not that that mattered much, not here. Still, it bothered her that she couldn't remember where she'd put the sweet pod seeds. It would have been so nice to have been able to look forward to brewing some dwarven rum at the end of the season.

She took a plump helmet seed instead and headed back to Field One. It seemed like a longer and longer trek every time she made it, which was odd given that The Place wasn't that big. Sometimes she forgot how small it really was. Over the past... however long it had been, The Place and her task in it had grown to encompass her whole world. The rest of Icehold felt like an alien universe and her life in it a distant memory. She'd been so much younger then, a different person really.

Spoiler: Onul's Thoughts (click to show/hide)

```
sure near a fine Seat She felt pleasure near a fine Table She
sure near a fine Seat She was irritated to be wearing old
She felt tenderness talking with a child She felt pleasure near
Door She was blissful dining in a legendary dining room She fel
She desires little for herself in the way of possessions She can be
very happy and optimistic She prefers to present herself modestly She
thinks she is fairly important in the grand scheme of things She is slow to
anger She sometimes acts with little determination and confidence She is
somewhat uncomfortable around those that appear unusual or live differently
from herself She tends to share her own experiences and thoughts with
others She can handle stress She finds obligations confining though she
is conflicted by this for more than one reason She has a calm demeanor She
often acts with compassion She often feels lustful She needs alcohol to
get through the working day and has gone without a drink for far far too
long She doesn't really care about anything anymore
```

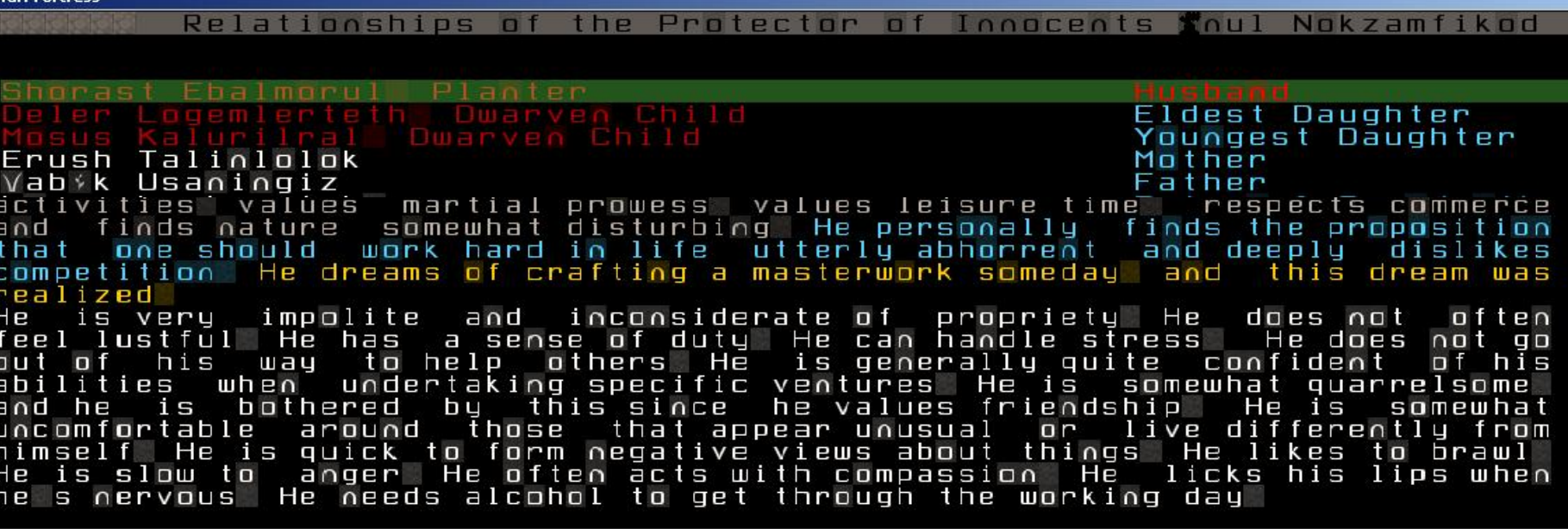
Dealing with Kogan had made that increasingly clear to her. He'd turned thirteen a little while ago and considered himself an adult. Onul almost pitied him. The boy wanted out, of course. He wasn't a child and he didn't need to hide, he'd told her, in many more words and with a great deal of sputtering sullen rage. It was time for him to take his place in Icehold as his father's son.



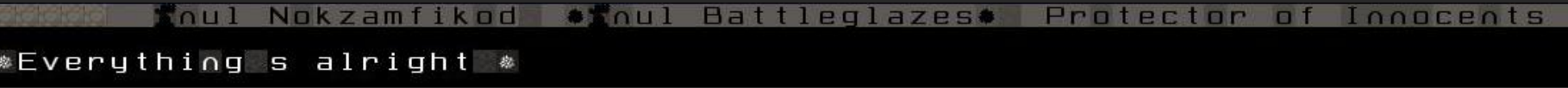
Onul remembered the captain. The boy looked like him, especially around the eyes, but the two of them were made of different stuff. Captain Deus was cool, poised, quick to think but always deliberate about his actions. There was something in him that was rather more akin to the adamantine sword he carried than any normal dwarf. Onul looked at Kogan and knew that he wasn't cut out to be a soldier. No place in Icehold was as grand as he made it out to be. He'd created a dream around himself because he needed something to fight for, and underneath all that sulking fury was desperation, plain as diorite. In that way, he was a lot like her.

She had married the boy next door when she wasn't much older than Kogan was now. The two of them had grown up together as part of the same burrow gang, watching each other's backs and doing just about anything that offered a prospect of excitement, anything to break the monotony of being the daughter of a fisher dwarf and a mother who'd never wanted her. When word came that her husband had been taken by the head of the local syndicate for failing to make payments on his multitude of short term loans (what he'd used the money for was a mystery to this day), Onul hadn't hesitated. She'd hit the streets. She'd asked questions and pursued leads like a terrier after a rat. She'd beaten and bribed her way into their headquarters, sabotaged their illegal magma smelter setup and managed to pull her husband out not two minutes before the place had melted. She'd taken out most of the organized crime in Bronzestream in one fell swoop. Shame she'd gotten caught. They'd hated to convict her but there wasn't much that could be done in the face of the evidence. The judge at the trial had summoned her into the back chambers and offered Icehold as a place where she and her husband could at least be together. She'd taken the bargain and off they had gone. By the time Onul reached the glacier, she was pregnant. Funny how in the midst of it all, she had never stopped to ask if Shorast was really worth the trouble.

Spoiler: Onul's Husband (click to show/hide)



Onul realized she was standing in the middle of the mushroom plot staring at the barren dirt. She took a step to the side and waived, almost falling. Her knees didn't quite want to work properly. What had she been doing? She groped through the haze of memory looking for the last tangible thing she'd been focused on. That was right, she had wanted a drink. Which meant... Onul went off to check the stockpile for sweet pod seeds.



~~~

"Do you really think it's wise to give her an axe?" asked Thob. DeMarco had asked the leaders of the Icehold community to meet her in the nobles' dining room. Only a handful of people had actually turned up. The weaver hadn't been invited to the meeting at all, but DeMarco hadn't felt like throwing her out. Being declared Overseer was like trying to find the one safe path down the side of a deep chasm. Anyone who wanted to come lend a critical eye to the search was welcome.

"We need wood if we're going to make lye and finally get some soap in this place," said DeMarco. "Somebody has to go out there."

"Urkad's part of the civilian militia anyway," pointed out Honeymoon. "She's always carried a weapon and she's never used it. That's not her style. I'll pass the order along."

DeMarco sat playing with the giant log book that listed all the fortress's supplies. She hadn't made any changes to it yet. She was tempted to just throw everything out and start over, but that would only make things even more confusing. For the moment she had ordered all work stopped, everyone was going to be hauling until she figured out what else needed to be done first.



| Group By                       | Profession  | Filter Dwarves | Add Filter |            |                    |                         |                 |          |               |         |           |         |                         |          |         |                 |             |               |                 |         |              |              |        |           |        |            |           |           |             |
|--------------------------------|-------------|----------------|------------|------------|--------------------|-------------------------|-----------------|----------|---------------|---------|-----------|---------|-------------------------|----------|---------|-----------------|-------------|---------------|-----------------|---------|--------------|--------------|--------|-----------|--------|------------|-----------|-----------|-------------|
| <div><div></div>Add</div>      | Labors Full | Military       | Social     | Attributes | Roles              | Animals                 | Health          |          |               |         |           |         |                         |          |         |                 |             |               |                 |         |              |              |        |           |        |            |           |           |             |
|                                |             | Wood Burning   | Soaping    | Farming    | Recovering Wounded | Feed Patients/Prisoners | Dressing Wounds | Suturing | Setting Bones | Surgery | Diagnosis | Gelding | Small Animal Dissection | Trapping | Hunting | Animal Training | Animal Care | Stonecrafting | Stone Detailing | Masonry | Woodcrafting | Wood Cutting | Bowery | Carpentry | Mining | Profession | Equipment | Happiness | Current Job |
| + Administrator (4)            |             |                |            |            |                    |                         |                 |          |               |         |           |         |                         |          |         |                 |             |               |                 |         |              |              |        |           |        |            |           |           |             |
| + Cannibal (1)                 |             |                |            |            |                    |                         |                 |          |               |         |           |         |                         |          |         |                 |             |               |                 |         |              |              |        |           |        |            |           |           |             |
| + Child (19)                   |             |                |            |            |                    |                         |                 |          |               |         |           |         |                         |          |         |                 |             |               |                 |         |              |              |        |           |        |            |           |           |             |
| + Clerk (1)                    |             |                |            |            |                    |                         |                 |          |               |         |           |         |                         |          |         |                 |             |               |                 |         |              |              |        |           |        |            |           |           |             |
| + Cook (1)                     |             |                |            |            |                    |                         |                 |          |               |         |           |         |                         |          |         |                 |             |               |                 |         |              |              |        |           |        |            |           |           |             |
| + Delouser (1)                 |             |                |            |            |                    |                         |                 |          |               |         |           |         |                         |          |         |                 |             |               |                 |         |              |              |        |           |        |            |           |           |             |
| + Deserter (1)                 |             |                |            |            |                    |                         |                 |          |               |         |           |         |                         |          |         |                 |             |               |                 |         |              |              |        |           |        |            |           |           |             |
| + Dissident (1)                |             |                |            |            |                    |                         |                 |          |               |         |           |         |                         |          |         |                 |             |               |                 |         |              |              |        |           |        |            |           |           |             |
| + Dragon Smuggler (1)          |             |                |            |            |                    |                         |                 |          |               |         |           |         |                         |          |         |                 |             |               |                 |         |              |              |        |           |        |            |           |           |             |
| + Enforcer (1)                 |             |                |            |            |                    |                         |                 |          |               |         |           |         |                         |          |         |                 |             |               |                 |         |              |              |        |           |        |            |           |           |             |
| + Eye Stabber (1)              |             |                |            |            |                    |                         |                 |          |               |         |           |         |                         |          |         |                 |             |               |                 |         |              |              |        |           |        |            |           |           |             |
| + Faithful Servant (1)         |             |                |            |            |                    |                         |                 |          |               |         |           |         |                         |          |         |                 |             |               |                 |         |              |              |        |           |        |            |           |           |             |
| + Founder (1)                  |             |                |            |            |                    |                         |                 |          |               |         |           |         |                         |          |         |                 |             |               |                 |         |              |              |        |           |        |            |           |           |             |
| + Grave Robber (1)             |             |                |            |            |                    |                         |                 |          |               |         |           |         |                         |          |         |                 |             |               |                 |         |              |              |        |           |        |            |           |           |             |
| + Head Smasher (1)             |             |                |            |            |                    |                         |                 |          |               |         |           |         |                         |          |         |                 |             |               |                 |         |              |              |        |           |        |            |           |           |             |
| + Iceman (1)                   |             |                |            |            |                    |                         |                 |          |               |         |           |         |                         |          |         |                 |             |               |                 |         |              |              |        |           |        |            |           |           |             |
| + Impeached Spiderkiller (1)   |             |                |            |            |                    |                         |                 |          |               |         |           |         |                         |          |         |                 |             |               |                 |         |              |              |        |           |        |            |           |           |             |
| + Legitimate Buisnessdwarf (1) |             |                |            |            |                    |                         |                 |          |               |         |           |         |                         |          |         |                 |             |               |                 |         |              |              |        |           |        |            |           |           |             |
| + Loose Cannon (1)             |             |                |            |            |                    |                         |                 |          |               |         |           |         |                         |          |         |                 |             |               |                 |         |              |              |        |           |        |            |           |           |             |
| + Manera Tamer (1)             |             |                |            |            |                    |                         |                 |          |               |         |           |         |                         |          |         |                 |             |               |                 |         |              |              |        |           |        |            |           |           |             |
| + Mason (1)                    |             |                |            |            |                    |                         |                 |          |               |         |           |         |                         |          |         |                 |             |               |                 |         |              |              |        |           |        |            |           |           |             |
| + Miner (2)                    |             |                |            |            |                    |                         |                 |          |               |         |           |         |                         |          |         |                 |             |               |                 |         |              |              |        |           |        |            |           |           |             |
| + Planter (2)                  |             |                |            |            |                    |                         |                 |          |               |         |           |         |                         |          |         |                 |             |               |                 |         |              |              |        |           |        |            |           |           |             |

“Thob’s not wrong about giving people weapons though,” she said. “Everyone around here has gotten super twitchy. We’re one fucking spilt saltshaker or accidental elbow to the ribs away from a total bloodbath. I saw that Mosus girl walking through the hallways and just... crying yesterday. I don’t even think she knows she’s doing it.”

Spoiler: Pressures of the Job (click to show/hide)



“The Commander has done an exemplary job of defending Icehold,” said Captain Deus. “The whole of the militia has, their various checkered pasts aside.”

“Yeah but if one of them snaps...” DeMarco didn’t know where to go with that sentence.

The captain gave a very brief laugh. “If you’re suggesting we remove all the murderers from the militia then there will be no militia left.”

The way he said it, like someone stating an unremarkable fact, made DeMarco feel simultaneously alone and surrounded. This was a sensation she’d thought she had finally outgrown. She tried to push the feeling away before it could overwhelm her.

“Perhaps,” suggested Thob, “we could keep the guards and temporarily disband Mosus’s squad. You could offer them a break, a chance to do something besides gutting goblins and hacking away at each other for practice.”

“They could help haul shit,” DeMarco agreed.

“That’ll work great right up until another beastie comes flying out of the caverns and tears this place apart,” said Honeymoon quellingly.



“Then how about a replacement commander?” asked Thob. “May I suggest my cousin there, who has against all odds and certainly the expectations of his parents become a pillar of Icehold society?”

Spoiler: Shofet's Personality Quirks (click to show/hide)

He is vengeful and never forgets or forgives past grievances. He lives at a high-energy kinetic pace. He dislikes receiving advice, preferring to keep his own counsel. He can handle stress. He tries to do things correctly each time. He is often cheerful. He enjoys the company of others. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He doesn't really care about anything anymore.

“Hey,” growled Shofet. “What do you mean by that, Thobby?”

“Simply what I said,” replied the weaver, as cool as a partially gnawed dead goblin frozen to a drawbridge. “I believe you have found the one place in all the Infinite World where you can truly thrive.”

“Why do you always gotta be that way, cous?”

“What way? I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“Yes you do! You’re a troublemaker and you always have been, like that time you hit me over the head with a steel mini-forge and then started crying when my mum turned up...”

Thob’s mouth turned down at the corners and became terribly forbidding. “I was nine and you were biting my hand.”

“Yeah, after you’d stolen my mini-forge.”

“Don’t take that tone with me, you pissant anthropophagist!”

“Stop squabbling children or you’re both going into time out right this second,” said Honeymoon holding up her hands, just as though she were not a quarter of Thob’s age.

“I know someone,” spoke the captain. Everybody turned to look at him but he was preoccupied studying his drink. “I have a cousin here as well. You might-” He paused with uncharacteristic hesitation and looked up to meet their collective gaze, and then he downed his drink. “He goes by the name Sanctume, you might consider him.”

~~~

Spoiler: Sanctume (click to show/hide)

SanctumeItonarzes• SanctumeHallknights• Deserter

Miredrouts die. He is the son of Lolor Scorchgilds and Ustuth Plainlashes. He is an ardent worshipper of Vesh and a worshipper of Amug. He is a citizen of The Stake of Rings. He is a member of The Fenced Lance. He is a former member of The Mysterious Silvers. He arrived at Ushilkegeth on the 18th of Moonstone in the year 252. He is twenty-four years old, born on the 20th of Malachite in the year 234. He is strapped with massive amounts of muscle and lard. His hair is extremely long. His nose bridge is slightly convex. His head is somewhat broad. His hair is goldenrod. His skin is raw umber. His eyes are heliotrope. He is amazingly agile, unbelievably strong, absolutely inexhaustible and basically unbreakable, but he is very slow to heal. Sanctume Itonarzes likes native copper, tin, yellow spessartine, pecan wood, wood, the color red-purple, cabochons, geese for their formation, flying, desert tortoises for their shells and kobold bulbs for their shrouded history. When possible, he prefers to consume wine. He absolutely detests snails. He has an astounding feel for the position of his own body, a stunning feel for spatial relationships, an iron will, very good focus and a very good sense of empathy. Like others in his culture, he holds crafts-dwarfship to be of the highest ideals and celebrates talented artisans and their masterworks. He has a great deal of respect for the law, greatly prizes loyalty, values family greatly, sees friendship as one of the finer things in life, believes that honesty is a high ideal, greatly respects artists and their works, really respects those that take the time to master a skill, deeply respects those that work hard at their labors, respects fair-dealing and fair-play, values cooperation, finds merrymaking and partying worthwhile activities, values martial prowess, values leisure time, respects commerce and finds nature somewhat disturbing. He personally sees introspection as important, values a harmonious existence and sees war as a useful means to an end. He dreams of crafting a masterwork someday. He is given to rough-and-tumble brawling, even to the point of starting fights for no reason. He rarely looks on others with lust. He has an overbearing personality. He is pleased by his own appearance and talents. He tends to be swayed by the emotions of others. He enjoys the company of others. He has an active sense of humor. He tends to hang on to grievances. He finds obligations confining, though he is conflicted by this for more than one reason. He is brave in the face of imminent danger. He is quite polite. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He is getting used to tragedy.

nothing after witnessing death (x15) and **horrified** after witnessing death (x21).

Within the last season he felt nothing while in conflict.

Skills:

- [21] **Legendary +5 Macedwarf** 32.6k xp
- [20] **Legendary +5 Discipline** 31.4k xp
- [23] **Legendary +5 Observer** 37.5k xp
- [25] **Legendary +5 Fighter** 43.9k xp
- [10] **Accomplished Shield User** 9.6k/11.0k xp (5.9%)
- [9] **Professional Student** 8.2k/9.5k xp (7.1%)
- [9] **Professional Concentration** 8.2k/9.5k xp (7.1%)
- [8] **Expert Dodger** 8.0k/8.1k xp (89.7%)
- [8] **Expert Striker** 7.2k/8.1k xp (33.8%)
- [8] **Expert Armor User** 6.8k/8.1k xp (1.4%)
- [7] **Adept Wrestler** 6.1k/6.8k xp (39.9%)
- [4] **Skilled Kicker** 3.2k/3.5k xp (63.8%)
- [4] **Skilled Misc. Object User** 2.9k/3.5k xp (30.0%) **Rusty**
- [3] **Competent Teacher** 2.3k/2.6k xp (62.5%) **Rusty**
- [2] **Adequate Organizer** 1.6k/1.8k xp (72.9%) **Rusty**
- [2] **Adequate Milker** 1.5k/1.8k xp (57.1%) **Rusty**
- [2] **Adequate Biter** 1.2k/1.8k xp (14.7%) **Rusty**
- [1] **Novice Engraver** 910/1.1k xp (68.3%) **Rusty**

Highest Moodable Skill: Engraver

Personality: Rarely looks on others with lust. Is given to brawling, to the point of starting fights for no reason. Is quite polite. Is brave in the face of imminent danger. Is pleased by their own appearance and talents. Has an active sense of humor. Tends to hang on to grievances. Tends to be swayed by the emotions of others. **Finds obligations confining.** Enjoys the company of others. Has an overbearing personality. **Values a harmonious existence.** **Sees introspection as important.** **Sees war as a useful means to an end.** **Dreams of crafting a masterwork someday.**

Preferences: Likes pecan tree wood, yellow spessartine, tin, native copper, desert tortoises, geese, kobold bulbs, the color red-purple and the shape of cabochons. Prefers to consume wine. Hates snails.

“Desertion and murder in the first degree,” answered Sanctume in response to the question no one in Icehold was supposed to ask.

Out of the corner of her eye DeMarco saw Honeymoon cover her eyes with a hand and heard her make a sound that could have been either a laugh or a groan. DeMarco’s gaze went to the mace the warrior dwarf was casually holding and then travelled up the muscled arm to the face half hidden behind all the hair. His mouth was quirked up into a slight smile, as if he saw the humor in the situation as well. Abruptly, she decided they could trust him, at least for this much. Anyway, he didn’t look he was thinking about marching into the other room and clubbing someone to death within the next fifteen minutes and that made him vastly more qualified then the majority of the adults in Icehold.

“We need to find all the fighting dwarves who aren’t actually on the edge of scragging all of us so they can use our severed limbs to put on a puppet show for the helmet snakes in the dining hall. Can you help?” she asked.

“That’s an oddly specific worry you have, but I believe I take your meaning.” He stood up and stretched. “I’ll talk to Deus and we’ll divide up whoever’s left between us. You might have to recruit one or two and have me train them up. There aren’t a lot of us left here. If you want my advice Overseer, and since you’re here I’m assuming you do, you’ll have those goblins bodies that are lying all over our doorstep dumped into the magma sea before you do anything else. Right now they’re lovely bait for any passing necromancer.”

“I’m having our front door sealed,” replied DeMarco.

“You’re what?” asked Honeymoon.

“Sealing the outside off, of course I am. Why do we ever even go out there? It’s a fucking frozen wasteland covered in weremamoths and dead bodies!” She realized she was shouting and tried to stop. Her heart was pounding in her chest and it was a struggle to get enough air into her lungs between the words. She glared at Honeymoon, who met it with one of her own.

"A siege would cut off our supply caravans," Sanctume put in, using a mild and reasonable tone as if they were discussing crop rotation or that ever popular topic the weather.

"Fuck `em," answered DeMarco, turning towards him. "They fucking send us off to this frozen hell and then they charge us an arm and a leg for their shit-stained maggot chewed supplies. Let the fucking snow zombies chow down I say. We've got everything we need."

"You're only saying that because you didn't spend a fucking year eating nothing but yeti chunk stew and watery dwarven wine," said Honeymoon. "You try that for a week and see how you like it."

"Sure is easy for you to say, sitting at your desk counting up every last fucking piece of string after you appoint some sad sacks into the militia and throw them in front of the monsters. Who gives a fuck so long as we know where all the stray lint in the fortress is right?"

A pair of heavy hands thumped down on DeMarco's shoulders. She jumped and looked up into the face of Sanctume. "We're not under siege at present; let's wait to burn our bridges until after we've crossed them."

"Yeah, whatever," said DeMarco, shrugging out of his grip with all the ease of an expert evader. "I've gotta go..." she fumbled for something to say. "I've just gotta go. The Professor said he needed..."

"Go," said Honeymoon, flat as the frozen plain far over their heads.

DeMarco did, walking with her head down and her shoulders so hunched forward that they obscured her face.

"Moon-" Sanctume started to say.

"I know," Honeymoon stopped him. She sighed. "I didn't sign up for this, you know. If anyone needs me I'll be in my room, tallying the string count, but nobody better fucking need me alright?"

Sanctume nodded and watched her leave as well. Then he went to review his squad. Icehold had itself a new commander.

~~~

"I didn't quite dare put you forward, not with Shofet there in the room, and I wasn't sure that the thought would appeal to you anyway," said Thob to her other cousin, Gwolfski. "It seems like a post destined for trouble to me."

Spoiler: Thob's Cousins (click to show/hide)

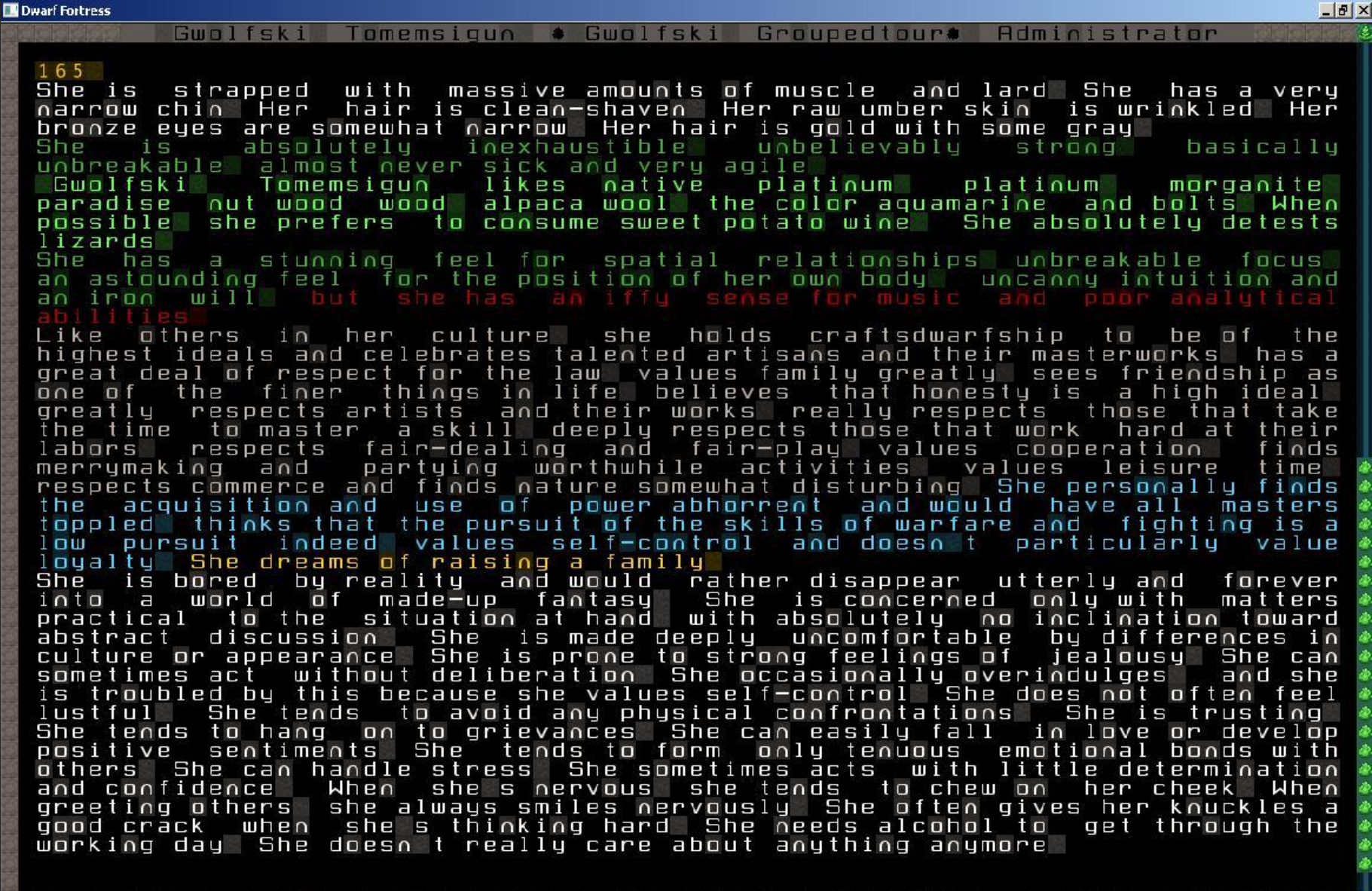
| Relationships of the Dissident Thob Dramreg |                    |        |
|---------------------------------------------|--------------------|--------|
| Zon Vaboklogem                              |                    | Uncle  |
| Deduk Ezumlilar                             |                    | Nephew |
| Mebzuth Imemsgun                            | Administrator      | Cousin |
| Obok Dedukgesis                             |                    | Cousin |
| Rigth Tobultolun                            |                    | Cousin |
| Deduk Bisekfath                             | Baron Impersonator | Cousin |
| Ral Uzolmat                                 |                    | Cousin |
| Onget Avuzoshur                             |                    | Cousin |
| Feb Satbomrek                               |                    | Cousin |
| Asmel Keskalkilrud                          | Thob's Cousin      | Cousin |
| Ingish Bakustnokim                          |                    | Cousin |
| Kogan Igamzasit                             |                    | Cousin |
| Dodk Avuzkalan                              |                    | Cousin |
| Szkzul Rulnil                               |                    | Cousin |
| Zasit Sazirkekath                           |                    | Cousin |
| Dodk Erushostuk                             |                    | Cousin |

| Relationships of the Dissident Thob Dramreg |               |                |
|---------------------------------------------|---------------|----------------|
| Libash Thosbutkubuk                         |               | Cousin         |
| Tobul Nokimineth                            |               | Cousin         |
| Shofet Nishalod                             | Cannibal      | Cousin         |
| Shem Arzesurist                             |               | Cousin         |
| Shorast Kokebustuth                         |               | Cousin         |
| Udib Inethostuk                             | Administrator | Cousin         |
| Ablel Kolekam                               | Enforcer      | Friend         |
| Monam Avuzkobel                             | Dwarven Child | Friend         |
| Ast Ishducim                                | Dwarven Child | Friend         |
| Udil Dakostudesh                            | Miner         | Friendly Terms |
| Alth Logemsakriith                          | Dwarven Child | Friendly Terms |
| Ashrir Tathaksazir                          | Dwarven Child | Friendly Terms |
| Ineth Olinum                                | Dwarven Child | Friendly Terms |
| Urist Dodokor                               | Leatherworker | Friendly Terms |
| Anul Nefastamost                            | Dwarven Child | Friendly Terms |
| Astesh Yutaktishis                          | Dwarven Child | Friendly Terms |

(OOC: I dorfed Gwolfski as Mebzuth because she's the most sane. Unib is actually a prince but he's slipped into depression so I don't know how long he is for the world.)

Spoiler: Gwolfski (click to show/hide)





(OOC: I also really like the personality description, if you want to do something with that.)

"Hmmp, kind of you to think of me at all," answered the sworddwarf with a degree of friendly sarcasm. "Are we back to our old games then? Should I be trying for Captain Deus's chair instead?"

"Hardly. I don't see what the point of a coup in this place would be anyway. It was only a thought."

"Ha! I knew it, you've got a plan."

"A baseless accusation, I've done nothing but weave cloth since I came to this benighted place."

"Sure cousin, I've never known you to not have a plan."

"I have some thoughts, if they ever come to anything more than a snow flurry in an icy wind you shall be the first to know."

Gwolski smiled. It was nice to see the light back on in Thob's eyes at least. Icehold had become a far too stifling place lately. What was the point of coming all the way out to the very edges of civilization if you couldn't have a little freedom again? "Are you going to write about it?"

"Maybe, I intend to spend the next few weeks decorating," declared Thob. "This place won't know what hit it."

@QuQuasar: I can't remember if you gave Onul a backstory. The little story is literally the first thing that popped into my head. If it blatantly contradicts your turn let me know and I'll try to fix it.

@Sanctume: I don't know how you want to play your character. I dorfed him before I started playing properly and didn't realize he'd become such a prominent feature of my turn. I leave the fillicide to you to introduce into the narrative. The in game profile says he has an overbearing personality but I'm sure how to write one of those *in Icehold* where everybody's pretty weird to begin with.

@Gwolski: Thob has a bunch of cousins to scheme with. I ended up picking Mebzuth because she seems pretty stable and like she might survive my turn at least. Unib's a prince but he's chronically depressed. So you're female, but the good news is you're married to Igor. He's quite a catch.

@DDDroni: This is going to be a nightmare to link, I know. But I really just wanted to get something up. I'll try to condense episodes and append them to earlier posts if I can get them short enough. If this is too much I'll knock it off or tone it down or something.

Next time on Icehold, see what happened when I actually started unpausing the game for more than 15 seconds at a time!

PS- Something keeps autodesignating copper pots for melting and it seems to be screwing with the seed inventory. I don't have any of those kind of DFhack tweaks enabled so it's weird. Also, I keep being told there's no water source outside The Place even though there's a well in the caverns and a designated drinking/fishing place. There is one z-level of empty space between the well and the water, is that a DF no-no?

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Dozebôm Lolumzalis** on **November 29, 2015, 03:01:49 pm**

I'd like a turn in this godforsaken cold wasteland!

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **De** on **November 29, 2015, 08:14:37 pm**

Is there a way to close the pictured bridge below?

[Spoiler: bridge problem](#) (click to show/hide)





Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **November 29, 2015, 08:39:33 pm**

Quote from: iwoodward48df on November 29, 2015, 03:01:49 pm  
I'd like a turn in this godforsaken cold wasteland!

Added! Welcome to Icehold, and don't mind the corpse-strewn front yard. Its a work in progress.

Quote from: De on November 29, 2015, 08:14:37 pm  
Is there a way to close the pictured bridge below?

Spoiler: [bridge problem](#) (click to show/hide)



No, there is not. I knew there was something I was forgetting to do... Ironically enough, that's exactly where the Theropod FB showed up.

Quote  
@DDDragoni: This is going to be a nightmare to link, I know. But I really just wanted to get something up. I'll try to condense episodes and append them to earlier posts if I can get them short enough. If this is too much I'll knock it off or tone it down or something.

It'd only be a nightmare if I was doing them all at once. As they come is much easier. And this is definitely not too much- when I finished I was sad there wasn't more!

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Nidilap** on **November 29, 2015, 09:00:49 pm**

It's been a long time.

Has my char done anything worthwhile? Or has he been slain? I want to come back to this

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **De** on **November 29, 2015, 10:01:42 pm**

Quote from: Nidilap on November 29, 2015, 09:00:49 pm

It's been a long time.

Has my char done anything worthwhile? Or has he been slain? I want to come back to this

Actually I was surprised by how many of the player characters had survived! Yours.... not one of them. I have a separate legends save and I could look up how he died if you want. I could re-dwarf you. May I strongly recommend you pick a child locked up in The Place? Check that. Let me see if I can stop this monster from charging into The Place and killing all of the children then I'll get back to you.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Sanctume** on **November 29, 2015, 11:35:51 pm**

Quote from: De on November 29, 2015, 01:47:34 am

@Sanctume: I don't know how you want to play your character. I dorfed him before I started playing properly and didn't realize he'd become such a prominent feature of my turn. I leave the fillicide to you to introduce into the narrative. The in game profile says he has an overbearing personality but I'm sure how to write one of those *in Icehold* where everybody's pretty weird to begin with.

PS- Something keeps autodesignating copper pots for melting and it seems to be screwing with the seed inventory. I don't have any of those kind of DFhack tweaks enabled so it's weird. Also, I keep being told there's no water source outside The Place even though there's a well in the caverns and a designated drinking/fishing place. There is one z-level of empty space between the well and the water, is that a DF no-no?

ooc: Think Lawful Neutral. I like this prominent position, and if I remain in this position when my turn is up, it will be a good story point to "dictate" some work done in the fort/prison as well as continuing military work.

If you're using LNP, the automelt is set on a stockpile, q over it and toggle using M.  
You can check the job list and search any melt jobs and cancel them.  
/ooc

@GWolfski: "Hey there, do you happen to have relations to some folks from some far away farming community by chance? Anyway, I hope to see you in the barracks."

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Nidilap** on **November 30, 2015, 10:46:32 pm**

Quote from: De on November 29, 2015, 10:01:42 pm

Quote from: Nidilap on November 29, 2015, 09:00:49 pm

It's been a long time.

Has my char done anything worthwhile? Or has he been slain? I want to come back to this

Actually I was surprised by how many of the player characters had survived! Yours.... not one of them. I have a separate legends save and I could look up how he died if you want. I could re-dwarf you. May I strongly recommend you pick a child locked up in The Place? Check that. Let me see if I can stop this monster from charging into The Place and killing all of the children then I'll get back to you.

I'd like to see the fate of that poor dwarf. He had a rough time. And I'd love to re-dwarf.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **De** on **December 02, 2015, 12:17:23 pm**

Quote from: Nidilap on November 30, 2015, 10:46:32 pm

Quote from: De on November 29, 2015, 10:01:42 pm

Quote from: Nidilap on November 29, 2015, 09:00:49 pm

It's been a long time.

Has my char done anything worthwhile? Or has he been slain? I want to come back to this

Actually I was surprised by how many of the player characters had survived! Yours.... not one of them. I have a separate legends save and I could look up how he died if you want. I could re-dwarf you. May I strongly recommend you pick a child locked up in The Place? Check that. Let me see if I can stop this monster from charging into The Place and killing all of the children then I'll get back to you.

I'd like to see the fate of that poor dwarf. He had a rough time. And I'd love to re-dwarf.

I looked for your dwarf but couldn't find any record of them in Legends. Which is weird because I'm pretty sure I remember seeing their tomb somewhere around. To make up for it I dubbed Udil the miner as Nidilap. Udil's been around since 250, so it's like you were there all along!

I just got back from my day job and I have to go do my second job (dog walking) soon, but I expect to have the next account which covers Spring of 258 up before midnight tonight. Not much happened over the summer, except a shit ton of hauling and a FB attack so that shouldn't take long to cover. I'm on month 6 of my play and embarking on one of the most tedious, finicky, headache inducing experiments of my DF career. I call it Operation Party All the Time after one of the lamest songs known to man.

Edit: Okay, so I'm having a surprisingly difficult time coming up with a story explanation for something the game threw at me. Lord Lubbie is challenging to write about, it turns out.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Person** on **December 03, 2015, 05:08:04 pm**

Maybe they were using a false name? Though only vampires do that iirc so probably not. You could probably try looking at the history of the fort itself in legends, and try cross referencing from there. That might make it easier to find them if its just a matter of having too many entries to look through. Or maybe you already tried that.

In any event, can you explain what happened with Lord Lubbie or would it be too spoilery?

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **De** on **December 03, 2015, 05:22:54 pm**

Quote from: Person on December 03, 2015, 05:08:04 pm



Maybe they were using a false name? Though only vampires do that iirc so probably not. You could probably try looking at the history of the fort itself in legends, and try cross referencing from there. That might make it easier to find them if its just a matter of having too many entries to look through. Or maybe you already tried that.

In any event, can you explain what happened with Lord Lubbie or would it be too spoilery?

Spoilers but it's coming. I swear it's coming. It's just frustrating because this episode is going to be long and then summer's going to be a bit short and then fall is going to be utterly wonky.

Edit: Look, here's the rest of it.

### Part Three: A Legitmate First

-From the Overseer log of Icehold, still Spring of 258-

So we've got three like official military squads now. The Golden Onslaughts are assigned to keep the peace under Captain Creepypants. He's got Bembul, serial grave robber, acting as his second in command because the guy seems to have it together, more or less. Gwolski and that idiot Shorast bring the number of peacekeepers all the way up to four. Then there's The Brains of Copper under Sanctume, so named because the squads made up of the last two "sane" military dwarves, Shofet and the motherfucking Eye Stabber, plus a random mason named Nidilap that Sanctume drafted. Then there's The Humor of Urns, which is Neblime, because I wasn't about to try taking that crossbow off him and no one else was volunteering to give it a go either. Dude's become pretty weird since he lost his tongue, but he's also the only guy who can really shoot worth a damn in this place. I ordered him a full set of steel armor because if and when a dragon decides to pop up he's fucking facing it alone the best we've got. Besides, you never know when a bunch of crundles might need reminding of their place in Armok's grand shitting scheme.

Spoiler: Neblime (click to show/hide)

Clam of Marshes die. He felt satisfied when a family member received justice through a criminal's conviction. He felt satisfied while crying on somebody in charge. He felt satisfied while yelling at somebody in charge. He was blissful dining in a great dining room. He didn't feel anything after seeing He is twenty-two years old, born on the 17th of Opal in the year 236. His hair is extremely long. He is short and obese. His eyes are bronze. His somewhat narrow ears are very splayed out. He has a round chin. He has a high voice. His head is somewhat short. His nose is slightly hooked. His hair is light brown. His skin is raw umber. His upper body bears the marks of old wounds, including a tiny straight scar. His left cheek bears a massive straight scar.

Other than that there's the civilian core, which I bloody forgot I was in. We didn't have any leather workers in this place so I suggested to Mosus that she give it a go; it'll be like her own little handicraft rehabilitation center, shit works in regular prison. Leather armor isn't exactly the most but I figure it's better than walking in a couple of holes held together by string, which is the situation most of us are in. The goblins left us a heap of mail shirts when they had the motherfucking good grace to expire all over our front entrance. I figure there's no harm in wearing those too, waste not want not.

I've had all farming stopped until further notice because we've got other fish to fry right now. Well actually we don't have other fish, some fish would be awesome, what we have got is plenty of helmet snake eggs and rat brains to keep us going for now. Plus there's enough booze to last even the buggers here a month or so.

Spoiler: food stores (click to show/hide)

|              |      |       |      |
|--------------|------|-------|------|
| Food Stores: | 7168 |       |      |
| Meat         | 1008 | Seeds | 899  |
| Fish         | 117  | Drink | 2095 |
| Plant        | 2229 | Other | 820  |

(OOC: Full disclosure, I was pretty sick while playing Spring in Icehold so I didn't take a lot of screenshots. Some of these shots are substituted from later in the year. Like this one, all the fish shown here was in the hands of human merchants at the time this shot was taken.)

Meanwhile we can get this place cleaned up, at least a bit. Thob says we desperately need more furniture.

Spoiler: Thob, interior decorator (click to show/hide)

Thob Dramreg • Thob Worldgloves • Dissident

• There aren't enough dining tables. So annoying! •

I'm not sure why, there's like two dozen of us in here at most, but if it'll make this place even slightly less butt ugly I'm for it. I've got her and a couple of others processing pig tails and weaving cloth. Everyone's real excited; people are calling the new bolts of cloth masterpieces and everything. I guess that's what happens when you haven't had a sock to your name in years.

The only other news I've got is that I adopted two of the war dogs. I didn't mean to. I was out getting ready to have the front entrance shut up and taking a last look at the Armok forgotten wasteland outside when I saw the Professor off in the distance underneath a heap of dogs. Motherfucker was spewing forth puke like he was a cherub in the center of a fountain. I hauled him down to our shitty little hospital, could barely fit in there with all the gods damned dogs, but Black Pat was nowhere in evidence. The Professor said it didn't matter, that he just needed to rest. I asked him what the fuck he thought he was up to out there and he didn't want to say. I thought it was another nutty experiment but eventually he admitted he'd been after a pair of gloves. Apparently you need gloves in order to science properly, they prevent contamination or something. I told him he didn't need any shitty goblin gloves, that I'd order him up a pair just as soon as we were done the sock order. Then I asked what his dogs were named and he got all irate and said they weren't his dogs they were part of an experiment that had gone wrong. I told him they might as well be his dogs so he should just give up and name 'em, that's when he gave me two of them. So now I've got Bomrek and Rimtar to keep me company. I'm not complaining, it's nice to have a couple of dogs around when it gets cold at night.

-D.

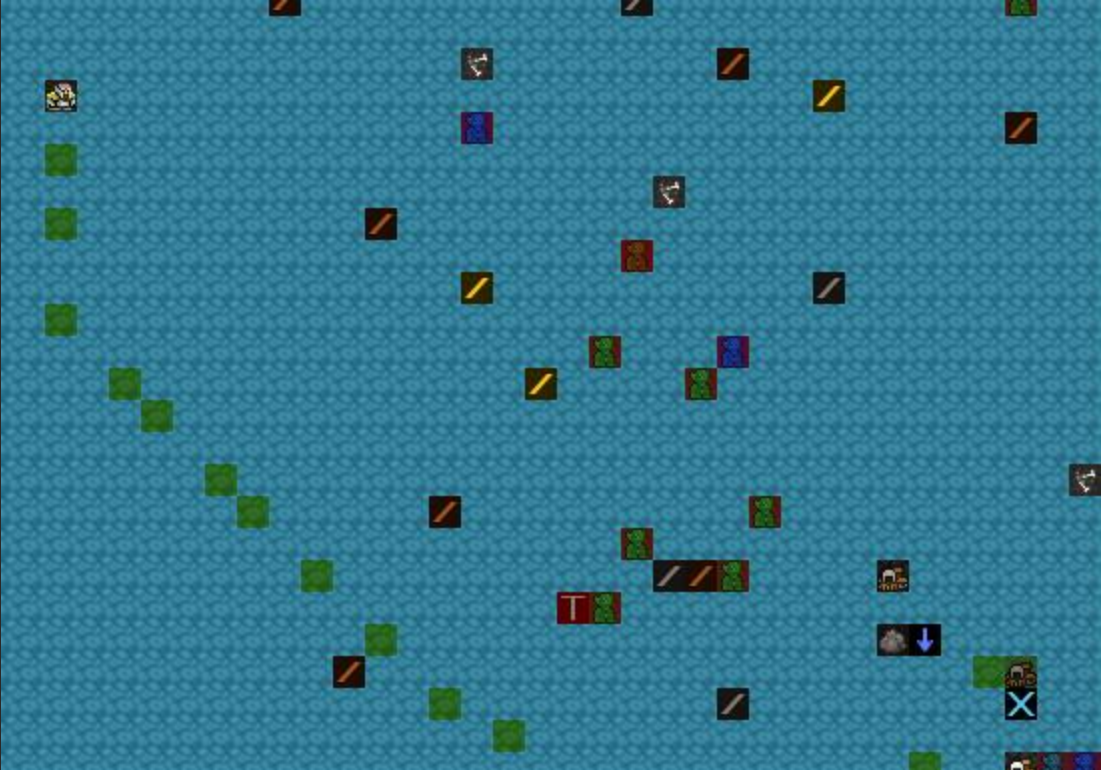
Spoiler: DeMarco and Quasar are Friends! (click to show/hide)

|                                |               |                 |
|--------------------------------|---------------|-----------------|
| Relationships of the Professor | Quasar        | Duralfikod      |
| Lblbr Kamukerith               | Dwarven Child | Friend          |
| Kqbuk Sibreksheshak            | Dwarven Child | Friend          |
| Deler Logemlerteth             | Dwarven Child | Friend          |
| DeMarco                        | Urvadstelid   | Dragon Smuggler |

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The goblin bodies had to be dumped; there was no two ways about it, not with a necromancer tower right next door. Sanctume contemplated this as he finished his survey of the ice sheet surrounding the fortress. Defenses had been set up some time ago but constant battering by monsters and invaders had left them in disrepair. Action would need to be taken there as well. He wandered back from the edge of the "moat" and spotted a figure slumped in the snow. After only a moment's hesitation, he jogged over to see if he could help.

Spoiler: Lost on the Ice (click to show/hide)



Sanctume recognized the dwarf instantly. She was a former squad mate of his, Eral, more colloquially known as The Head Smasher. She was sitting in the snow engaged in the thousand mile stare of a dwarf that has slipped into depression in that deep way dwarves have of becoming almost one with the stone from which they were born when under tremendous pressure. He regarded her for a long moment trying to decide what to do. Tradition dictated that dwarves in this state should be left in peace to recover or pass away based on their own will, but the idea of leaving a comrade out in the snow dug at the commander. He would bring her inside, he decided at last, and see that she at least had something to eat and a warm drink. He turned back towards the gate.

Spoiler: The Way is Shut (click to show/hide)



DeMarco had said she’d planned to seal the entrance, but he hadn’t expected her to do it so quickly or without warning. Sanctume regarded the solid ice wall for a long moment and then wandered back to Eral. He knelt beside her, opened his flask and tipped some of the liquor into her lax mouth, which the dwarf reflexively swallowed. He would stay by her until someone inside Icehold realized they were missing and sent help. They wouldn’t appoint him commander of the militia only to leave him to freeze to death before serving his first full month.

Surely they wouldn’t.

(OOC: Okay, so what happened here was pretty stupid. I saw that Sanctume and Eral had gotten outside somehow after the way had been sealed and so I'd assumed they'd done it by the outside staircase somehow. You know the one that's for emptying out the moat pit? They were out there for like a month before I remembered that the moat pit doesn't give access to the actual fort and they'd just somehow been out there when I had the gates shut. Woops. Sanctume spent the whole time trying to take care of Eral and as soon as the way was open he carried her to the infirmary himself. It was sort of touching.)

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“There’s a gremlin running around the caverns messing with our cage traps!”

Spoiler: Gremlin Discovery! (click to show/hide)



DeMarco was going over the stockpiles in the cavern dining room. She looked up at Nidilap, the newest militia recruit, feeling somewhat dazed. Counting had never been one of her stronger skills.

“What?”

“A kid spotted a gremlin the caverns! I heard her shouting about it,” insisted Nidilap.

“What kid? We don’t have any little kids around here.”

“She’s-” Nidilap turned around and blinked. “She was right behind me when I came to find you.”

“Forget about it, it’s more important to get the squads together and stop the gremlin,” said DeMarco. “Go tell Sanctume you’ve got a job.”

“Alright sir, where’s the commander?”

“How should I fucking know? Look, just go chase down the thing yourself. It’s your fucking job.”

Nidilap saluted and left for the caverns, though he never located either the goblin or the mysterious child who had warned him of its presence.

(OOC: I don't know how little Onul got out of The Place but it worked out rather well for me in the end. She's back in there now at least.)

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A lone dwarf made her way down a long narrow staircase in a forgotten back tunnel of Icehold. She came to a hallway with a row of disused craft workshops which she bypassed without so much as a glance. The end of the hall looked like a dead end, only the slightly lighter color of the stone indicating that this was a more recent construction. She checked over her shoulder out of long habit and then knocked on the wall.

“Who’s there?” grunted a muffled voice.

“Black Pat, little Onul said big Onul needed help.”

“Where’s Miss Honeymoon?”

“Busy, we’ve got a new Overseer out here and she’s got everyone running around like monkeys trying to catch their own tails, moving things so they’re set up just the way she likes `em. If you need something you’re stuck with me, `fraid to say.”

There was a long silence. “How do I know I can trust your story?” demanded the voice, which squeaked mid sentence.

“Open this bloody wall Kogan or I’ll have words with your father.”

The wall slid a foot or so forward and Kogan Whipspeakers peeped out through the crack. Upon seeing his pale bloodless face and hollowed out cheeks, Black Pat swallowed back the scolding she’d been planning to deliver. Whatever was happening was of greater concern than she’d imagined.

“You look awful boy, what’s gone wrong down here?”

Kogan folded his arms and leveled his patented glare at her. Black Pat, who had spent far too many years married to a master of bullshit intimidation, barely took notice. Finally, the boy stepped back and answered, “What hasn’t gone wrong? You should speak to Onul.”

The Place was far less noisy than it had been on her last trip down. The kids still seemed cheerful, which was a blessed relief after the last couple of months in the outer fortress, but they were sluggish. Instead of running around playing their games, they were lying sprawled across the chairs and tables in the dining area or sitting on the stairs. None of them took any notice of the outside adult entering their domain. Kogan led Black Pat through the silent main room to where Onul was slumped over a loom.

“Pat, what are you doing here?” asked Onul, peering up at the two of them through reddened eyes.

“I sent little Onul to find help,” confessed Kogan. “I know you said not to let them out but I had to. This is a mess.”

“I’m on the boy’s side with this one,” said Black Pat. “You need a drink and a rest, my girl, that’s a medical opinion.”

“I’m fine,” protested Onul. “Everything is fine; it’s just that I can’t keep up. I thought I could farm enough food and make clothing for everyone but... even with Kogan’s help I’m not keeping up, and I don’t know what I did with the seeds... and...”

“Hey take it easy,” said Kogan. “Everyone in here knows you work super hard, it’s not your fault.”

“It’s not anyone’s fault, unless it’s everyone’s fault,” said Black Pat. She looked around at all the pinched hungry faces in the tight little space. “Obviously we didn’t think this all the way through before we did it.”

“We did everything...” started Onul.

Black Pat held up a hand to forestall her. “I know, we were had a tight schedule trying to get it all done before someone took over for the Professor, and good thing too. The last thing we want is that Urkad down here.”

Onul jumped up, making a shushing gesture. “Urkad’s daughter,” she hissed and pointed. Black Pat glanced over her shoulder and saw a tiny figure sitting on the lip of the well watching them.

“Oh right, yeah, but my point still stands. Anyway, we rushed it and now we’ve hit trouble. But we can still fix things I think.” Black Pat saw the horror suffuse Onul’s expression and hurried to reassure her. “I’ll find us trustworthy people to help; this place will stay a secret. Everyone’s busy but I can snag us one or two workers when no one’s looking. How about that Lord Lubbie? The idea of helping kids will make him happy and his girlfriend’s a miner, she can help us expand the storerooms a bit. Our other miner’s Difio and he’s got even less to say than his tongue-less son. I think we can trust them with this, and I’ll keep stopping by of course.” “Lubbie has a girlfriend?” asked Onul, distracted from everything else by this bit of improbable news.

Black Pat burst out laughing. “I know, right?”

Spoiler: The Shockingly Popular Lord Lubbie (click to show/hide)

Relationships of the Miner Udil Dakostudesh			
			
			
			
			
			
			
			
			
			
			
			
			
			
			
			
			

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Nobody was coming for them.

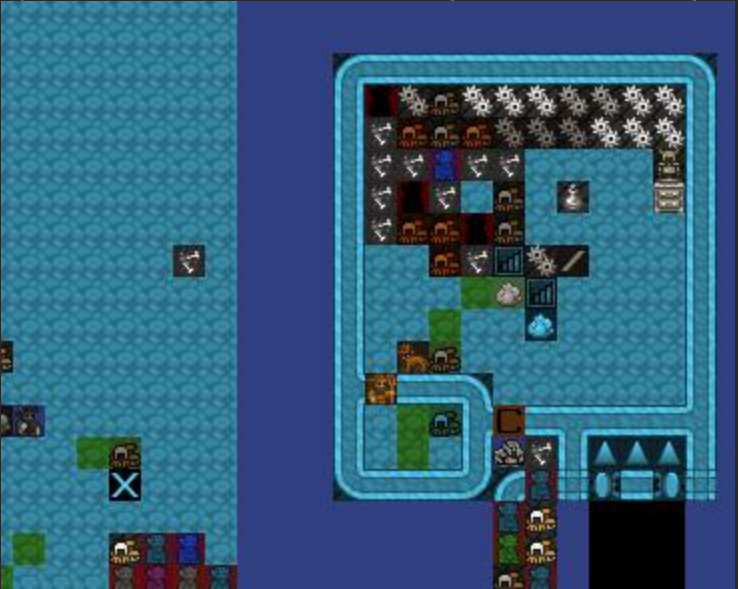
Spoiler: Still on Ice (click to show/hide)





Sanctume had come to accept this with a certain degree of disappointment but no real surprise. So far he'd been able to keep himself and Eral alive out of the supplies in his pack but there was no escaping the fact that the Head Smasher was in serious need of medical attention. He'd spent a great deal of time inspecting the interior of the moat but there was no way he could safely drag the inert dwarf down those slippery ice stairs into the more sheltered area. Instead, he built a windbreak around her. At last, resigned, he went to have another look over the wall that was sealing them out. Before anything else, Sanctume was a dwarf. He found a likely looking weak spot in the ice and began to patiently chip away at it with his mace.

Spoiler: Sanctume lets himself in (click to show/hide)



~~~

"And that's where we stand. Can you help us out and keep it quiet?" Black Pat asked Udil. She'd called the miner into the scant infirmary and closed to the door behind them, but she still kept her voice down.

"Of course Pat," answered Udil, matching her tone to Black Pat's. "You know we'd be happy to do everything we can for the poor children."

Black Pat nodded, satisfied. She trusted Udil, a trust that had been earned gradually over the course of the last eight years. It was obvious what had attracted someone like Lubbie to her, that wasn't the mystery of their relationship. Sometimes it crossed Pat's mind to wonder how the helpful, cheerful dwarf in front of her had come to be exiled to a haunted glacier, but she'd never found the desire to actually ask. There were few things left in life that Black Pat truly feared, but disappointment was one of them. Maybe it was better to accept people for whom and what they were at the present moment and not what they had done, especially in a place like this.

"Can you make that-" Black Pat hastily bit back the first adjective that had come to mind in association with "Lord" Lubbie and substituted in another, "-that boyfriend of yours understand?"

Udil chuckled. "Sometimes I have to repeat myself a few times but I always get through-"

"Pat!"

The two dwarves exchanged a look and Udil slid off the bed nearest to the door and out of the way just before it was kicked open. Sanctume strode into the room. He had a dwarf slumped over his shoulder, frost scattered across his armor and icicles hanging from his beard. Without another word, he dropped his unconscious burden onto one of the beds and then turned to face them. They stared at the spectacle before them, rendered speechless.

"My companion and I could use some assistance, if either of you ladies would be so gracious," he said.

~~~

Three floors down from the infirmary, Urkad, formerly a business dwarf, now demoted to woodcutter, piled bits of mushroom tree into the stockpile and cursed. There were spores encrusted across the length of her leather armor and more on her boots. The whole outfit was permanently stained and she was unlikely to ever get another, especially now that she'd lost all of her connections with that worthless smuggler's unprecedented rise to power.

Urkad had gotten the scoop on that particular lazy bellyacher from one of her informants back during her own time in the Mountainhome. The kid's family had been running a forge in the lower quarter for generations. They'd stuck strictly to reclamation work and thus she hadn't considered them direct rivals. People would bring them certain treasures they had found but couldn't, safely, unload anywhere and the furnace operator would melt them down and the jeweler would rescue and resell any gems or ornamentation, all for a nominal fee. What no one had known, until the kid made her dimwitted misstep, was that the heart of Erush's forge, reputed to be capable of melting otherwise indestructible materials, had been actual dragon fire. At some time in the distant past, an ancestor had tamed one of the



damned things and chained it up to the forge. All to the good, until the beast had laid eggs and the little twit had snuck them out of the forge and sold them to her dimwitted friends as souvenirs. To be fair, who would have guessed that the things would be viable? Anyway, most of a burrow had gone up one night and the surviving customers had immediately fingered the girl. The authorities had seized the entire family and convicted them all in a single trial. Urkad remembered that the story had made her laugh the first time she'd heard it.

How had a kid who lacked the brains Armok gave a troglodyte managed to take Icehold from her? The answer was simple, really. There was only one Queen Bee in this hive, as Urkad had long suspected, and the smuggler's appointment as Overseer was entirely her doing. The clerk had gotten jealous, knowing that Urkad's growing power base had threatened her own, so she'd engineered Urkad's downfall and replaced her with an easily controllable idiot. She had put two and two together after her banishment to the caverns. The question now was: what was she going to do about it?

As things stood, she had precious few options. The Queen Bee's drones were everywhere and Urkad wasn't certain whom she could trust. Not Ablel, he was just a kid. Not Shorast either, he was too stupid. These thoughts twisted in her mind as she made her way back towards the stairs that would take her back down to the bloody caverns when she ran smack into another dwarf. This wasn't that uncommon, even though there were only a few dwarves left in Icehold these days the stairs were quite narrow. What was unusual was the exchange that followed.

"My deepest apologies," said Lord Lubbie. He took off his cap and nodded to her.

"Not you," groaned Urkad. This response lacked some of her usual subtly but it had been a long day and she had no patience for dealing with Icehold's resident bleeding heart.

"You seem to be in some difficulty madam, may I be of any assistance?" pursued Lubbie, attracted to her weariness like a shark to blood.

Many years ago, when the idea of Icehold had first been bandied about in the halls of the elite as a solution to King Vucar's... unique set of difficulties, Lord Lubbie had been the most persistent and outspoken opponent of the plan. You could not simply discard dwarves like rubbish, he'd insisted. Every sentient being had purpose and the potential to contribute to the Infinite World; the failure to discover and fulfill that potential was a failure on the part of the society and not the individual alone. Princess Limul, who had once watched her sisters kill a tamed songbird and then share its eyeballs between themselves as a mid-afternoon snack, had insisted that some potential was best spent far away from civilization where at least any damage it did could be directed at the enemies of dwarf kind. Limul's eventual coronation had rendered all arguments to the contrary moot.

He hadn't surrendered though. Lord Lubbie, looked down upon by others of rank and privilege as a pitiful fool, was so devoted to his ideals that he had consigned himself to exile for them. If Icehold were going to exist then it would exist as a living monument to his philosophies. It would be an oasis in a frozen desert, proof of what those society had shunned were capable of when given even half a chance. And to a perhaps surprising extent, Icehold was just that. Lord Lubbie had taken to laboring like a common field hand and from his sweat and effort the soil of the caverns had borne fruit. The exiles faced many problems, but hunger was no longer among them. And if there were many deaths there were also many births, the children flourishing hidden away in their own small stronghold. Even he, who had always considered himself married to his cause, had found love, life and even a kind of beauty here in these distant halls.

That didn't mean that the dwarves of Icehold were happy. Lord Lubbie would have been a fool indeed to believe that. The best of them put their pasts behind them and focused on the future with a grim species of determination that allowed for little in the way of diversion or creativity. Many of the rest stewed in bitter resentment, going about tasks when ordered to and shirking all duties, both personal and communal, when not under direct threat of punishment. And a few, Lubbie thought of the so-called Professor whom he always avoided whenever possible, had gone past all normal coping mechanisms into something far worse. The dwarf in front of him hadn't gone that far yet. Here was someone who could still be helped.

"What are you looking at?" demanded Urkad, growing a bit wary. Staring, in Icehold, was usually a harbinger of trouble.

"My apologies again, I was wondering if you would like to come discuss your troubles with me over a glass of dwarven wine."

"No." Urkad attempted to push past him but he simply followed her.

"Why not? Talking things over might make you feel better and it's not as though you have anything to lose by it."

Urkad stopped, and sighed. He had a point. If she were going to start fighting her way back into the center of Icehold's power structure, she might as well start with the fortress idiot and work her way up from there. As a plan it had at least one benefit going for it, no one would predict it.

~~~~

Eral woke up in the hospital. She was annoyed by this. She had lost everything to Icehold, her husband, her children, and the last thing she'd wanted was to wake up inside of it once more. In fact, she hadn't really wanted to wake up again at all. And yet, here she was. Life had taught the Head Smasher only one method for coping with difficulty, and she employed it now.

Ablel, the young Enforcer, had the misfortune to be rounding the corner heading for the pig tail stockpile when a red blur burst out of the hospital and came pelting for the stairs. Something hit him upside the head and he fell down the steps. Later, he would be discovered and carried to the same hospital where Black Pat would sew up his cuts and splint his broken arm. He would have no memory of the incident that caused his injuries.

Spoiler: [Starting a Fist Fight](#) (click to show/hide)



Meanwhile, Eral continued down the stairs seeking something, anything, that would make this sense of being stretched inside her soul end. It was unbearable. If it would ease or snap then everything would be over and good, but it wouldn’t and nothing was good. Nothing could ever be good, not here, not now.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



She entered the room of an old comrade.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Head Smasher punches The Loose Cannon in the head with her left hand bruising the muscle jamming the skull through the brain and tearing the brain!

Nobody saw.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



~~~

There were moments when Mistem questioned his decision to spare the dwarves of Icehold from Vesh’s will. The deity’s plans for the fortress were likely inevitable, but he’d chosen not to be the instrument of them. Waking up after receiving an elbow to the jaw and finding Adil (pyromaniac) straddling him in his bed, Mistem questioned that choice. While fighting off grogginess and trying to make words out of Adil’s frantic babbling, Mistem took a quiet moment to question every choice he had ever made over the course of his entire life.

“Dog tallow what?” asked Mistem.

Spoiler: Dog Tallow What? (click to show/hide)

The spinning {dog tallow} strikes The war Dog in the right rear leg bruising the muscle! The Head Smasher scratches The war Dog in the right front leg fracturing the bone! The war Dog gives in to pain The war Dog falls over The Head Smasher punches The war Dog in the head with her right hand and the injured part explodes into gore! An artery has been opened by the attack!

“Someone threw a piece of dog tallow and it killed a dog!” gasped Adil.

“And...?”

“And then they started coming for me! So I ran in here and locked the door. Mistem, you have to believe me!”

Spoiler: Dining Hall Rampage (click to show/hide)



(OOC: Mistem's in the bed but dwarves constantly flash in this place so it doesn't show. Adil did spend most of the time huddled on top of the poor fellow.)

“I do believe you,” said Mistem. He sighed and tried to shift Adil off him but the other dwarf was clinging to his shirt. “Who was it?”

“I don’t know.” Adil was still panting hard and gulping between words. “I just ran, Mistem. I just ran!”

~~~

The Head Smasher had run out of tempting moving targets. The last one had disappeared behind a door that had closed with a definitive click. She looked from side to side and saw someone stirring in the dining room. She once again raised her fists and ran in that direction.

Onul sat watching Black Pat working in the fields. She’d tried to help but the founding mother of Icehold hadn’t allowed it. She had to admit, sitting down felt pretty good. She could almost hear her feet sighing in relief. The older dwarf wasn’t much for chit chat but the silence felt companionable with her in it. Both of them looked up at the sound of heavy footsteps on the stairs. Lord Lubbie arrived carrying the expected plump helmets and behind him...

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



“Oh no...” Black Pat seemed to breathe the words. She dropped the seeds she’d been working with and ran to block the way, for what little good it would do now. “What is she doing here?”

Urkad ignored the question and looked around, almost overwhelmed by the sight of so many children after so long in the main fortress.

“Pat...” said Lubbie, using his most placating tone. “Urkad and I have had a long talk and she says she’s ready to start working out her differences and I thought-”

“Thought!” shouted Black Pat. “Did someone do some thinking around here? I’m amazed. Lubbie! You know you’re only supposed to come up here with Udil. We agreed that this place has to be a secret. Get her out of here now!”

“Pat, the children...” started Onul but Black Pat simply waved a dismissive hand at her.

“Out, Lubbie, get out now!”

“You’re not listening to me,” protested Lord Lubbie. “The two of us talked and-”

“Not listening! You’re the one who won’t listen. You broke a promise, Lubbie, a promise to me and to your girlfriend and to all the-”

“Mommy!”

Three of the adult dwarves all paused and looked in unison as a small figure pushed her way through the crowded sitting room and flung herself at the Urkad, who knelt down and engulfed the little one in her arms. The silence suddenly became tense and awkward, broken only by the sound of snuffling coming from within Urkad’s embrace.

“I told her she could bring food for her daughter,” announced Lord Lubbie as he tried, and failed, not to look self-righteous.

“I thought she was gone,” Urkad spoke for the first time. She looked up and all could see that there were tears running down her cheeks. “I thought she was gone and there was nothing I could do about it. You should have told me! Why did you all run around behind my back and never mention that Lokem was alive this whole time?”

For a long moment and seemed like no one was going to have an answer. Then Onul stepped forward. “We built this place to be a stronghold to protect the children and we kept it a secret for the same reason. That’s why we sealed it off and we’ve... tried to keep it separate from the rest of the fortress. You were Overseer; you must know how risky it is out there.”

Urkad nodded, freeing a hand from her daughter in order to wipe at her eyes. “I think I understand, even if I don’t necessarily agree with your reasoning. If a monster came up out of the caverns it could wipe out all of Icehold in a day, or less.”

Black Pat, who had served as a medic for many years and had seen hardened criminals blubbering under all kinds of circumstances, was a great deal less impressed by Urkad’s tears then the other two were. “I’m more worried about the monsters that live in here with us.” Especially the one sitting in front of me now, she thought but did not add. “Whatever your personal opinion is, this place has got to stay a secret or we’ve got a major problem.”

Urkad met her eyes and yes, underneath the shining wetness, Black Pat could see the familiar shrewd expression and was troubled. “I give you my word as a leg- ... I give you my word as mother that I won’t tell anyone about what you’re doing up here, just so long as you let me keep seeing my daughter.”



“I don’t see how anyone could argue with that,” said Lord Lubbie.

“Not unless we want to deal with disposing of the body in front of a bunch of damn kids,” growled Black Pat not quite under breath.

“Thank you Urkad,” added Onul, quickly. “And I’m sorry if we hurt you. I was so busy trying to get the kids away from the Professor that I didn’t think what it might do to the parents. A lot of dwarves in Icehold don’t seem to care much about family.”

“Well I’m not one of them,” replied Urkad, “and now you know that.”

“Right, and you can keep coming up here while we’re making repairs,” agreed Onul.

“There’s a lot of work to be,” added Lord Lubbie. “The more hands the merrier!”

Black Pat drew Onul away back towards the mushroom farm, leaving Urkad to introduce her daughter to her new friend. “This is a disaster. We have to work fast and get this place sealed up again,” she whispered.

“I don’t know,” answered Onul. “Maybe Lubbie’s right. We didn’t really treat her fairly.”

“Phaw.” Black Pat snorted. “I suppose there’s a first time for everything, but I’m not so sure this is one of them.”

(OOC: I considered ignoring this moment, since I had opened up The Place without going through and modifying labors or creating new burrows to keep people out. Except when I saw this happen, almost the moment I took the wall down, it really did make me jump. Also, the only people I've seen spend time in the place have been Black Pat, Difio, Lord Lubbie, Urkad, and a few appearances by Honeymoon and Lubbie's girlfriend (both bringing treats for the kiddies). I think it's because statistically at this point most of the useful adult dwarves are characters in one way or another, and the main characters in the story are also the most vital in actual game play.

Anyway, I had no idea this would be so hard to write! I know I blamed Lubbie but actually his motivations make perfect sense. He came to Icehold to help wayward dwarves back onto the true path of righteousness. The real difficulty was trying to write a scene where Urkad put up with the guy for more than five seconds that sounded halfway plausible. Even now, I'm not sure I trust her motivations.)

~~~

DeMarco had spent the first part of her break getting thoroughly hammered with The Professor around the gem window dining table. That bit of dubious fun accomplished, she'd decided to finish off her vacation nursing her hangover in the Icehold cemetery while visiting with what was left of her family. It was actually the nicest room in the fortress. The coffins were well made and it was peaceful, removed as it was from the daily struggles of life on the glacier. She left feeling oddly refreshed and more at peace with herself than she had since her appointment as Overseer.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



That was until Rimtar ran off. This was just as DeMarco had been heading back to working, meaning to meet with the others and check on the progress of clothing production. She might have just let him go, if she hadn’t seen him pushing open the door of somebody’s bedroom. Groaning to herself, she ran after the wayward canine.

“No Rimtar! You can’t just go... into... other people’s... rooms...” The scolding deflated as she took in the scene in front of her, mainly the dead body lying on the bed in a vast pool of congealing blood.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



(OOC: Again, flashing, argh. I spent forever trying to get one of DeMarco in the actual room with the dead body but they just wouldn't show up. This was the closest I ever got. In retrospect, I should have just captured the purple "Dumed The Loose Cannon Has Been Found Dead" announcement. Yes, DeMarco was the one who found the body... or maybe it was Rimtar... but she went in there.)



Don't jump to conclusions, said a voice in her head. You don't know that it was murder, coldblooded sneaking murder done in perfect secret so that no one knows who, among all the murderers living here, has decided to get back in the game. After all, he might have bashed in his own skull, you never know.

Something heavy and hair brushed up against the back of DeMarco's legs. If she'd had any breath left she would have screamed. Instead, she just squeaked like a mouse whose tail has been stepped on and looked down.

"Oh, Mafol," she gasped.

The boar seemed to almost smile up at her. He'd taken to following her around after the day she'd rescued him from the butcher's block. Seeing him was a relief, until she realized that she was going to have to get all these animals out of the room before one of them disturbed the crime scene by snacking on the evidence.

"Rimtar! Come here now!" She grabbed the pig by the ear and the dog by the tail and pulled until they were all moving back into the main caverns. Once they were out of the horrible little room, DeMarco began to feel like she could breathe again. She took several steps away and sucked in air, trying to clear her head. She ought to be running to tell Captain Deus what she'd found but... A dwarf passed them on the way to the food stockpiles. DeMarco looked into her hollow staring eyes and recognized her, vaguely, as one of the military dwarves she'd fired. Dimly, DeMarco noticed that she was wearing four pairs of socks and carrying another, there were also no less than three loincloths strung about her waist but no trousers or shoes. The moment seemed to go on forever, the ex-soldier staring at her even after she'd passed by. Then the other dwarf was gone and she was alone with Rimtar and Mafol again.

Spoiler: A Loaded Moment (click to show/hide)



"This place is about to pop like a Golden Wowser with a chest cold," she told the pig and the dog. "We have to keep... our discovery to ourselves guys, at least for now. If this gets out... now..." She shook her head. "Well, at least I know I can trust you two to keep quiet."

That was a relief at least, because DeMarco wasn't sure she'd ever be able to trust any of the dwarves living in Icehold ever again.

(OOC: There aren't dragon species in DF yet really, so I borrowed some. ;D )

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Nidilap** on **December 03, 2015, 07:01:29 pm**

Could I have my guy enlisted in the army? I kinda want him to do something in his life.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **December 03, 2015, 08:21:20 pm**

Quote  
Meanwhile we can get this place cleaned up, at least a bit. Thob says we desperately need more furniture.



The 'aren't enough dining tables' thought is a bit misleading. It can mean one of two things:

- \* There are chairs somewhere without tables next to them. Dwarves will eat from the nearest unassigned chair and whine if there's no table next to it.
- \* There are tables which have two chairs adjacent to them. Dwarves won't share tables, so if dwarf A is using chair 1 and the table, and dwarf B decides to use chair 2, dwarf B will whine about it.

Quote

... when I saw the Professor off in the distance underneath a heap of dogs. Motherfucker was spewing forth puke like he was a cherub in the center of a fountain.

**Experiment 11b: Use of living canines as makeshift cloak during trips to the surface.**  
In the absense of cloth or leather, living dogs should be capable of providing both body heat and shade from the sun, to prevent freezing and the activation of cave sickness.  
**Equipment:** 5x dogs, one lashed to each limb and a fifth to cover the head.  
**Results:** Buried in dogs and vomit. Had to be rescued. Testing discontinued.

**Note to self:** Never speak of this again. Say you were collecting a glove instead.

Quote

Spoiler: DeMarco and Quasar are Friends! (click to show/hide)

Heh, I notice the other three there are all Children of Icehold...

Friends, test subjects... it's a fine line.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Shofet** on **December 03, 2015, 09:07:14 pm**

If it isn't too much hassle, could you throw up a screenshot of my dwarfs description?

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **December 04, 2015, 03:26:54 am**

Did Nidilap ever get dorfed the first time? I know there was at least a request, which is why I added him to the dorfed list with some made-up info, but did we ever see anything from the dwarf himself?

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **De** on **December 04, 2015, 05:07:31 am**

Quote from: DDDragoni on December 04, 2015, 03:26:54 am

Did Nidilap ever get dorfed the first time? I know there was at least a request, which is why I added him to the dorfed list with some made-up info, but did we ever see anything from the dwarf himself?

Not that I can tell. That's why I picked the miner since like I said, she's been there the whole time so she's got survivability. If you want me to change it to a military dwarf, Nidilap, that leaves Onul's shitty husband Shorast and Olin. And I feel like I should mention that I've been considering kicking Olin out because he's only been in for 6 months and he's already flashing the downward red arrow. Though he did deport himself with some valor during the FB attack, so I'll leave it up to you. I can always go back and Find/Replace.

I thought I had Shofet's stats already screenshotted but now I can't find them. I'll post them soon.

Quasar is friends with all the kids in the fortress! I thought that was creepy until I checked his age, did you know he's only 15 QuQuasar? He's younger than DeMarco.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **December 04, 2015, 05:33:17 am**

Quote from: De on December 04, 2015, 05:07:31 am

Quasar is friends with all the kids in the fortress! I thought that was creepy until I checked his age, did you know he's only 15 QuQuasar? He's younger than DeMarco.

Wait, what?

Surely not. That can't be right! You must be mistaken.

I mean heck, if that was the case, the Professor would have barely been past 12 back when he took overseershiiiiii (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6553668#msg6553668)-

FPS: 94 (42) 'Quasar' Duralfikod, "'Quasar' Honoredglaze", Mad Natural Philosopher

"I was near to a Table. How pleasurable!"  
  
He feels pleasure near a fine Table. He feels pleasure near a fine Table. He feels pleasure near a fine Seat. He feels pleasure near a fine Table. Within the last season, he didn't feel anything talking with a friend. He felt pleasure near a fine Seat. He felt pleasure near a fine Table. He felt pleasure near a fine Table. He felt pleasure near a fine Seat. He felt pleasure near a fine Seat. He was blissful dining in a legendary dining room. He felt pleasure near a fine Table. He felt pleasure near a fine Door. He was shocked at the unexpected death of somebody. He grieved at somebody's death. He is the son of Likot Orderclasps and Shorast Brushedring. He is a faithful worshipper of Uesh. He is a citizen of The Stake of Rings. He is a member of The Fenced Lance. He is a former member of The Heavy Bell. He arrived at Ushilkegeth on the 25th of Hematite in the year 252. He is twelve years old, born on the 18th of Galena in the year 243. He is corpulent. His hair is extremely long. He has a very high-pitched voice. His head is extraordinarily broad. His raw umber eyes are slightly wide-set. His somewhat narrow ears are slightly flattened. His hair is flax. His skin is raw umber. His eyebrows are somewhat high. He is very slow to heal and very weak. 'Quasar' Duralfikod likes bauxite, aluminum, indigo tourmaline, giant chinchilla leather, the color heliotrope, bracelets and turkeys for their wattle. When possible, he prefers to consume manta ray, water buffalo cheese and sorghum beer. He absolutely detests jumping spiders. He has a good intellect and good intuition, but he has poor creativity and little natural inclination toward music. Like masters in his culture, he holds crafts dwarfship to be of the highest ideals and celebrates talented artisans and their masterworks, has a great deal of respect for the law, greatly prizes loyalty, sees friendship as one of the finer things in life, greatly respects artists and their works, really respects those that take the time to master a skill, deeply respects those that work hard at their labors, respects fair-dealing and fair-play, values cooperation, finds merrymaking and partying worthwhile activities, values martial prowess, values leisure time, respects commerce and finds nature somewhat disturbing. He personally values family, finds blind honesty foolish and has a negative view of those who exercise power over others. He dreams of creating a great work of art, and this dream was realized. He is not bothered in the slightest by deviations from the norm or even extreme differences in lifestyle or appearance. He takes no pleasure in his talents and appearance. He presents himself modestly and frowns on any flashy accoutrements. He generally acts impartially and is rarely moved to mercy, and he is disturbed by this as someone who dislikes those that seek to acquire power over others. He is quite ambitious. He does not easily fall in love and rarely develops positive sentiments. He is generally quite confident of his abilities when undertaking specific ventures. He tends to avoid crowds. He is often cheerful. He isn't particularly curious about the world. He tends not to reveal personal information. He doesn't focus on material goods. He doesn't often experience strong cravings or urges. He scratches his head when he's thinking. He becomes very rigid when he's angry. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.  
  
A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Oh.

Well... um...

... huh.

...

[scurries off like a cockroach]

---

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Nidilap** on **December 04, 2015, 09:23:03 am**

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I dont mind playing Olin, I like an underdog.

Could I see his character sheet?

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Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **De** on **December 06, 2015, 07:12:47 am**

---

I added the rest of spring to DeMarco's Report! (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=154047.msg6642122#msg6642122>)

I'm sorry it took so long. I had to do some mental gymnastics to get some of the scenes to work. I hope everything's readable. I'm pretty tired and I've been up all night going back and forth between working on this and watching alternate endings for Undertale on Youtube. I was so stuck on the Lubbie and Urkad scenes that I eventually decided to give up and play Undertale, since I bought it when it came out and then never got around to it. But now I'm stuck on the get fucked by a flower over and over stage, so back to DF.

And oh yes, screen shots.

Spoiler: The Mighty Shofet (click to show/hide)



Shofet Nishalod • Shofet Tradeday • Cannibal

He is married to Sarvesh Roarrampart. He is the son of Olin Helmsboots and Zon Orbspaint. He is a citizen of The Stake of Rings. He is a member of The Fenced Lance. He is a former member of The Torch of Tributes. He is a former member of The Slippery Lanterns. He arrived at Ushilkegeth on the 4th of Slate in the year 252. He is ninety-four years old, born on the 5th of Timber in the year 164. He is strapped with massive amounts of muscle and lard. His long sideburns are neatly combed. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is neatly combed. His very long hair is neatly combed. His somewhat narrow head is very short. His slightly close-set bronze eyes are protruding. His eyelashes are short. His ears have small lobes. His hair is dark chestnut with some gray. His skin is raw umber. He is absolutely inexhaustible, amazingly agile, incredibly tough and mighty, but he is susceptible to disease and slow to heal. Shofet Nishalod likes claystone, electrum, red flash opal, leopard leather, knuckle worm tooth, the color rust, pigs for their snorts, olms for their gills and spelt for their beer. When possible, he prefers to consume potato plants and passion fruit wine. He absolutely detests mussels. He has unbreakable focus, a stunning feel for spatial relationships, an unbreakable will, a great affinity for language, a great kinesthetic sense, great intuition, a sharp intellect, a natural ability with music and an ability to read emotions fairly well, but he has a meager ability with social relationships, poor creativity and little patience. Like others in his culture, he holds crafts dwarfship to be of the highest ideals and celebrates talented artisans and their masterworks. He has a great deal of respect for the law, greatly prizes loyalty, values family greatly, sees friendship as one of the finer things in life, believes that honesty is a high ideal, greatly respects artists and their works, really respects those that take the time to master a skill, respects fair-dealing and fair-play, values cooperation, finds merrymaking and partying worthwhile activities, values martial prowess, values leisure time, respects commerce and finds nature somewhat disturbing. He personally sees perseverance in the face of adversity as bull-headed and foolish and sees working hard as a foolish waste of time. He dreams of crafting a masterwork someday. He is vengeful and never forgets or forgives past grievances. He lives at a high-energy kinetic pace. He dislikes receiving advice, preferring to keep his own counsel. He can handle stress. He tries to do things correctly each time. He is often cheerful. He enjoys the company of others. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He doesn't really care about

Dwarf Therapist - Ushilke

le Scripting Roles Optim

Connect To DF Read Dwarf

Group By Has Nickname

Add

Labors Full

Has Nickname (16)

'Black Pat' Kanzuditel

'DeMarco' Urvadstelid

'Deus' Lertethamost

'Difio' Nosingathel

'Gwolfski' Tomemsigu

'Honeymoon' Ibrukcat

'Igor' Mengistbar

'Lord Lubbie' Nilbuzat

'Neblime' Tatloshmiste

'Nidilap' Dodoksakrit

'pyer' Lolokzalud

'Quasar' Duralfikod

'Sanctume' Itonarzes

'Shofet' Nishalod

'Urkad' Almoshoddon

'Zaneg' Sakzuliklist

No Nickname (41)

seeing a fine door (x2), afraid after experiencing trauma, satisfied at work, pleasure seeing their own fine cabinet, pleasure seeing their own fine chest and disgust after retching on a miasma

Skills:

- [21] **Legendary +5 Speardwarf** 32.7k xp
- [27] **Legendary +5 Discipline** 50.6k xp
- [33] **Legendary +5 Observer** 72.1k xp
- [32] **Legendary +5 Fighter** 68.5k xp
- [17] **Legendary +2 Shield User** 23.6k/24.3k xp (67.5%)
- [12] **Master Student** 12.8k/14.3k xp (12.9%)
- [12] **Master Concentration** 12.8k/14.3k xp (12.9%)
- [11] **Great Wrestler** 12.5k/12.6k xp (91.4%)
- [10] **Accomplished Misc. Object User** 10.8k/11.0k xp (89.0%)
- [10] **Accomplished Dodger** 9.6k/11.0k xp (8.7%)
- [9] **Professional Armor User** 8.6k/9.5k xp (38.1%)
- [9] **Professional Striker** 8.6k/9.5k xp (34.4%)
- [9] **Professional Teacher** 8.3k/9.5k xp (15.0%)
- [7] **Adept Organizer** 5.8k/6.8k xp (12.5%)
- [6] **Talented Kicker** 4.6k/5.6k xp (7.0%)
- [5] **Proficient Biter** 3.8k/4.5k xp (29.3%)
- [4] **Skilled Archer** 3.5k/3.5k xp (98.9%) **Rusty**
- [4] **Skilled Marks dwarf** 2.7k/3.5k xp (10.4%) **Rusty**
- [2] **Adequate Animal Trainer** 1.3k/1.8k xp (25.1%)
- [1] **Novice Dyer** 900/1.1k xp (66.7%) **Rusty**
- [1] **Novice Ambusher** 763/1.1k xp (43.8%) **Rusty**

Highest Moodable Skill:

Craftsdwarf

Personality:

Is often cheerful. Can handle stress. Dislikes receiving advice, preferring to keep their own counsel. Is vengeful and never forgets or forgives past grievances. Tries to do things correctly each time. Enjoys the company of others. Lives at a high-energy kinetic pace. Sees working hard as a foolish waste of time. Sees perseverance in the face of adversity as bull-headed and foolish. Dreams of crafting a masterwork someday.

Preferences:

Likes knuckle worm tooth, leopard leather, red flash opal, electrum, claystone, olms, pigs, spelt and the color rust. Prefers to consume passion fruit wine and potato plants. Hates mussels.

Spoiler: The Erstwhile Nidilap (click to show/hide)



Nidilap Dodoksakrith • Nidilap Claspblazed• Mason

Irons He is a citizen of The Stake of Rings. He is a member of The Fenced Lance. He arrived at Ushilkegeth on the 11th of Slate in the year 250. He is seventy-nine years old, born on the 18th of Felsite in the year 179. He is muscular. His very short sideburns are neatly combed. His very long moustache is arranged in double braids. His very long beard is arranged in double braids. His hair is clean-shaven. His narrow short nose is sharply hooked. His heliotrope eyes are protruding. His hair is gold. His raw umber skin is slightly wrinkled. He is strong, but he is flimsy. Nidilap Dodoksakrith likes petrified wood, iron, pink, garnet, rhinoceros horn, the color silver and reindeer for their large herds. When possible, he prefers to consume giant horseshoe crab, two-humped camel cheese, beet plants, carambola wine and rope reed seeds. He absolutely detests lizards. He has a great feel for social relationships, great intuition, a good kinesthetic sense and a good spatial sense, but he has meager creativity and a shortage of patience. Like others in his culture, he holds crafts dwarfship to be of the highest ideals and celebrates talented artisans and their masterworks. He has a great deal of respect for the law, greatly prizes loyalty, values family greatly, sees friendship as one of the finer things in life, believes that honesty is a high ideal, greatly respects artists and their works, really respects those that take the time to master a skill, deeply respects those that work hard at their labors, respects fair-dealing and fair-play, values cooperation, values martial prowess, values leisure time, respects commerce and finds nature somewhat disturbing. He personally can't fathom why anyone would want to live in an orderly and harmonious society. He sees competition as wasteful and silly and sees merrymaking as a waste. He dreams of mastering a skill. He is not driven and rarely feels the need to pursue even a modest success. He is somewhat quarrelsome and he is bothered by this since he values friendship. He is curious and eager to learn. He doesn't cling tightly to ideas and is open to changing his mind. He can sometimes act without deliberation. He generally acts impartially and is rarely moved to mercy. He has little interest in joking around. He does not have a great aesthetic sensitivity, and he is conflicted by this as he values artwork and its creation. He is quite polite. He tends to be swayed by the emotions of others. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He likes working outdoors and grumbles, only mildly at inclement weather.

Dwarf Therapist - Ushilkegeth

le Scripting Roles Options

Connect To DF Read Dwarf Fortress

Group By Has Nickname

Add

Labors Full

Has Nickname (16)

'Black Pat' Kanzuditel

'DeMarco' Urvadsteli

'Deus' Lertethamost

'Difio' Nosingathel

'Gwolfski' Tomemsign

'Honeymoon' Ibrukca

'Igor' Mengistbar

'Lord Lubbie' Nilbuzad

'Neblime' Tatloshmist

Nidilap Dodoksakrith

'pyer' Lolokzalud

'Quasar' Duralfikod

'Sanctume' Itonarzes

'Shofet' Nishalod

'Urkad' Almoshoddor

'Zaneg' Sakzuliklist

No Nickname (41)

**He is under a great deal of stress.** Within the last week he felt **horrified** after witnessing death (x67), **annoyed** when caught in a snow storm, **disgust** after being nauseated by the sun and **nothing** after witnessing death (x25).

Within the last season he felt **nothing** while in conflict, **interest** seeing a fine bridge, **bliss** after a bath, **afraid** after experiencing trauma, **bliss** after sleeping in a fantastic bedroom, **interest** seeing their own fine cabinet, **satisfied** after creating an artifact and **satisfied** while crying on somebody in charge.

**Skills:**

- [22] **Legendary +5 Mason** 34.8k xp
- [7] **Adept Stone Crafter** 6.7k/6.8k xp (93.3%)
- [4] **Skilled Mechanic** 2.8k/3.5k xp (26.2%)
- [4] **Skilled Crutch Walker** 2.8k/3.5k xp (24.7%) **V. Rusty**
- [3] **Competent Grower** 2.6k/2.6k xp (97.5%)
- [3] **Competent Engraver** 2.0k/2.6k xp (23.0%) **Rusty**
- [3] **Competent Observer** 1.9k/2.6k xp (17.5%)
- [1] **Novice Discipline** 947/1.1k xp (74.5%)
- [1] **Novice Fighter** 736/1.1k xp (39.3%)
- [1] **Novice Bone Carver** 500/1.1k xp (0.0%) **Rusty**

**Highest Moodable Skill:** Mason

**Personality:** Is **somewhat quarrelsome**. Is quite polite. Is not driven and rarely feels the need to pursue success. Has little interest in joking around. Generally acts impartially and is rarely moved to mercy. Is curious and eager to learn. Doesn't cling tightly to ideas and is open to changing their mind. Tends to be swayed by the emotions of others. Can sometimes act without deliberation. **Does not have a great aesthetic sensitivity. Can't fathom why anyone would want to live in an orderly and harmonious society. Is put off by merrymaking. Sees competition as wasteful and silly. Dreams of mastering a skill.**

**Preferences:** Likes rhinoceros horn, pink garnet, iron, petrified wood, reindeer and the color silver. Prefers to consume rope reed seeds, carambola wine, beet plants, two-humped camel cheese and giant horseshoe crab. Hates lizards.

Olin Dodoksakrith • Olin Claspblazed• Mason

I try to live and behave properly

Because I've switched which dorf belongs to Nidilap some of the screenshots are wrong. I've tried to fix them where I can.

Don't panic Quasar, your dwarf still makes sense. I had an idea for a whole spin on his backstory that I was going to share, about him being a child prodigy born to poor working class parents and being supported by Neblime.... but my brain is essentially mush at this point and I've been listening to MeGaLOvania on loop for longer than is good for any mortal. Maybe later. Suffice it to say that I've compromised between the RP and the game by thinking of the Professor as being in his late teens.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **DDDragon1** on **December 06, 2015, 02:14:53 pm**

Have I mentioned your writing is amazing? Because it's amazing.

Quote from: De on December 06, 2015, 07:12:47 am

I added the rest of spring to DeMarco's Report! (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=154047.msg6642122#msg6642122>)  
I'm sorry it took so long. I had to do some mental gymnastics to get some of the scenes to work. I hope everything's readable. I'm pretty tired and I've been up all night going back and forth between working on this and watching alternate endings for Undertale on Youtube. I was so stuck on the Lubbie and Urkad scenes that I eventually decided to give up and play Undertale, since I bought it when it came out and then never got around to it. But now I'm stuck on the get fucked by a flower over and over stage, so back to DF.

[snip]

...but my brain is essentially mush at this point and I've been listening to MeGaLOvania on loop for longer than is good for any mortal. Maybe later. Suffice it to say that I've compromised between the RP and the game by thinking of the Professor as being in his late teens.



Heh heh, I don't blame you. Undertale can have that effect on people.

But can I just say that I love everything about this? The attention to detail, the screenshots, the utilization of actual events, the characters, this is wonderful.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Person** on **December 06, 2015, 02:44:14 pm**

Indeed. With writing this good, I don't mind the wait in the slightest. Though I can't speak for everyone of course.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **De** on **December 06, 2015, 05:48:43 pm**

Quote from: Person on December 06, 2015, 02:44:14 pm  
Indeed. With writing this good, I don't mind the wait in the slightest. Though I can't speak for everyone of course.

The people I worry about upsetting are the ones waiting on turns. Particularly Shofet, since it increasingly looks like I'm going to be passing the save to him *right* in the middle of the holiday crush. Compounded with that, it's just super fun to take the piss out of his character. It's like "Welcome to Icehold: we have a cannibal."

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **December 06, 2015, 08:32:15 pm**

Quote from: De on December 06, 2015, 05:48:43 pm  
"Welcome to Icehold: we have a cannibal."

That needs to go in the quote bank. :)

(Edit) Speaking of, another suggestion for the quote bank, from early in icehold's history:

Black Pat sums up Icehold's purpose:  
Quote from: Gojira1000 on June 04, 2015, 07:44:06 pm  
We're here because we're bad. Simple as that.

(Edit)

By the way, there's a design flaw in Icehold I've wanted to comment on for a while, but it may prove spoilery and/or change the course of the game if the overseer decides to fix it.

So I'm avoiding saying anything for now, but I will post this comment simply so that I can say "called it" when terrible and hilarious things happen. :D

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Shofet** on **December 06, 2015, 09:35:53 pm**

I was collecting galena in a side tunnel when the FB attacked...miner walled us in with a chunk of cavern wall...we swore which ever us didnt die first could eat the other, if help didnt arrive... he died of thirst... just lucky he never woke up when i got my canteen out..

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Sanctume** on **December 07, 2015, 10:44:02 am**

That's some great writing. So Sanctume I saved a depressed macedwarf only for her to throw a tantrum!

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **De** on **December 07, 2015, 10:46:18 pm**

Quote from: QuQuasar on December 06, 2015, 08:32:15 pm  
Black Pat sums up Icehold's purpose:  
Quote from: Gojira1000 on June 04, 2015, 07:44:06 pm  
We're here because we're bad. Simple as that.  
  
(Edit)  
  
By the way, there's a design flaw in Icehold I've wanted to comment on for a while, but it may prove spoilery and/or change the course of the game if the overseer decides to fix it.  
  
So I'm avoiding saying anything for now, but I will post this comment simply so that I can say "called it" when terrible and hilarious things happen. :D

A design flaw, in Icehold? Noooo.... ::)

Out with it Quasar, which is it? The way everything's so spread out nothing ever gets done? The way we can't actually seal off the caverns? The fact that we rely on said caverns for wood? The magma forges that keep letting in fire critters? The trade depot that's open to the sky and any flying enemies that feel like picking up a trinket? The flooded adamantine spire... How did you manage that one by the way? I removed your underwater office... I was going to make you a better one but the idea of actually moving some furniture in Icehold is a fool's dream.

Quote from: Sanctume on December 07, 2015, 10:44:02 am  
That's some great writing. So Sanctume I saved a depressed macedwarf only for her to throw a tantrum!

Sadly, as far as I can tell, it was her annoyance at being rescued that set off her murderous tantrum.

Quote from: Shofet on December 06, 2015, 09:35:53 pm  
I was collecting galena in a side tunnel when the FB attacked...miner walled us in with a chunk of cavern wall...we swore which ever us didnt die first could eat the other, if help didnt arrive... he died of thirst... just lucky he never woke up when i got my canteen out..

So essentially your argument boils down to: "Look, it was just one dude!" What about all those goblins your dwarf has been nibbling on ever sense?

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Shofet** on **December 07, 2015, 11:20:50 pm**

Well after you get sent away to some godsforsaken icehole for just trying to survive, why not?

I cant play this week but i should be able to chistmas week. Plant is shutting down for the holidays.

Im going to try an RP my dwarf and his misbegotten title. Got big plans for my dwarf, try and get as many of his life goals complete as I can. He is 94.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **De** on **December 08, 2015, 12:06:33 am**

Quote from: Shofet on December 07, 2015, 11:20:50 pm

Well after you get sent away to some godsforsaken icehole for just trying to survive, why not?

I cant play this week but i should be able to chistmas week. Plant is shutting down for the holidays.

Im going to try an RP my dwarf and his misbegotten title. Got big plans for my dwarf, try and get as many of his life goals complete as I can. He is 94.

Just as well since I'm still playing through my turn. Unfortunately a lot of named dwarves are losing their hold on sanity. I've heard rumors that stress levels can be reduced but I've never actually seen it. I'm implementing a policy of confining people to a tiny area and trying to keep them from seeing anything that might upset them. Sort of like a prison inside a prison, except this one has a pretty statue for people to look at. Shofet's going to be fine though. He has no fucks to give about any dead goblins rotting away on the stairs. I'd like to make somewhere really pretty for the dwarves to stand but I just don't have the dwarf power, it's very sad.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **December 08, 2015, 12:35:26 am**

Quote

The way everything's so spread out nothing ever gets done?

Walking is good exercise.

Quote

The way we can't actually seal off the caverns?

Forgotten Beasts and Giant Cave Spiders keep the violent maniacs occupied.

Quote

The fact that we rely on said caverns for wood?

Fungi spores growing in your lungs never hurt anyone.

Quote

The magma forges that keep letting in fire critters?

Fire is a natural antiseptic.

Quote

The trade depot that's open to the sky and any flying enemies that feel like picking up a trinket?

Lesser of two evils. The alternative would be to let traders from the vampire civilisation into icehold proper. And worse, *e*/ves (if they should ever arrive).

Quote

The flooded adamantine spire... How did you manage that one by the way?

Well, technically that was Onul and Honeymoon's doing (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6577606#msg6577606>), but I'll take credit for it. Here's what it does and was totally designed to do from the beginning:

Spoiler (click to show/hide)  
The pores in the adamantine at the very base of the spire have been opened by smoothing. Very slowly, the water is pushed downwards by pressure through those pores, slowly suffusing the ore and leaking deeper and deeper.

It emerges far below the magma sea, in a dark cavern lit by eerie glowing pits, where it takes several minutes to form a teardrop shape and fall to the cavern floor.

And ever so slowly, the clowns are driven mad by the incessant sound of dripping water.

Yep: it's a psychological warfare device against hell.

Quote

I removed your underwater office...

Yep. Totally meant to do that.

Quote

I was going to make you a better one but the idea of actually moving some furniture in Icehold is a fool's dream.

I eventually worked out Igor was pretty much the only one who does any useful work around here, and he's paralyzed from the legs down, soooo...

Nah, none of those. My flaw is worse.

See, those are things that are *likely* to cause mass casualties and death should the worst come to pass.

The flaw I'm thinking of is *certain* to cause mass casualties and death should the worst come to pass.

It's gonna be *great*.

(Edit) Assuming we don't all murder each other in the meanwhile. I suppose it was only a matter of time before our anarchic little prison went to the bad.

I'm so happy the first murder was done by one of the serial killers, though. It seems appropriate that they'd be the ones to get the party started. Besides, Dumed totally deserved it (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6567145#msg6567145>). If there's one thing worse than a murderer, it's a dwarf who pulls levers recklessly.

That said, it *is* possible to reduce stress, but it takes a couple years and complete isolation from bad thoughts. The chances of that happening in icehold are... probably somewhat lower than the chances of everyone in the fort killing each other and then eating the survivors.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **De** on **December 09, 2015, 12:42:42 am**

Quote from: QuQuasar on December 08, 2015, 12:35:26 am

Quote



The flooded adamantine spire... How did you manage that one by the way?

Well, technically that was Onul and Honeymoon's doing (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6577606#msg6577606>), but I'll take credit for it. Here's what it does and was totally designed to do from the beginning:

-edit-

Sure, it was totally Honeymoon's plan. Don't worry, I've developed a new method for explaining any player devised plan that would otherwise be very hard to pass off in RP: Quasar thought of it. I guess the state of stress levels will depend on Shofet's willingness to continue with Operation Party All The Time. It does slow Icehold's already pretty stagnant productivity to the point of being well... downright glacial. Still, it's absolutely necessary. I've grown too attached to each these characters to loose the vast swath of them threatened by worsening living conditions in the fort.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Taupe** on **December 09, 2015, 02:38:11 am**

This has to be one of the best writing I've seen, people. Keep it up. I feel like smaller pop is also contributing go everything coming together so nicely...

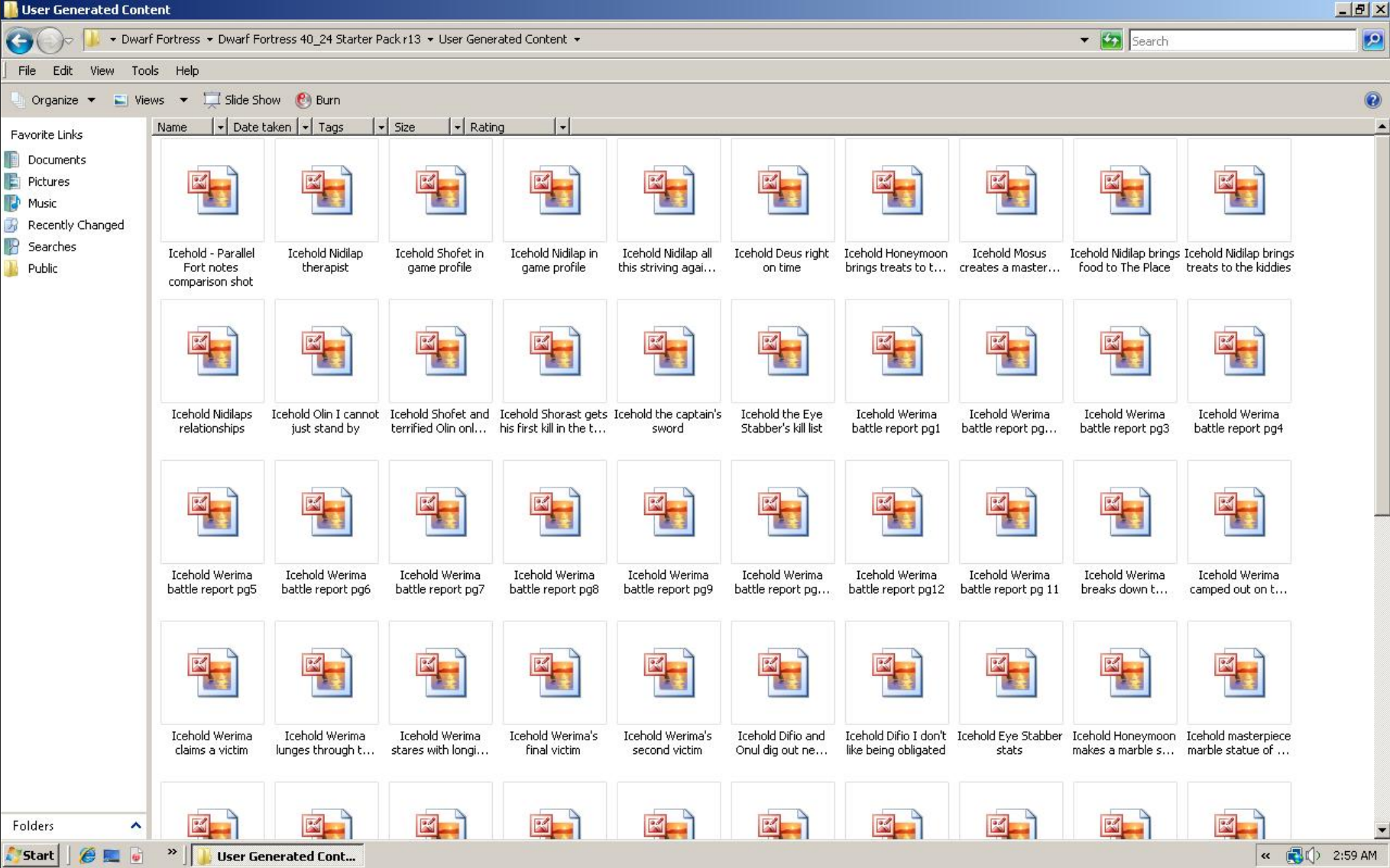
Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **De** on **December 09, 2015, 03:03:21 am**

Quote from: Taupe on December 09, 2015, 02:38:11 am

This has to be one of the best writing I've seen, people. Keep it up. I feel like smaller pop is also contributing go everything coming together so nicely...

Thanks Taupe, that really does mean a lot to me. Here, I'm sure this is nothing compared to what you're used to in Whisperwhip, but check out my screenshots folder. This is just but a fraction of what I'm trying to organize here. I figure this is at least a sneak peek for you guys.

Spoiler: Behold! (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Shofet** on **December 09, 2015, 09:21:16 am**

Keep the party going I say, meanwhile ill be trying my hand at leatherworking. Shouldnt take to long to make a masterpiece.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **December 09, 2015, 01:34:26 pm**

Based on those file names, something called Werima is gonna be causing some serious trouble next update... Now I'm worried.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Sanctume** on **December 09, 2015, 01:43:46 pm**

Werima = It's "where I'ma" get you! At least I hope it's not a were-type

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **De** on **December 11, 2015, 06:18:31 pm**

I've decided to try to finish out the year so I'll have the save ready to go even if it takes me a long time to write up. It's just taking forever because I keep having to pause and adjust, argghhh! So, last chances guys, anything you want to tell me to fix or change? \*coughQuasarcough\*

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **uber pye** on **December 13, 2015, 05:45:14 pm**

Quote from: De on December 11, 2015, 06:18:31 pm

I've decided to try to finish out the year so I'll have the save ready to go even if it takes me a long time to write up. It's just taking forever because I keep having to pause and adjust, argghhh! So, last chances guys, anything you want to tell me to fix or change? \*coughQuasarcough\*

Spoiler: pyer represents his constituents (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **De** on **December 14, 2015, 02:51:13 am**

I wish I could find a way to work pyer into the story beyond the little tidbit I managed in the intro. Hopefully my wishing won't make anything terrible happen.

In order to keep from stagnating, I'm going to do what I did last time and post bits of part.... (I have to look it up) four as I get done with them. There have been developments and part five is looking to be longer than initially expected. I will do my best to try to keep everyone alive but I make no promises.

-From the collected writings of Thob Worldglove-

*We have always been a kingdom of monsters. Perhaps the greatest folly of our modern time has been to try to pretend otherwise. Our current strain of monarchs have been pleased to see themselves as warriors of light, striking out against the encroaching shadows and protecting the pure flame of dwarfdom, as if we had not been born from the darkest depths of the earth in the first place, as if standing before the light does not cast the greatest shadows of all.*

Spoiler: The Founding of the Stake of Rings (click to show/hide)

Atis Athel \*The Stake of Rings\*

The Stake of Rings was a dwarven civilization of the Infinite World.

In 1 the dwarf necromancer Kadol Hallchant became the general of The Stake of Rings.

In 1 the troll spouse of shadow Ingish Chasmmanor became the king of The Stake of Rings.

In 1 The Stake of Assemblies of The Stake of Rings founded Sacksummit.

In 1 The Hammers of Perplexing of The Stake of Rings founded Wallsky.

In the late winter of 1 the minotaur Nocpur Bileshocked the Faint Perfection became an enemy of The Stake of Rings.

In 2 the dwarf necromancer Frith Inkyprides became a baroness of The Stake of Rings.

In 2 The Green Tome of The Stake of Rings founded Barbrope.

In 3 The Grip-Clasp of Beaks of The Stake of Rings founded Mirroredtwig.

In 4 the dwarf necromancer Zasit Trammeledtheater became a baroness of The Stake of Rings.

Spoiler: The Old King (click to show/hide)

Vucar Erithok \*Vucar Laborfinger\*

Vucar Laborfinger was a dwarf born in 88. He was the youngest son of Meng Canyonlesson and Shorast Tomecurious.

In the early spring of 88 the human Fatb Tightnessprestige attacked Vucar.

In the early spring of 88 the human Fatb Tightnessprestige fought u Vucar. While defeated, the latter escaped unscathed.

In 99 Vucar settled in Fortressbites.

In 100 Vucar married Zon Bridgeentered.

In 100 Vucar settled in Palmurn.

In 100 Vucar became a animal caretaker in Palmurn.

In 215 Vucar stopped being a animal caretaker in Palmurn.

In 215 Vucar settled in Sacksummit.

In 215 Vucar became the king of The Stake of Rings.

In 246 Vucar died of old age.

Related Historical Figures

Meng Canyonlesson mother b 64 d 215

Shorast Tomecurious father b 71 d 225

Vesh object of ardent worship

Zon Bridgeentered wife b 86 d 256

Tulon Youngworked only son b 153

Kikrost Destinedworked eldest daughter b 162 d 252

Stabbin Rovod Channeledsocket second eldest daughter b 216 d 251

Limul Fountaintunnel third eldest daughter b 220

Mebzuth Bellstrike youngest daughter b 224 d 253

*They called her Stabbin’ Rovod for a reason. The mercenary princess of the Stake of Rings left a trail of mayhem across the better part of a continent. Bloodletting was her great passion and the treasure she collected a happy afterthought. Quite possibly the happiest moment of her life was the one when the weremamoth’s curse consumed her and at last allowed her to obtain a level of transcendent bloodlust.*



She was a fearless warrior who knew no limits, least of all those imposed by her father’s laws.

Spoiler: Stabbin' Rovod (click to show/hide)

Stabbin Rovod Cattensesh \* Stabbin Rovod Channeledsocket \*

Stabbin Rovod Channeledsocket was a dwarf born in 216. She was the second eldest daughter of Zon Bridgeentered and Yucar Laborfinger.

In 228, Stabbin Rovod became a farmer in Palmurn.

In 231, Stabbin Rovod married Oddom Clasppeaked.

In 236, Stabbin Rovod decided to become a mercenary, operating out of Palmurn.

In the midautumn of 250, Stabbin Rovod left The Tempted Mechanism.

In the midautumn of 250, Stabbin Rovod left The Stake of Rings.

In the midautumn of 250, Stabbin Rovod settled in Icehold.

In the midautumn of 250, Stabbin Rovod became a member of The Stake of Rings.

In the midautumn of 250, Stabbin Rovod became a member of The Fenced Lance.

In the midspring of 251, the human Bathru Rawrare the Systemic Columns bit Stabbin Rovod, passing on the mammoth monster curse.

In the midspring of 251, Stabbin Rovod was struck down by the human Bathru Rawrare the Systemic Columns in Icehold.

Related Historical Figures

|                     |                   |   |     |   |     |
|---------------------|-------------------|---|-----|---|-----|
| Zon Bridgeentered   | mother            | b | 86  | d | 256 |
| Yucar Laborfinger   | father            | b | 88  | d | 246 |
| Oddom Clasppeaked   | husband           | b | 218 |   |     |
| Edam Wireclear      | eldest son        | b | 235 |   |     |
| Udil Bluntedmachine | second eldest son | b | 243 |   |     |
| Abblel Wheelspure   | third eldest son  | b | 245 |   |     |
| Shrir Waspbridged   | youngest son      | b | 248 | d | 256 |

Her followers loved her beyond reason, first among them being her sister Mebzuth, who spent her life straining to be her sister’s mirror image. Three times the king had them sent away to remote sanctuaries, hoping to drown their fury in isolate splendor, but such restrained luxuries had no influence upon these princesses. They charmed, murdered and tricked their way to freedom time and again.

Spoiler: Mebzuth (click to show/hide)

Mebzuth Rithabod \* Mebzuth Bellstrike \*

Mebzuth Bellstrike was a dwarf born in 224. She was the youngest daughter of Zon Bridgeentered and Yucar Laborfinger.

In the early spring of 229, the giant dingo Firebristles attacked Mebzuth.

In the early spring of 229, the giant dingo Firebristles fought with Mebzuth. While defeated, the latter escaped unscathed.

In 236, Mebzuth became a fishery worker in Palmurn.

In 237, Mebzuth married Deduk Veiledsack.

In the midspring of 252, Mebzuth left The Tempted Mechanism.

In the midspring of 252, Mebzuth left The Stake of Rings.

In the midspring of 252, Mebzuth settled in Icehold.

In the midspring of 252, Mebzuth became a member of The Stake of Rings.

In the midspring of 252, Mebzuth became a member of The Fenced Lance.

In the late spring of 253, the goblin Stosbob Devilportents the Natural Mystery bit Mebzuth, passing on the mammoth monster curse.

In the late spring of 253, Mebzuth was struck down by the goblin Stosbob Devilportents the Natural Mystery in Icehold.

Related Historical Figures

|                      |               |   |     |   |     |
|----------------------|---------------|---|-----|---|-----|
| Zon Bridgeentered    | mother        | b | 86  | d | 256 |
| Yucar Laborfinger    | father        | b | 88  | d | 246 |
| Deduk Veiledsack     | husband       | b | 222 | d | 256 |
| Udib Distancepaddled | eldest son    | b | 246 |   |     |
| Rakust Whippedsunken | only daughter | b | 249 | d | 253 |
| Anton Mergedtrades   | youngest son  | b | 252 | d | 253 |

Limul would have had them executed in the courtyard before the palace and their heads left to decorate the walls and never a moment’s hesitation, but while she can be rigid she is not utterly stupid. She knew what such an act would mean to her chance of inheriting her father’s crown, how it looks when a princess starts having her royal siblings eliminated. From somewhere surfaced the idea of Icehold, not a death sentence or a prison exactly, but a special posting. If the princesses could be expected to suborn any place meant to hold them, why not let them? Rovod and Mebzuth weren’t being exiled, oh no, they were going to the hinterlands to do battle with the necromancers, the very monsters from which we had won our kingdom and our independence in the first place. What more fitting task for members of the royal family could there be? Our queen, in her infinite grace, would even allow those who had fallen under the shadow of infamy their chance at redemption fighting these enemies of all dwarfkind.

The rest is recorded in the logs our current Overseer has so graciously let me peruse. How Stabbin’ Rovod came here, initially in disguise, and then died of a curse before whatever plan she had worked out could come to fruition. How her sister attempted to follow her, and ended up falling to the same curse in those dark days out on the ice during our third year. And that would have been that; if not for the children.

Icehold is where they send those of us who are too dangerous to die. We must be forgotten first. I take some pleasure in that fact. It is always nice when one’s work elicits a response.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Nidilap** on **December 15, 2015, 12:49:41 pm**

Is my guy in the military? I'd like for him to train his skills of combat (or lack thereof)

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **DDDragon1** on **December 15, 2015, 01:42:11 pm**

Holy shit, Rovod was a *princess*? Oh no, I think I know where this might be going...

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Taupe** on **December 15, 2015, 02:07:23 pm**



Quote from: DDDragoni on December 15, 2015, 01:42:11 pm  
Holy shit, Rovod was a *princess*? Oh no, I think I know where this might be going...

I know what you are thinking of, and that would be hilarious. However her legend lore profile mention sje died. Could have just wandered off and exploded after abandonnment tho.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **December 15, 2015, 02:46:36 pm**

Quote from: Taupe on December 15, 2015, 02:07:23 pm  
Quote from: DDDragoni on December 15, 2015, 01:42:11 pm  
Holy shit, Rovod was a *princess*? Oh no, I think I know where this might be going...

I know what you are thinking of, and that would be hilarious. However her legend lore profile mention sje died. Could have just wandered off and exploded after abandonnment tho.

No, she died a while ago. But she does still have children at the fort...

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **De** on **December 16, 2015, 09:08:26 pm**

Quote from: De on December 14, 2015, 02:51:13 am  
I wish I could find a way to work pyer into the story beyond the little tidbit I managed in the intro. Hopefully my wishing won't make anything terrible happen.

Um... I guess I should just keep my mouth shut from now on.

I'll make a list of living royalty at some point when I'm done my turn and can turn my attention to more obscure things. Month 7, btw. I don't know what's slower, the way I write or the way I play. At least this should be fairly entertaining.

PS: Stabbin' Rovod and her sister were both victims of the weremamoth curse, to clarify. I'm pretty sure Mebzuth was the one who turned during the human siege. She managed to infect some of the humans before she was killed and the infected humans killed off the rest of the invaders at the next full moon. I'd look it up but I forget whose turn that was. It might have been as far back as Taupe's or Salmeuk's.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **uber pye** on **December 17, 2015, 07:44:56 pm**

Quote from: De on December 16, 2015, 09:08:26 pm  
Quote from: De on December 14, 2015, 02:51:13 am  
I wish I could find a way to work pyer into the story beyond the little tidbit I managed in the intro. Hopefully my wishing won't make anything terrible happen.

Um... I guess I should just keep my mouth shut from now on.

oh no! that means something happed :(

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **De** on **December 20, 2015, 01:49:35 am**

I don't know if it's the junk, the caverns or the 94 invaders camped out on our doorstep but I've done the math it has taken me an average of 3.22 hours per month. I've given up taking screenshots. I'm just letting it run and run and run....

Spoiler: [Traditional State of the Fortress Shot](#) (click to show/hide)



Featuring what must be the world's most bored goblins. Good lord guys, just go away...

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **December 23, 2015, 10:58:55 pm**

How's progress, De?

i don't want to rush you, I know the holidays are busy, but I don't want Icehold to die like Bonepillar did.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **De** on **December 23, 2015, 11:26:32 pm**

Quote from: DDDragoni on December 23, 2015, 10:58:55 pm

How's progress, De?

i don't want to rush you, I know the holidays are busy, but I don't want Icehold to die like Bonepillar did.

I could just try and re-seal The Place and then hand over the save. At the rate I'm playing, it's partway through month 10. It takes me 3.2 hours per month just running the game. I have the write up for summer partially done and Deus just murdered somebody... Warning, this will definitely get Quasar stuck in The Place... but maybe that's not a bad thing?

Edit: Actually that's now my plan. I'm going to put Quasar where he's unlikely to go crazy or die.

Edit Edit: On the plus side, my brother bought me a new cable for Christmas so I might actually have a computer with processing power now.

Slip this under Shofet's tree for me. (<http://dff.d.bay12games.com/file.php?id=11547>)

Spoiler: notes (click to show/hide)

- Hauling is a nightmare. Especially since we have a quarantine area. I'd recommend disabling hauling for everyone in there. I would have done it but I was running out of time and some extra people kind of got sealed in The Place.
- There's a beast locked in the upper cavern. He's poisonous so I'd recommend avoidance since close range battle seems like a death sentence for the dwarves who are otherwise the toughest rocks in the fortress.
- The dead bodies all over the place are also a huge problem. There is a lava dumping zone and once in a blue moon something actually gets taken down there but the dwarves seem to automatically prioritize dumping duty at the lowest possible tier.
- Everyone who hasn't been locked in the place or isn't a hardened individual is completely miserable. I'd recommend filling the place with as much fancy furniture as possible. We have more gems then we can store but of course using them will tie up somebody who might have conceivably been hauling.
- I've disabled farming for all the dwarves who aren't in The Place. We have a lot of food in storage and plenty of eggs but this might be something to keep an eye on. Lavish meals might help restore happiness.
- If you re-enable vehicle pushing all dwarves will spend all their time pushing mine carts for no perceivable reason.

I'm sure there's other stuff I can't remember. Once you open the save you'll probably have plenty of questions, so ask away!

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Shofet** on **December 25, 2015, 09:36:36 am**

My internet was on the fritz yesterday, ill download it.

My plan is to identify all adults who have made artifacts, and have them produce as much as possible, to get more moods. Dwarves who have mooded won't throw tantrums.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Shofet** on **December 25, 2015, 09:12:44 pm**

I'm not sure what to say. How did it get to this? There are over 150 animals in cages. There are animals in cage traps in the caverns dieing of old age.

I have aspergers. The disrray of items is making my eye twitch. Its so hard not to just dfhack some clutter away.

I think I have an idea on how to solve the animal crisis, and maybe make some dwarves happy. I hope you guys like reveling in slaughter. Cause where going to paint the fort red.

Oh and my dwarfs wifes dead. Shes been dead for many years. Kinda made me sad.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **De** on **December 25, 2015, 09:47:28 pm**

Quote from: Shofet on December 25, 2015, 09:12:44 pm

I'm not sure what to say. How did it get to this? There are over 150 animals in cages. There are animals in cage traps in the caverns dieing of old age.

I have aspergers. The disrray of items is making my eye twitch. Its so hard not to just dfhack some clutter away.

I think I have an idea on how to solve the animal crisis, and maybe make some dwarves happy. I hope you guys like reveling in slaughter. Cause where going to paint the fort red.

Oh and my dwarfs wifes dead. Shes been dead for many years. Kinda made me sad.

Yeah, the reason for the cage traps is that they're just the easiest way to deal with pests down in the caverns, especially after the militia was downsized. It just seemed easier to train them than to try to set up a pitting zone, considering how useless the dump zone generally is.

The items really got me down when I first started. I eventually just gave in to the clutter after half a year of trying to clean up and getting absolutely nowhere. I would dearly love to get the dead bodies off the stairs. I swear that dump zone works, I've witnessed things being dumped. But the dwarves absolutely refuse to move the bodies. I eventually gave up dumping clothes in hopes that it would get the goblins attended to quicker, but no. There was a big area designated for refuse that I undid because it was inconvenient and empty and I ended up turning it into something else..... possibly bar storage? Economic rock? Something... You could try making another refuse pit but good luck getting anyone to move things to it.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Shofet** on **December 25, 2015, 10:35:17 pm**

Is there any reason we cant use some of the magma on the surface for forges?

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **uber pye** on **December 26, 2015, 02:25:31 am**

nope, go ahead and try to make pyer's lava pumper work for something else if you want to, good luck, you'll need it if you want to get that working.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **December 28, 2015, 01:51:52 pm**

Quote from: Shofet on December 25, 2015, 09:12:44 pm

I'm not sure what to say. How did it get to this? There are over 150 animals in cages. There are animals in cage traps in the caverns dieing of old age.

I have aspergers. The disrray of items is making my eye twitch. Its so hard not to just dfhack some clutter away.

I think I have an idea on how to solve the animal crisis, and maybe make some dwarves happy. I hope you guys like reveling in slaughter. Cause where going to paint the fort red.

Oh and my dwarfs wifes dead. Shes been dead for many years. Kinda made me sad.

If it's causing a problem for you, I don't have a problem with you DFhacking some of the misc corpses and debris out of existence, as long as the others don't mind.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Shofet** on **December 28, 2015, 01:56:22 pm**

I feel like an ass but I'm going to have to bow out of this. I'm sorry guys.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **December 28, 2015, 03:45:26 pm**

Quote from: Shofet on December 28, 2015, 01:56:22 pm

I feel like an ass but I'm going to have to bow out of this. I'm sorry guys.

You're not an ass, stuff happens.

That puts Sactume up next, PM away!

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **De** on **December 28, 2015, 07:36:09 pm**

Quote from: Shofet on December 28, 2015, 01:56:22 pm

I feel like an ass but I'm going to have to bow out of this. I'm sorry guys.

You're not an ass and your dwarf is an amazing asset to the fort as I hope everyone will get to see when I post my write up real soon.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Sanctume** on **December 30, 2015, 12:28:31 pm**

I got the save, then I remember this is v40.24 which I still have installed.  
I plan to read and catch up on the posts today; and let the ideas simmer into my entry point in the story.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **De** on **December 30, 2015, 01:19:45 pm**

Quote from: Sanctume on December 30, 2015, 12:28:31 pm

I got the save, then I remember this is v40.24 which I still have installed.  
I plan to read and catch up on the posts today; and let the ideas simmer into my entry point in the story.

Don't forget you need the LNP to be set to limit the pop cap. Though I'd be in favor of turning Icehold into a dwarven breeding program by messing with the limits on youngsters and strict population caps.... probably end in a bloodbath but still.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Shofet** on **December 30, 2015, 02:22:35 pm**

Honeymoon suites might be a good idea. Get all the depressed dwarves laid and hopefully married. Might keep them sane for awhile longer.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Sanctume** on **December 30, 2015, 02:37:14 pm**

I like that, let's call it an era of merry and love making: Booze, FB and chill.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Lord Allagon** on **January 01, 2016, 07:17:48 am**

PTW.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Sanctume** on **January 01, 2016, 07:19:49 pm**

**Department of Correction Facility (DCF)**  
**Preliminary Facility Report Assessment**  
**Outpost: Icehold (Ushilkegeth)**

Report Date: 1 Granite, 259  
*Dear Sir:*  
*This documents the initial assessment of the correction facility known as Icehold.*  
*The current population is 56 prisoners and citizens which includes 19 children.*  
*-- Sanctume Hallknights, 'Desserted', militia commander of Icehold.*

- Spoiler: Location Reference (click to show/hide)
- F1 Entrance
  - F2 Levers
  - F3 Stocks
  - F4 Crafts
  - F5 Cavern
  - F6 Magma
  - F7 Place
  - F8 Dump
  - SF1 Bedrooms
  - SF3 Cavern 1
  - SF4 Olivine
- Spoiler: Nobles and Admin (click to show/hide)

Mayor: Ablel K., Enforcer  
Captain of the Guard: Deus L., Administrator  
Militia Commander: Sanctume I., Deserter  
Hammerer: Ablel K., Enforcer  
Manager: Honeymoon I., Clerk  
Chief Medical Dwarf: Quasar D., Professor



Broker: Black Pat, Founder  
Bookkeeper: Honeymoon I., Clerk  
z128 Entrance (F1)  
A raised bridge to the outside labelled, "Trader Bridge" is here.  
Another bridge to the outside, but sealed off by constructed walls.  
Icehold is surrounded by a 3-wide dry moat, 4 levels deep.

Action Plan: Dump sentient body parts.

z125 Lever Room (F2)  
A cobaltite lever labelled "Entrance Drawbridge" is here.  
A marble lever labelled "Trader Bridge" is here.  
A marble lever labelled "magma trap bridge" is here.  
A diorite lever that is unlabelled is here.  
Stockpile #90 - Food: no plant, no cheese, no seed, no milled, no lye  
Magma Cistern - unexplored.

z129 Trade Depot with Tower  
#91 - Finished Goods: 95 bins  
Action Plan: Dump sentient parts.  
Action Plan: Add walls and roof, make it a bunker.  
Action Plan: Expand z130 into a proper bunker and extra storage.

z123 Stocks (F3)  
#88 Finished Goods: footwear, headwear, handwear, legwear (no bin, 103 capacity)  
#86 Leather, Cloth, no bin (no bin, 217 capacity)  
Note: there is an anvil and some ammo here.  
Workshop: Loom x2 nearby  
Workshop: Clothier x2 nearby  
Workshop: Farmer  
Workshop: Leather

#87: Food: Plant: Pigtail and Dye Plants; Milled: Dyes (114 barrels max)  
#104: Food: Plant: Dye Plants only (18 barrels max)  
#108: Bars: Other: Soap only (12 bins max)

Zone 41: Hospital  
There's an upright iron spear and a suspicious lever in the corner of this hospital.  
5 beds, 2 tables, 1 traction bench, and a chest.

#85: Refuse: no remains, no corpse, no body parts (272 capacity)

Action Plan: Dig a more proper workshop rooms  
Action Plan: Dig atom smasher, garbage dump for faster sentient disposal

z122: Bedrooms (SF2)  
There are 12 bedrooms here  
1. Thob O., Dissdent  
2. Mosus I., Administrator and Monom K., Administrator  
3. Lord Lubbie, Volunteer  
4. Lorbam U., Miner and Tulon S., Miner  
5. Cilob A., Delouser  
6. Ablel K., Enforcer  
7. Udil D., Miner  
8. Shorast E., Deadbeat and Inul N., Protector  
9. Nidilap D., Mason  
10. Oddom D., Poisoner and Stabbin Rovod  
11. Black Pat, Founder  
12. Honeymoon I., Clerk

z121: More stock  
#93: Furniture; Bars: Blocks: no metal blocks (961 capacity)  
#94: Animal: include empty cage

z120: More Rooms, More Shops  
There are 15 bedrooms here  
1. Udil U., Impeached Spider Killer  
2. Adil A., Pyromania and Atir Z., Ranger  
3. Monom A., Engraver  
4. Difio N., Shy Guy and Likot L., Sworddwarf  
5. DeMarco U., Dragon Smuggler  
6. Kogan B., Captain's Son  
7. under construction  
8. Quasar D., Professor  
9. Stakud B., Eye Stabber and Geshud R., Sworddwarf  
10. Shofet N., Cannibal  
11. Ablel K, Enforcer  
12. Deus L., Captain of the Guard and Nish E., Farmer  
13. Morul L., Manera Tamer  
14. under construction  
15. large room twice the size, currently unassigned

#96: Wood (91 capacity)  
#115: Bars: Other (max bin 72)  
Workshop: Wood Furnace  
Workshop: Carpenter  
Workshop: Ashery  
Workshop: Mechanic

#111: Bars: Blocks: no metal blocks (35 max bin)  
Workshop: Glass Furnace  
#95: Gems (no bin, 195 capacity)  
Workshop: Jeweler  
#99: Weapon (no bin, 126 capacity)  
#97: Stone: Other (249 capacity, 6 wheelbarrow)  
Workshop: Mason x7  
#98: Armor (no bin, 126 capacity)

z118 Office space  
There are two office spaces currently unassigned

z116 Tombs

There are 6 spaces for grander tombs: 1 used, 1 open, 4 under construction.

z113 Workshop space  
There is a carpenter’s workshop in this small dig site.

z108 Cavern 1 (SF3)  
This cavern is protected by 2 adjacent stone door, 2 weapon traps, and a 1x2 bridge, and some cage traps. The bridge is labelled “Upper Cavern Bridge”

Action Plan: Find the lever. Then think on expanding a way to harvest cave dwellers via cage traps, and a meat processing facility.  
Action Plan: Another garbage chute in here will help the cleanup.

z102  
Note: There is also a hallway to leads to an impulse ramp. Following the ramp up, lead to the mangled corpse of Rovod D.

There are 2 downstairs that lead to an unused well. This might pose a security breach just in case the well is opened to the caverns below.  
Order: Place 2 hatch to cover down stairs.  
Order: Request 5 rock hatch to cover for stock.

This hallway also leads to 2 upstairs in what looks like a cage trap hallway to a portion of cavern 1. It looks like a lever and bridge secure this area, but it is unlabelled.

Action Plan: Test lever if it opens the bridge. Or just wall off this unused section.

z95 Large Marble Quarry  
Workshop: Mechanic x4  
Action Plan: Build walls to partition the vastness of this place, and restrict and forbid area no longer needed.

Order: Construct walls using olivine blocks to the immediate areas that can be cutoff.

There is a dry well that leads down to the next cavern, but it is not currently breached to useable water cistern.

z94 and z93  
Note: Some gold veins are spotted, unmined.

z91 Refuse Stock - Cavern 2

There is a 4x2 gneiss bridge, labelled “Cavern Bridge 1”. It is currently down. Most likely a raising bridge onto a stone floor since directly below it is a hallway. This bridge seems to secure access to the west down to cavern 2. Two adjacent rock doors also secures this hallway from the main stairs.

From the main stairs, there is a 1 wide hall ending in a forbidden diorite door. Beyond this is cavern 2.

Order: Construct walls using olivine blocks to block this hall.

z90 Cavern 2 (F5) - Dine, Kitchen  
East of the main stairs is a dead end exploratory dig down to cavern 3.  
Action Plan: (hold) forbid door east of main stairs of cavern 2.  
Order: Place hatch on stair leading down.

South of the main stairs leads to cavern 2.  
First security is a pair of microcline doors.  
Second security is another pair of microcline doors.

Third security is a 4x2 gneiss raising bridge labelled “Cavern Bridge 2”.  
It is currently down and open to cavern 2.  
Zone #19: Pasture and Animal Training

West of the main stairs:  
Graveyard  
#105 Animal Stockpile, include empty cages

Cavern 2 Lever Room has 3 levers:  
Lever “Cavern Bridge 1”  
Lever “Cavern Bridge 2”  
Lever “Upper Cavern Bridge”  
There are 3 fallow farm plots.

- Bedrooms:
1. Zaneg S., Vengeful Plotter and Bembul E., Grave Robber
  2. open
  3. Sanctume I., Desserter
  4. Edum S., Cook and Ingish A., Beekeeper
  5. pyer L., the\_beat
  6. Kobuk A., Planter
  7. Gwolfski T., Administrator and Igor M., Faithful Servant
  8. open
  9. Urkad A., Legitimate Businessman and Medtob R., Wrestler
  10. Ubid I., Adminstrator and Rovod D., Arsonist
  11. Neblime T., Poasher
  12. Mistem S., Vesh’s Minion and Avuz R., Weaver

#101 Food: no Cloth Plant, no Dye Plant, no Seed, no lye (67 barrels)  
#102 Food: no Cloth Plant, no Dye Plant, no Seed, no lye (88 barrels)  
#113 Food: Seed only (40 barrels)  
Workshop: Still x2  
Workshop: Kitchen x2

Dining Hall  
Zone #14 Pasture and Animal Training  
Workshop: Butcher  
Workshop: Tanner  
Workshop: Kiln

Order: Dig garbage chute and atom smasher. These will be accessible to corpse pile, kitchen, and butcher.  
Action Plan: Possible to dig a cistern below and build a well accessible to the dining hall.  
Order Action: Designate dig area for well, cistern, water source, and drain.

z89 Farm and Dine  
This level has two separate areas.

From the main stairs, leading south is to the farm plots.  
#100 Food: Seeds (57 barrels)  
Farm Plot: 5x5 fallow  
Farm Plot: 5x5 fallow  
Farm Plot: 5x5 fallow  
Farm Plot: 5x8 fallow  
Farm Plot: 21 tile fallow

The second area is a dining room accessed from the kitchens above.

z-1 and z-2: cave-in contraption.  
Order: Walling off these areas because it has direct access into the fortress for fliers.

z-4 Place  
Note: The water source for the Place’s well is insecure from swimming invader through he well.  
Order: Dig cave-in contraption to plug the water source. Then later resolve water source for well when needed.

- Bedrooms:
1. Zulban O., Iceman
  2. Monom A., Engraver
  3. Urvad Z., Child
  4. Astesh V., Child
  5. Lolor K., Child
  6. Deler L., Child
  7. Kubuk S., Child
  8. Olin I., Smartass Lil’ Sister
  9. Mosus K., Child
  10. Ineth O., Child
  11. Signun S., Child
  12. Vucar N., Child
  13. Sarvesh A., Child
  14. Lokum A., Child
  15. Urdim A., Child
  16. Onul N., Up and Comer
  17. Ral E., Child
  18. Geshud B., Child
  19. Udib R., Child Waterboy
  20. Morul L., Manera Tamer
  21. Onul N., Up and Comer (2nd bedroom)
  22. Asen V., Child
  23. Ast I., Child
  24. Demarco U., Dragon Smuggler
  25. Onul N., Protector and Shorast A., Deadbeat
  26. Quasar D., Professor

Workshop: Mason  
Workshop: Craftsdwarf

z-3 (Place (F7))  
#84 Food: Seed  
Farm Plot: Plump Helmet  
Farm Plot: Sweet Pod, Cave Wheat, Pig tail, Plump Helmet

#110 Food: no seed, no lye  
#112 Cloth; Finished Goods: Footwear, Headwear, Handwear, Legwear

Workshop: Still x2  
Workshop: Farmer  
Workshop: Clothier  
Workshop: Loom  
Workshop: Kitchen

Well  
Dining Hall

z-11  
#109 Stone: Metal Ores and Flux (532 capacity, 5 wheelbarrows)

z-12  
#107 Metal Bars and Metal Blocks (max bin 450)

z-13  
#106 Metal Bars and Metal Blocks (max bin 24)  
Workshop: Magma Forge x3  
Workshop: Magma Smelter x6

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Sanctume** on **January 02, 2016, 02:58:12 pm**

**Department of Correction Facility (DCF)**  
**Spring Progress Report**  
**Outpost: Icehold (Ushilkegeth)**

Report Date: 1 Hematite, 259

*Summary:*  
*The current population is down to 55 prisoners and citizens which still includes 19 children.*  
*The harsh environment of Icehold is a source of tremendous stress to the population. Four adults are in the threshold of help throughout this spring season; unfortunately one prisoner has died.*  
*-- Sanctume Hallknights, `Desserter`, militia commander of Icehold.*

1 Granite, 259, Early Spring  
I ordered to stop any training temporarily in the barracks located in the entrance amidst corpses for Golden, Brains and Humor squad.

Military Inspection of uniforms passed satisfactory to all nine soldiers.

Establish a corpse duty task force who are the only ones authorized to do refuse hauling.  
These individuals will also be the only ones who will have construction duty to work on roofing and walling the trade depot. All these individuals “can handle stress” Of note, note their current occupations:



Gwolfski - (Soldier) Gelder  
Igor - Mechanic  
Kogan - Clothier, Engraver, Cook  
Lorbam - (Miner), Engraver, Mason  
Lord Lubbie - Farmer, Brewer, Cook, Thresher  
Monom - Engraver, Farmer  
Olin - Wood Crafter, Engraver, Farmer  
Onul No. - (Soldier) (Miner), Engraver, Farmer  
Shofet - Animal Trainer, Miller, Dyer, Pump Operator  
Shorast - Farmer, Thresher

Initiate “Alert Inside” and close bridge access to cavern 2.  
The alert is cancelled as soon as cavern 2 is secured.  
Forbid all items and corpses outside and below the moat.  
Create temporary dump on the edge of the trade depot to dump sentient corpses down the moat.

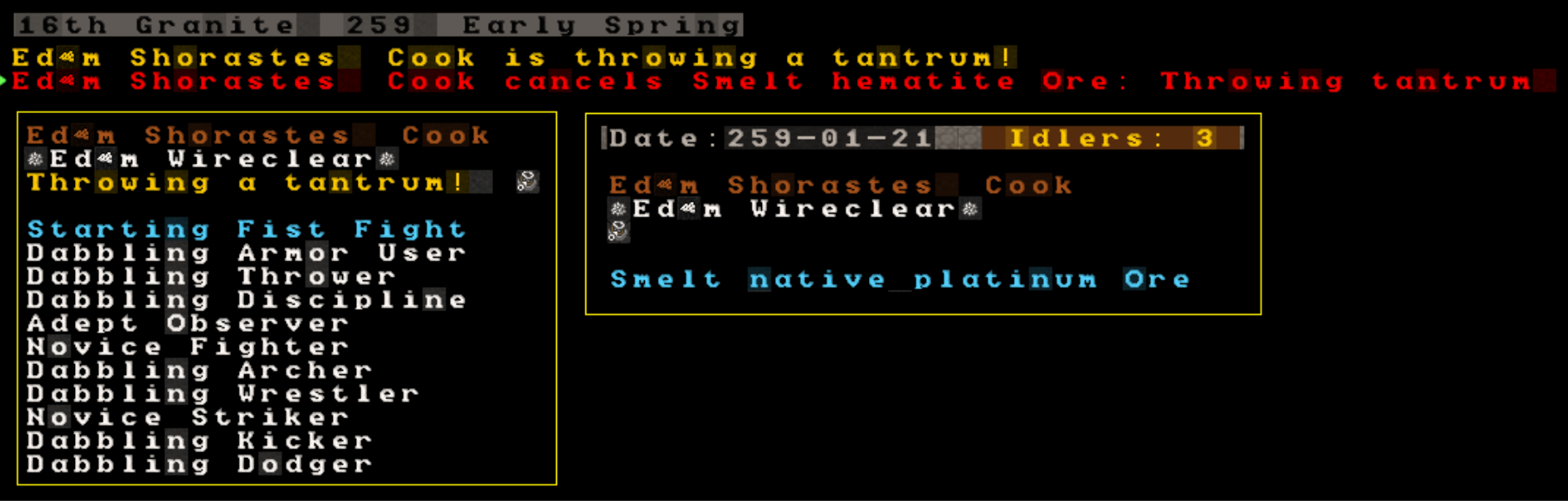
The three most miserable individuals are:  
Udib, Administrator  
Neblime, Poacher, Militia Captain  
Edem, Cook

I ordered our current smelters to take a break and gave these three individuals to smelt steel and platinums in hopes it keeps them busy hauling long distances and away from the general population.

I also set a temporary stone pile for olivine and orthoclase to make magma-safe mechanisms at z120.

5 Granite  
Great, I am overcome with a great urge to build something and seek a crafts dwarf workshop and gather items.

16 Granite  
It’s reported that Edem, our cook is throwing a tantrum!  
Edem is seeking a fist fight, but fortunately he is in the bottom stairs hauling hematite. By the time he goes to the dining hall, he just stands by the door then eventually went to work on smoothing walls.



22 Granite  
It’s reported that Neblime starts throwing a tantrum and is looking for a fist fight. Fortunately, after a couple of days climbing up and down through a miasma filled stairs, Neblime decides to smelt hematite ores.



26 Granite  
I began a mysterious construction with three diorite stones, three cut gems, and three donkey leather.

28 Granite  
Remove finished goods stockpile by trade depot to prevent haulers up there while walls and ceilings are under construction. And sentient corpses are still there.  
Change order to allow refuse gathered outside, dump corpses and others.

A Forgotten Beast Thol Sizirreksas Os Zutshosh has come in cavern 1, but it should be sealed off from access so we will ignore it.

Thol eventually met the forgotten beast Shato and battled for quite some time. Shato lost.

The Forgotten Beast Thol Sizirreksas Os Zutshosh has come! A gigantic three-eyed theropod. It has large mandibles and it appears to be emaciated. Its mahogany feathers are patchy. Beware its deadly spittle!

The Forgotten Beast breathes a cloud of Shato's forgotten beast extract vapor!  
The Forgotten Beast is caught in a burst of Shato's forgotten beast extract!  
→The Forgotten Beast scratches The Forgotten Beast in the neck and the severed part sails off in an arc!



Shato's third toe right rea

Shato's tongue

Shato's first toe right rea

Shato's fourth toe left rea

Shato's third toe left rear

Shato's neck

Shato's mangled mutilated co

Dense cave moss

A pool of Shato's forgotten

A pool of Thol Vicesins the

1 Slate  
A new month is firstly greeted by Adil A., Pyromaniac is reported to be throwing a tantrum but then he decides to have a drink and eat instead. He was just "hangry". Adil works in the forge so he is now also authorized to smelt metal bars.

Adil Alathrag Pyromaniac is throwing a tantrum!

Adil Alathrag Pyromaniac cancels Store Owned Item: Throwing tantrum

→Adil Alathrag Pyromaniac cancels Clean: Throwing tantrum

Date: 259-02-03 Idlers: 6

Adil Alathrag Pyromaniac

\*Adil Boltsclapped\*

Eat

Dabbling Armor User

Dabbling Discipline

Competent Observer (Rusty)

Dabbling Fighter

Dabbling Wrestler

Dabbling Dodger

Dabbling Grower

Expert Furnace Operator

Skilled Weaponsmith (V Rusty)

Novice Armorsmith (Rusty)

3 Slate  
I finally finished a diorite crown. What a waste of my time.

5th Granite 259 Early Spring

Sanctume Itonarzes Deserter cancels Detail Wall: Taken by mood

→Sanctume Itonarzes Deserter withdraws from society

→Sanctume Itonarzes has claimed a Crafts Dwarf's Workshop

Sanctume Itonarzes Desert

\*Sanctume Hallknights\*

Peculiarly secretive

Strange Mood

Legendary Macedwarf

Accomplished Shield User

Expert Armor User

Legendary Discipline

Legendary Observer

Legendary Fighter

Adept Wrestler

Adequate Biter (Rusty)

Expert Striker

Skilled Kicker (Rusty)

Crafts Dwarf's Workshop

diorite TSK

diorite TSK

diorite TSK

rose cut pyrites TSK

baguette cut blue jades TSK

fungiwood logs TSK

point cut morions TSK

(donkey leather) TSK

(donkey leather) TSK

(donkey leather) TSK

26th Granite 259

→Sanctume Itonarzes has begun a mysterious construction!

Sanctume Itonarzes Deserter has created Gishdistvostaz

a diorite crown

Basic Value: 16800\*

This is a diorite crown. All crafts dwarfship is of the highest quality. It is encrusted with radiant cut morions, decorated with donkey leather and encircled with bands of oval diorite cabochons, tapered baguette cut pyrites and rectangular blue jade cabochons. This object is adorned with hanging rings of donkey leather and menaces with spikes of diorite and fungiwood. On the item is an image of dwarves in diorite. The dwarves are traveling. The artwork relates to the foundation of Icehold by The Fenced Lance of The Stake of Rings in the early spring of 250. On the item is an image of Rampartsculpt the Awe-inspiring Barricade the gabbro earring in donkey leather.

Start digging for the well.

7 Slate  
Udib I., is stricken by melancholy.

Udib Inethostuk Administrator cancels Smelt native platinum Ore: Went insane

→Udib Inethostuk Administrator is stricken by melancholy!

Date: 259-02-07 Idlers: 10

Udib Inethostuk Administrat

\*Udib Citysneak\*

Stricken by melancholy

No Job

Legendary Speardwarf

Grand Master Shield User

Expert Armor User (Rusty)

Legendary Discipline

Legendary Observer

Legendary Fighter

Great Wrestler

Proficient Biter (V Rusty)

Expert Striker

Talented Kicker (Rusty)

Dwarf Details

Udib Inethostuk

(Udib Citysneak) 54 Years Old

Administrator Smelt Native Platinum Ore

Happiness: Miserable (Stress: 517.9k)

11 Slate  
Neblime has sunk into depression.

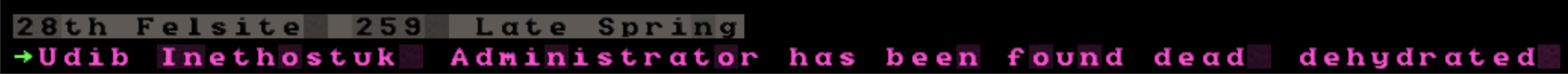


11 Slate  
Edem is starting another tantrum, but then decides to drink instead.

23 Slate  
Adil begins to stumble around oblivious

The days and months passed with the workers busy working on two garbage chutes, trade depot walls and ceilings, and well cistern.

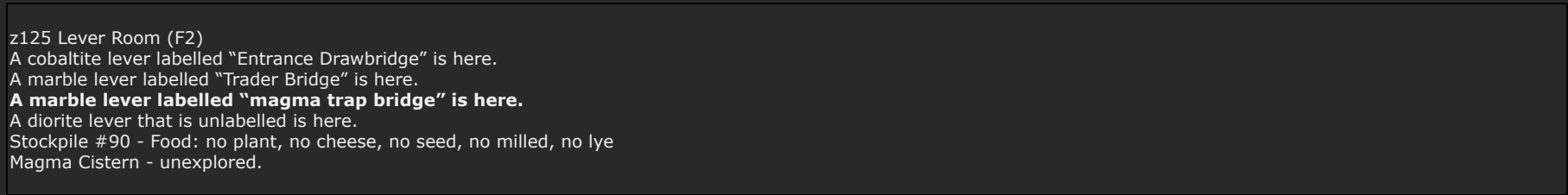
28 Felsite  
Udib died of dehydration right in the main dining hall.



End of Spring Report

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **uber pye** on **January 02, 2016, 11:01:08 pm**

Quote from: Sanctume on January 01, 2016, 07:19:49 pm



oh so thats where i put that lever!

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Sanctume** on **January 03, 2016, 03:12:21 pm**

**Department of Correction Facility (DCF)**  
**Summer Progress Report**  
**Outpost: Icehold (Ushilkegeth)**

Report Date: 1 Limestone, 259  
Summary:  
*The population remains at 55 this summer. The disposal of corpses from past battles is an outstanding issue throughout the trade depot and cavern 2 public areas. These corpses continue to give horrifying thoughts to every witness each week. There are four citizens who take turns throwing tantrums or slipping into depression.*  
-- Sanctume Hallknights, `Desserter`, militia commander of Icehold.

1 Hematite, 259, Early Summer  
The first day of summer kicks off with Neblime throwing a tantrum. Despite this outburst, several construction projects resume.

9 Hematite  
Igor of the corpse duty task force has been shaken to the core while working on the trade depot construction. I cleared him from any further labors to rest. However, he just stands there out on the cold roof starting at the mess of corpses that no one wants to dispose.



10 Hematite  
*I would like to state on record that I signed up for this assignment to provide reports about the security of Icehold, and absolutely want*



no part of any political schemes; or worse, be a **pawn** again.

Be that as it may, a so called prisoner Difio Brushedring, a.k.a. Shy Guy, claims to have inherited the position of baron Plankcloister. Difio has already demands and mandates.

How curious it is that there is a large available room with the necessary furnishings? Some bodies knows something to have prepared for this eventuality.

Difio Brushedring being the rightful heir has inherited the position of baron of Plankcloister

Date : 259-04-10Idlers : 6

Difio Nosingathel Shy Guy

Difio Brushedring

Baron of Plankcloister

No Job

Professional Macedwarf (Rsty)

Adequate Marksdwarf (Rusty)

Talented Shield User (V Rsty)

Proficient Armor Usr (V Rsty)

Professional Disciplin (Rsty)

Grand Master Observer

Great Fighter

Talented Wrestler (V Rusty)

Dabbling Biter

Skilled Striker (V Rusty)

Dwarf Details

'Difio' Nosingathel

('Difio' Brushedring)

41 Years Old

Shy Guy

No Job

Noble Position Baron

Happiness: Unhappy (Stress: 186.6k)

Member of Squad 'VIP Civilians 2'



a barony

Difio Nosingathel Shy Guy

REQUIREDEMANDMANDATE

Owned Objects : 18

Holdings : Throne Room

Great Bedroom

Great Dining Room

No Tomb

2 Chests

2 Cabinets

1 Weapon Rack

1 Armor Stand

Needs : Decent Office

Needs : Decent Quarters

Needs : Decent Dining Room

Needs : Tomb

Needs : 2 Chests

Needs : 1 Cabinet

Needs : 1 Weapon Rack

Needs : 1 Armor Stand

13 Hematite  
Edem throws another tantrum and is looking to start a fist fight.

A human diplomat from Aredmong has arrived.

Well, he can freeze his arse off for all I care. I deem Icehold still unsecure, so the gates will remain close. The trade depot is stained green from all the vomit during the construction.

13th Hematite 259

A human diplomat from Aredmong has arrived



z128



z129



Icehold Trade Depot (under construction) z130

More microcline blocks are needed to replace the mis-constructed ice fortifications. Digging out more rooms with microcline veins will meet this need. A stockpile and a temporary mason shop is designated nearby.

15 Hematite  
Edem, the cook calms down a bit but then kills someone’s pet, Domas the Duck.

Edm Shorastes Cook is throwing a tantrum!

Date : 259-02-18Idlers : 7

Edm Shorastes Cook

Edm Wireclear

Drink

Dwarf Details

Edm Shorastes

(Edm Wireclear)

24 Years Old

Cook

Make Steel Bars

Happiness: Very Unhappy (Stress: 282.7k)

Edm Shorastes Cook is throwing a tantrum!

Edm Shorastes Cook cancels Smelt hematite Ore: Throwing tantrum

Date : 259-04-13Idlers : 7

Edm Shorastes Cook

Edm Wireclear

Throwing a tantrum!

Starting Fist Fight

Dwarf Details

Edm Shorastes

(Edm Wireclear)

24 Years Old

Cook

Starting Fist Fight

Happiness: Very Unhappy (Stress: 285.1k)

15th Hematite

Edm Shorastes Cook has calmed down

The Cook grabs The Drake by the third toe left foot with his left upper leg!

The Cook punches The Drake in the upper body with his left hand bruising the muscle and shattering the middle spine's bone!

The Cook stands up

The Cook punches The Drake in the head with his left hand and the injured part explodes into gore!

An artery has been opened by the attack!

Domas Thobrinale Drake (Tame) has been found dead

## 16 Hematite

A progress in the construction. The garbage chute in cavern 2 is now complete and functional. I designated the nearby corpses to be dumped.



## 17 Hematite

A human caravan from Aredmong has arrived in the area outside, but there will be no trading done this time.

Ablel Kolenam, Enforcer has been re-elected as mayor of Icehold.

## 21 Hematite

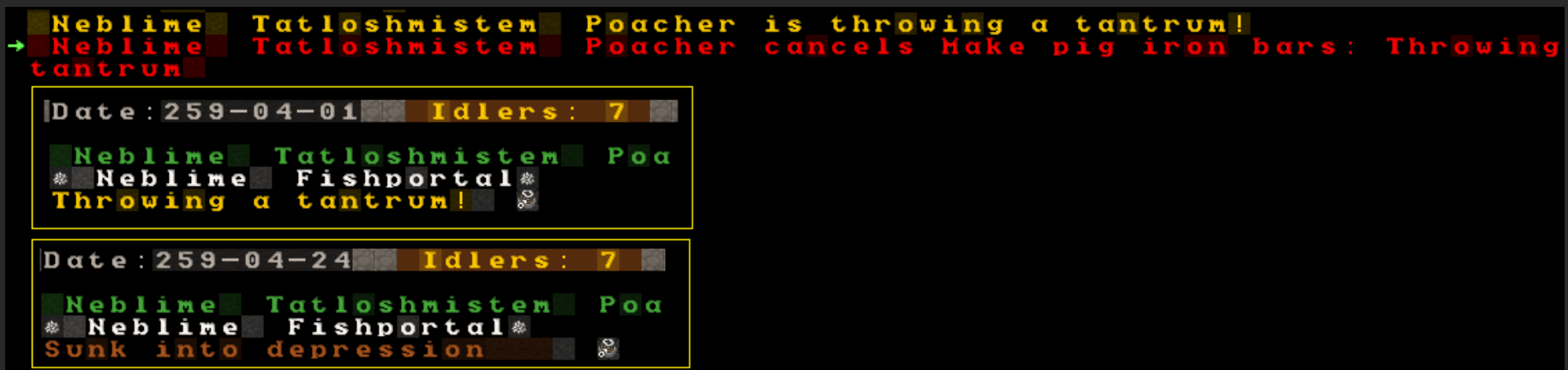
A Forgotten Beast Vafice shows up in cavern 1 where Thol is still around.

Adil sinks into depression.



## 24 Hematite

Neblime continuous deep in his depression.



I added Udil D., Miner into the corpse duty task force.

## 2 Malachite

Another month passed, and digging starts to breach cavern 2 for the main well's water source.

## 9 Malachite

The Forgotten Beast Vafice battles against the beast Thol. Their battles echoes throughout the cavern walls. One beast eventually won.



## 17 Malachite

It is to my dismay that a fourth prisoner joins the ranks of the depressed.

Black Pat starts throwing a tantrum, then goes to sleep.

I cleared all his other hauling labor, but kept him doing smelting and farming.

→ Black Pat Kanzuditeb Founder is throwing a tantrum!  
Black Pat Kanzuditeb Founder cancels Store Item in Stockpile: Throwing tantrum

Date : 259-05-17 Idlers : 9

Black Pat Kanzuditeb Foun  
Black Pat Conventpost  
Broker

Sleep

Dabbling Armor User  
Dabbling Discipline  
Skilled Observer (Rusty)  
Dabbling Fighter  
Dabbling Wrestler  
Dabbling Striker  
Dabbling Dodger  
Dabbling Wood Cutter  
Dabbling Carpenter  
Dabbling Engraver

Dwarf Details

'Black Pat' Kanzuditeb

('Black Pat' Conventpost) 94 Years Old

Founder Construct Rock Blocks

Noble Positions Militia Captain, Broker

Happiness: Very Unhappy (Stress: 250.7k)

Member of Squad 'VIP Civilians'

20 Malachite

Another progress in the constructions. The garbage chute nearest the entrance and trade depot is now complete and functioning. There is rumor that a stray puppy is inside during the first test of the atom smasher.



3 Galena

Ast I., Child has a strange mood in The Place. I wall section is deconstructed to breach The Place. open a wall section and removed Ast from the burrow so he can run around and gather his items. I personally am keeping an eye for his safety.

3rd Galena 259

→Ast Ishducim Dwarven Child is taken by a fey mood!

Date : 259-06-03 Idlers : 7

Ast Ishducim Dwarven Child  
Ast Barworks  
Has the aspect of one fey!

Strange Mood

Dabbling Discipline  
Novice Observer (Rusty)  
Skilled Swimmer (V Rusty)  
Adequate Persuader  
Adequate Negotiator  
Adequate Judge of Intent  
Adequate Intimidator  
Adequate Conversationalist  
Adequate Comedian  
Adequate Consoler

→Ast Ishducim has claimed a Craftsdwarfs Workshop

I cannot afford to post a sentry to the wall breach of The Place. Speaking of The Place, there are still work to drop a ceiling to plug a security weakness to the water source of The Place's well. A branch of a cavern tree is along the path of the ceiling's drop point. I wonder if the tree will collapse or will it block the descent of the ceiling.

5 Galena

Igor has been shaken to the core once again while working on the trade depot construction. His construction duties are now removed.

9 Galena

Adil is throwing a tantrum again, and Neblime slips deeper into depression.

12 Galena

I order furniture specific to the likes of those on the depression threshold list.

Neblime likes steel, so make steel cabinet, table, throne, chest, and door for his room.

Black Pat likes maces, so make 10 silver maces and load a weapon trap in his room.

Edem likes billon alloy so make billon cabinet, table, throne, chest, and door.

Adil likes steel and enormous corkscrew, so a weapon trap will suffice.

16 Galena

Black Pat has slipped into depression.

24 Galena

Adil is throwing another tantrum.

The water in the cavern does not seem to have any flow despite it touching the map's edge. So a screw pump is started to fill the well cistern.

The well for the lower dining hall is complete. It's possible to add a well above as well to use the same cistern.





End of Summer Report

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Shofet** on **January 03, 2016, 10:55:35 pm**

That pretty amazing work man.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Gwolfski** on **January 04, 2016, 04:46:07 pm**

the spear in the hospital? thats a life saver, so it is!

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Sanctume** on **January 06, 2016, 12:07:05 am**

**Department of Correction Facility (DCF)**  
**Autumn Progress Report**  
**Outpost: Icehold (Ushilkegeth)**

Report Date: 1 Limestone, 259

*Summary:*  
*The current population remains at 55. Tantrums, stumbling to obliviousness, and slipping into depression are regular occurrences to a handful of prisoners despite the multitude of parties thrown since the opening of The Place. Some quality of life organization are put into effect, but only time will tell if it will help.*  
*-- Sanctume Hallknights, 'Desserter', militia commander of Icehold.*

1 Limestone, 259, Early Autumn  
While following the Child Ast go about fetching items for his strange mood, I spent time evaluating inside The Place.

Update #84 Food stockpile to include:  
Plants: indoor plants; Seeds: indoor seeds; Leaves: Quarry Bush Leaf  
Milled: Dimple Cup, Dwarven Flour, Sugar, and Syrup; max barrel 42.

Created #125 as feeder stockpile to #84.

Update #112 to include bags from cloth, leather, silk and yarn.

Remove #110 Food stockpile, and replace with three separate stockpiles:

#126: Drinks only (40 max barrels)  
#127: Prepared Meals only (40 max barrels)  
#128: Furniture: Barrels, and Large Pots/Food Storage (29 capacity)



4 Limestone  
I was checking on the Forgotten Beast Vafice when I notice this diplomat Esme (human) law-giver **vampire** waiting outside. So I was right to not open the gates for trade.

Vafice Zecalovera Tharumicona Forgotten BeastUninvited Guest  
Esme Mizbosemod law-giver vampireDiplomat



Date : 259-07-04Idlers : 5

Esme Mizbosemod law-giver v  
\*Esme Whimssmiths\*  
Law-giver

FPS : 82 (30)Esme Mizbosemod

A medium-sized creature prone to great ambition  
She is incredibly muscular Her straight hair is extremely long Her green eyes are incredibly close-set Her nose is incredibly upturned Her eyebrows are high Her nose bridge is somewhat concave Her ears have small lobes Her hair is white Her skin is ecru

Mosus I., joins the ranks of the depressed.

7 Limestone  
Mosus I., starts throwing a tantrum in his room.

9 Limestone  
Neblime and Edem both sink into depression.

15 Limestone  
The outpost liaison Ustuth Zimkelmeng from Atis Athel has arrived with merchants but I cannot risk them coming inside with the vampire Esme still in the area.

21 Limestone  
Ast created a fungiwood scepter.

→Ast Ishducim has begun a mysterious construction!

Date : 259-07-16Idlers : 6

Craftsdwarfs Workshop

gabbro

fungiwood logs

fungiwood logs

fungiwood logs

(giant ibex leather)

Cave Crocodile left fron


gold bars

llama wool cloth

diorite

iron bars

lead bars

  
TSK  
TSK  
TSK  
TSK  
TSK  
TSK  
TSK  
TSK  
TSK  
TSK

Ast Ishducim Dwarven Child has created Thosbutumar  
a fungiwood scepter!Basic Value: 63600

This is a fungiwood scepter All craftsdwarfship is of the highest quality It is decorated with giant ibex leather and encircled with bands of fungiwood This object is adorned with hanging rings of cave crocodile bone and menaces with spikes of gold and diorite On the item is an image of round brilliant cut gems in fungiwood  
On the item is an image of A-u Snarlquill the human and Ngon Swampnature the Jungle of Seals the glacier titan in fungiwood Ngon Swampnature the Jungle of Seals is striking down A-u Snarlquill The artwork relates to the killing of the human A-u Snarlquill by the glacier titan Ngon Swampnature the Jungle of Seals in The Autumnal Glacier in 86  
On the item is an image of Difio Brushedring the dwarf and oysters in llama wool Difio Brushedring is surrounded by the oysters Difio Brushedring looks terrified  
On the item is an image of Spireplaited the Crown of Paddling the pear wood trumpet in iron  
On the item is an image of a circle in lead

I activate the alert for "Safety Inside" and "The Kids Place" and add back the Child Ast to the burrow. However, this causes so much



confusion as everyone in The Place starts going out to the prison area. I cancel the alert and they went back to The Place. I instead ordered a door built instead of a wall, and forbid the door from any entry.

Adil stumbles around obliviously.

1 Sandstone  
A new month, and Neblime begins the sliding into depression.

5 Sandstone  
Mosus follows the depression slipping.

8 Sandstone  
Screaming like a banshee, Edem starts a tantrum down at the magma forge.  
Edem looks for a fist fight and finds Black Pat in the stairs. The result is not pretty.

Date : 259-08-08Idl

Edm ShorastesCook  
Edm Wireclear

Drink  
Dabbling Armor User  
Novice Thrower  
Dabbling Discipline  
Adept Observer  
Adequate Fighter  
Novice Archer  
Dabbling Wrestler  
Novice Striker  
Dabbling Kicker  
Dabbling Dodger

Date : 259-08-08Idlers :

Black PatKanzuditebA  
Black PatConventpost  
In emotional shock!

Rest  
Dabbling Armor User  
Dabbling Discipline  
Skilled Observer  
Dabbling Fighter  
Dabbling Wrestler  
Dabbling Striker  
Dabbling Dodger  
Dabbling Wood Cutter  
Dabbling Carpenter  
Dabbling Engraver

The Cook punches The Administrator in the left upper leg with his left hand bruising the muscle through the draltha leather leggings!  
The Cook punches The Administrator in the lower body with his left hand bruising the muscle and bruising the pancreas through the draltha leather leggings!  
The Cook attacks The Administrator but She rolls away!  
The Cook punches The Administrator in the head with his left hand bruising the fat through the steel helm!  
The Cook punches The Administrator in the right lower arm with his left hand bruising the skin!  
The Cook punches The Administrator in the left hand with his left hand bruising the muscle through the draltha leather left glove!  
The Cook punches The Administrator in the upper body with his left hand bruising the muscle and bruising the right lung through the giant mole leather armor!  
The Administrator is having trouble breathing!  
The Cook punches The Administrator in the left hand with his left hand and the injured part explodes into gore!  
An artery has been opened by the attack!  
The Administrator gives in to pain  
The Cook punches The Administrator in the head with his left hand bruising the fat through the steel helm!

12 Sandstone  
Black Pat throws a tantrum while staining the stairs with his blood the past four days. He climbs up all the way to the hospital level and finds himself a bed since no one helps him after the fist fight with Edem.

How unfortunate that Black Pat is the most skilled in doctoring duties. Fortunately, Honeymoon and Quasar have dabbling doctoring skills.


16 Sandstone  
Adil has slipped into depression.

26 Sandstone  
Neblime stumbles around obliviously.

7 Timber  
Edem is throwing a tantrum again. I contemplate on whether to let Ablel, the mayor, the hammerer, the Enforcer to dish out dwarven justice. But this decision is put on hold, or rather I am distracted into engraving a nice cell for myself in the next week.

15 Timber  
After a week, it is Adil’s turn to throw a tantrum.

16 Timber  
The Forgotten Beast Asngek has come at the edge of a walled off section of cavern 2.



16th Timber259Late Autumn

The Forgotten Beast Asngek  
Stasnoolo has come!  
A great toad composed  
of steam It has  
three long spiral horns and  
it appears to be emaciated

21 Timber  
Many parties are organized, yet Neblime still slips back into depression.



27 Timber  
Kogan is taken by a fey mood!

```
27th Timber 259
→ cd Kogan Bomrekkutam Corpse Duty is taken by a fey mood!
[Date: 259-09-27 Idlers: 5]
cd Kogan Bomrekkutam Corp
*cd Kogan Whipspeakers*
Has the aspect of one fey!

Strange Mood
Dabbling Armor User
Dabbling Discipline
Dabbling Observer
Dabbling Fighter
Dabbling Dodger
Novice Engraver (Rusty)
Dabbling Mason
Adequate Clothier (Rusty)
Dabbling Thresher
Dabbling Cook
```

30 Timber

Some constructions are completed this autumn season.

The Trade Depot now has a roof with a murder hole built above ready for fortification carving. Everything is still vomit stained.

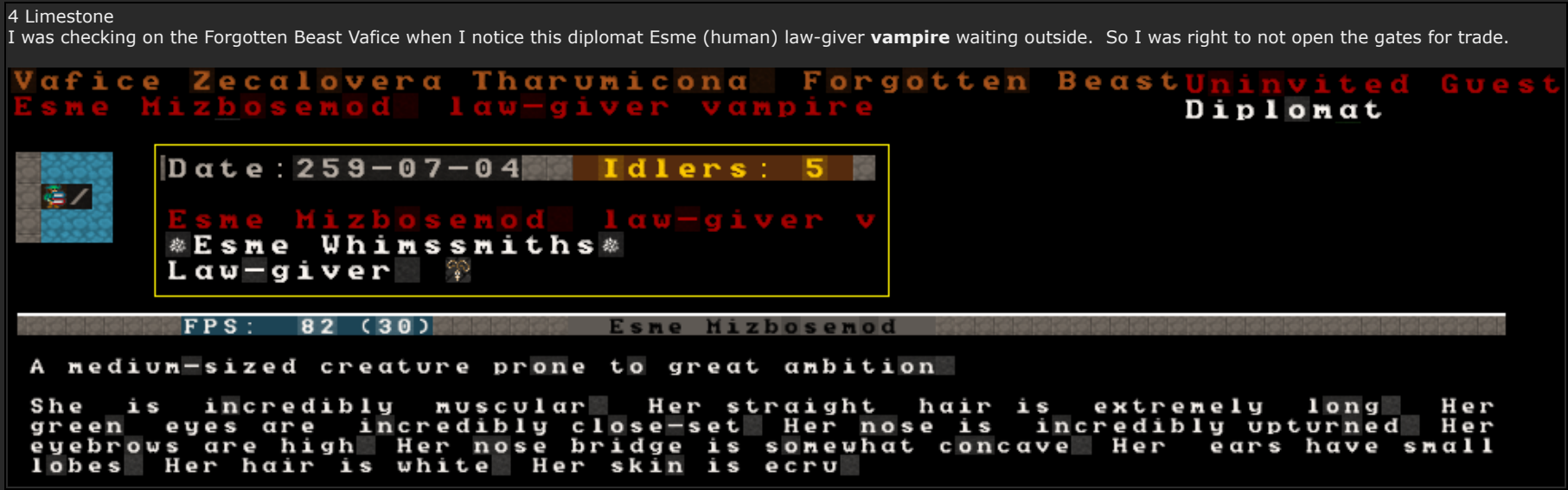


The Nest Box rooms are dug, smoothed, and partially populated with ducks, turkeys, blue peahens, guinea hens, and goose. The remaining three can house helmet snakes, crocodiles and giant swallows. There is also a larger room below to hold the puppies. The Tanner and Butcher shops are also relocated near the garbage chute. Note the slow of corpse disposal that adds to everyone’s stress.



Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **January 06, 2016, 01:11:51 am**

Quote from: Sanctume on January 06, 2016, 12:07:05 am



Esme's back! (<http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=151175.msg6559596#msg6559596>) And we've locked her outside in the goblin-yeti-and-zombie-infested blizzard.

This seems a bit hypocritical to me. I mean, we let the cannibal in, didn't we?

Quote  
How unfortunate that Black Pat is the most skilled in doctoring duties. Fortunately, Honeymoon and Quasar have dabbling doctoring skills.

Fortunate indeed! I'll get the upright spike ready. Does anyone have any spare leeches? Maybe some forgotten beast blood?

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Sanctume** on **January 08, 2016, 03:49:35 pm**

ooc: I'm midway to the first month of winter, Moonstone. To which I have a plan to switch narrative to be in more journal peak with the story / RP, so it's taking longer to post an update. Plus I wanted to use the last season to check if I missed something on my to do list.

These "report" type updates are meant to be on the dull side of reading since I will use it as a source for tale spinning. I've re-read both Werezerbra and this thread again, and adding to my notes.

Corpse dumping is so slow, and metal crafting the furniture orders are very slow too.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Salmeuk** on **January 10, 2016, 09:28:49 pm**

sactume that's some awesome work! They were admittedly unexciting but the amount of detail in screenshots more than made up for it. I also am glad my little side-ramp onto the surface is still in use. In fact, the whole surface-bunker deal really give this place some character.

..

Did anyone ever finish paving the moat with lead? IIRC I ran out of both lead and non-weremammothed dwarves.

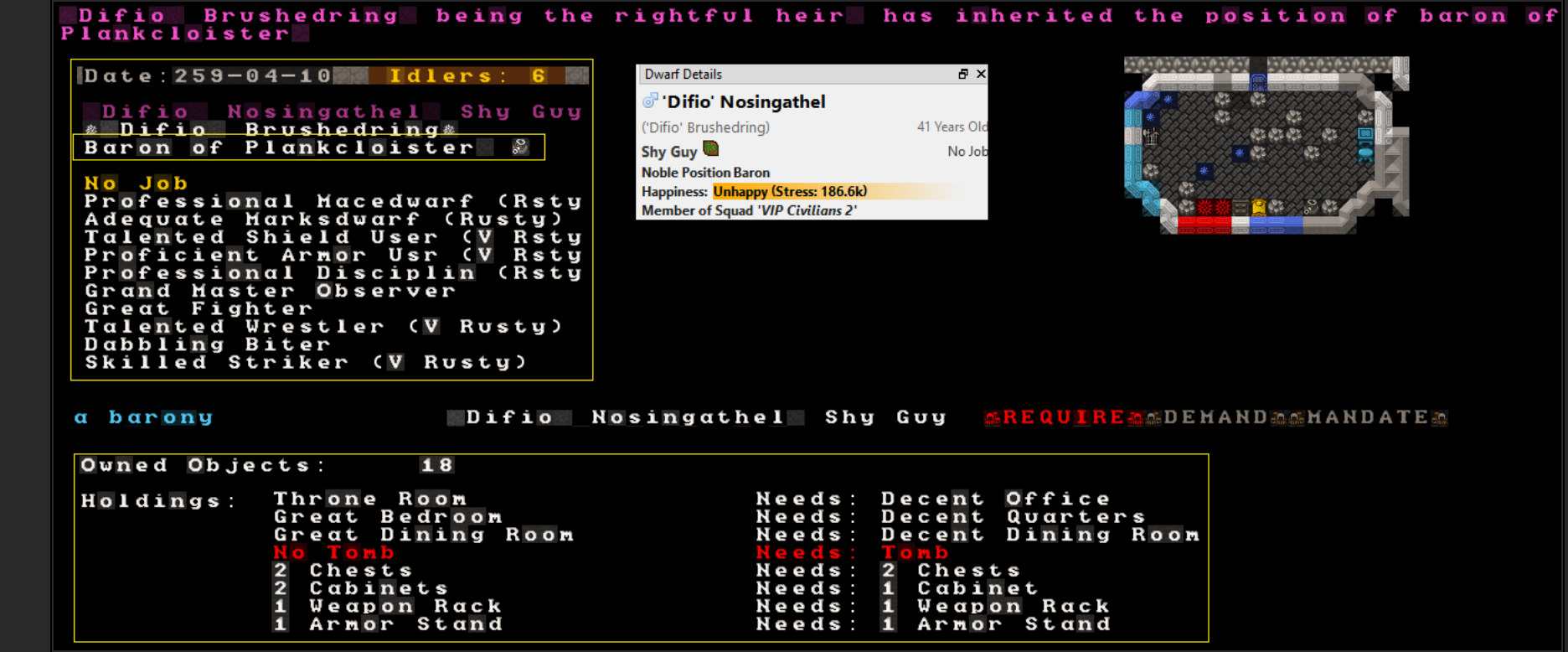
Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Sanctume** on **January 10, 2016, 10:14:58 pm**

The ~~m~~oat is still littered with corpses, that any attempt to clean it up would be after cleaning up the corpses inside.

I did use lead (bars) to ceiling of the trade depot level. But then I started using microline for the last level roof because it was taking too long to haul them.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now giving vampires the cold shoulder.**  
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **January 11, 2016, 12:56:48 am**

This  
Quote from: Sanctume on January 03, 2016, 03:12:21 pm  
Be that as it may, a so called prisoner Difio Brushedring, a.k.a. Shy Guy, claims to have inherited the position of baron Plankcloister. Difio has already demands and mandates.  
How curious it is that there is a large available room with the necessary furnishings? Some bodies knows something to have prepared for this eventuality.



probably qualifies Difio to be added to the prisoner record. Has his crime been established?

no I haven't been shirking on OP duties because of laziness shut up

De, have you made any progress on those reports? If you don't want to go all in-depth, could you at least post your notes so we know what happened in between Spring and when Sanctume picked up the save?

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Sanctume** on **January 11, 2016, 10:26:25 am**

I'm still at early winter, and kinda pause to re-assess if I missed anything in my initial "to do" projects.

I've done those projects: 2 garbage chute, and bunker style trade depot over moat.

The "corpse duty" taskforce are those individuals with the "Can Handle Stress" trait, but they also did the construction labor since the trade depot is still littered with sentient body parts and corpses. These refuse hauling job are so low priority.

I am re-reading both threads (again) and adding notes on prisoners.

Difio is around the 47th name (in my list), mentioned in Spring 58 during De's turn.  
Difio is father of Neblime, the Poacher.  
Difio is also considered ally to The Place.

The Place's secrecy plot point seems to fail in the story arc as the kids seem to get moods.

I will need to re-read De's posts also as he mentioned names with (crime) attached.

I was spending time updating the "Dramatic Personae" (prisoner list) for how I would insert Sanctume in the story, but it's taking longer than I expected or rather RL social seems to be plenty taking away from me weekends. :p

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Sanctume** on **January 11, 2016, 01:09:57 pm**

## Prologue

*Excerpts from the journals of Uvash `Sanctume' Hallknights, Mace Lord, militia commander, Icehold, 258.*  
*This is a masterful journal bound in desert tortoise shell and goose leather, with tin clasps, and encrusted with yellow spessartine gems. On the cover is an image of a dwarf in tortured posture from shackles. The image of the deity Vesh is laughing holding a chain. The image of the deity Amug is pulling on a chain.*

### date unknown

Our undercover squad has a tip on shipments of “jelloids.” These are royal syrup laced with hemp oil, at least, and other unknown substances. Those who consume these illegal honey suffer from either extreme manic abandon, or prolonged delusions of paranoia. Either way, the individual escapes from reality into an awesome or violent high.

The stockpiles of jelloids are being hauled down in the squatter section of Highpoint undercity.

The whole scenario is a trap, a setup designed for my fall from grace. Urist is on point, Vucar and Mafol flank the gabbro door for a breach. When Urist kicks open the door, the entire hallway caves-in on all three.

I am stunned for a moment from the dust. The squad leader Listat takes off a hallway and is never seen again. I follow the hallway and kicked opened the purple glumprong wood door, surprising two dwarves but they immediately jump on me, gouging at my eyes, pulling my beard. I manage to stand up and land stunning punches with my left while using my mace parry blows.

Another door open and six more individuals rush at me. Their screams and laughs are insanity inducing. I fell on my knees as I am being held, choked, and joint locked. I still hold onto my mace for defense. I pommel strike one, push off two, kick one, but a third door opens...

I fell in some kind of trance despite a lead pipe section, copper jugs, and silver goblets hit me in the face throughout the scuffle in that warehouse. She was among the drugged mob and has no weapon, but keeps on getting up to scratch at my eyes, grapple my limbs, or push off my balance.

Cuts in my forehead clouds my vision. A shard of obsidian short sword impales my left arm.

My last recollection haunts my nightmares, my silver mace swings with deadly intent. I know a mortal blow is about to happen, and for that frozen moment of time, clarity illuminates the forever stain in my soul. The face of my grown daughter, ravaged by this substance, with eyes of terror and madness and no recognition of me, explodes into gore. My will cannot stop my committed action, as I witness myself swinging a silver mace that crushes the face, pulping the brain into gore, and tearing through the skull. My own daughter, As Hallknights, death delivered by my own weapon in the midst of the chaos, filicide.

*"You're a deserter!" is her last words to me many months ago prior to this miserable night. She misunderstands my silence to keep my cover a secret as betrayal.*



I pass out from my injuries, and awaken on a pecan wood infirmary bed, in shackles of finely crafted iron chains. There is no individual known as Listat in Highpoint Peacekeeper Duty (HPD). My undercover squad is not officially sanctioned. There are no corpses after the cave-in. No corpses in the warehouse except for As, my daughter. My silver mace left where it struck, evidence of my deed. False witness reports of my rampage behavior going in the warehouse that night.

It is such cruelty to leave me sober the entire joke of a trial. I did not plea guilt, nor innocence. I ask for the sentence of death over hammering. I want my pain to end in a coward’s way, and refuse to play anymore of this political game. But the cruel dwarven justice, the political schemers, and Armok himself laughs because they have something else in mind, a frozen prison.

---

**Spring 258**

It is always my struggle to balance duty to country against duty to my own soul. The schemers dare ask of me for reports on the security situation of this prison when I am appointed militia commander this spring by DeMarco. She is a fine lass serving as overseer with lawful ideals, but she does not seem to recognize she might be playing the part of a pawn in the grand scheme of things.

Alas, I will comply minimally for I have no means to protect those loved ones that remain in Highpoint. They tossed me here to freeze forever since the summer of 252.

What irony that I am given another silver mace. I am choosing to serve and protect here because this prison is now my home. I am not surprised that I will be in line for the next “overseer.” Perhaps it will be an opportune time to rest my mace and look for ways to further secure my home.

---

**Late Winter 258**

*Somewhere in a vast excavation with scattered stones and mechanic’s workshops deep inside Icehold.*

DeMarco: I am told you volunteered to be the next overseer. Good luck.

Sanctume: Actually, I am given a note that I am “up” for the next overseer. Just to state there is a distinction of “me volunteering” in your perspective, versus “I am chosen to be next” in my perspective.

DeMarco ponders: Uh huh, just like how Thob declares my action to save a pig as “volunteering” leads me to be overseer.

Sanctume: Do you not feel like a pawn being moved by unseen players?

DeMarco: I, um..

Sanctume: It’s a rhetorical question, no answer needed.

DeMarco: But you accept the position willingly?

Sanctume: There is no regret in deciding to act for one’s self. My point is that you spend your time doing good lass for the sake of our home, this prison. I too hope to do something that benefits our home.

*Some moments pass as DeMarco and Sanctume ponder about this “home.”*

Sanctume: Shall we talk of the minutiae of the prison’s needs, or shall we talk more of personal things that trouble you?

DeMarco: Well, I have this list of shits to be cleaned up in this fucking place: hauling, beasts, dead bodies, more body parts, and other things with no time left.

Sanctume: Other things, specifically?

DeMarco: One particular nut job keeps pushing minecarts for no perceivable reason.

Sanctume: What of The Place? Any concerns you have there?

DeMarco: You know of it?

Sanctume: When I let myself in the fortress with Eral, the Head Smasher, on my shoulder, I overheard Black Pat speaking with Udil the miner about expanding The Place. That’s when I kicked the door open into the hospital to deflect any suspicious that I overheard their conversation.

DeMarco: The Place is a work in progress, and safety of the children is priority.

Sanctume: I will promise to give my own security assessment of The Place and let you know if there’s something I can do.

Demarco: You mentioned Eral, my condolence that she did not make it.

Sanctume: It is Armok’s humor that ties my life with Eral. It is too tragic to think that I was able to rescue her from the frozen outside, only for her to receive dwarven justice inside.

DeMarco: This prison is cursed, and I think I have enough facts to string along the events that lead to Eral’s demise.

Sanctume: I am contented to leave it behind in the past, but now I am curious to know what you found.

DeMarco: With all the sad people slipping into depression, one of the cook has gone insane in the graveyard and destroy monuments. I had the cook arrested for beating up Mafol, Miss Honeymoon’s pig, for his own safety.

Sanctume: And this cook is responsible for Eral’s breakdown?

DeMarco: Indirectly. The desecration of the graves disturb ghosts who probably haunted Eral and many others. The next thing I knew, Eral beats up Deus, the captain of the guard. Eral also killed all my pets that day.

Sanctume: I’m sorry for your loss. Eral is probably beyond help despite my rescue.

DeMarco: Deus decides to arrest Eral for the pet killing, but ends up executing her during the arrest. The cursed part is that the ghost of the vampire is witness to this execution of Eral at the prison entrance.

Sanctume: Thank you for letting me know. It is closure enough that I am the one who buried Eral.

This probably qualifies Difio to be added to the prisoner record. Has his crime been established?

~~no I haven't been shirking on OP duties because of laziness shut up~~

De, have you made any progress on those reports? If you don't want to go all in-depth, could you at least post your notes so we know what happened in between Spring and when Sanctume picked up the save?

He probably poisoned his father. Very. Slowly.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Sanctume** on **January 13, 2016, 01:14:19 pm**

## Chapter 1 Seal Us In

### 1st Day of Spring 259

*Inside Icehold, on the icy trade depot open to the now falling snow, vomit stains everywhere.*

Sanctume: Captain, what happened during Eral’s arrest?

Deus: I did my duty commander. She could not handle the fist of dwarven justice, and died. I’m sorry for the loss of your friend.

Sanctume: I appreciate that. She was a fellow soldier. Please do understand that I make no grudge about it, but I also want to let you know that all training schedules are cancelled.

Deus: Are you mad? Half the people in the militia can barely hold a sword the right way up, and the ones that can still have to be taught that stabbing their comrades is a bad thing!

Sanctume: Training would be good captain, but look at our situation as a whole. We need to take a hiatus from training, and focus on the menial labors that should be a priority.

Deus: You want to shut down the outside and the caverns, and instead clean vomit off these ice floors?

Sanctume: If you put it that way, that is not so satisfying labor. I, instead look at this as assessing our safety and using this time to make us more secure.

Deus: Fine. Seems like I spend most of my time cleaning up other people's crap in any case. At least now the others will have to help.

Sanctume: These menial labors just need to be done captain, this place is no longer a prison in my book. This is our home. A place where you and I end up from this *exile*.

Deus: But what if the dead come walking back again? We are what remain to defend.

Sanctume: What of it? So long as the bridge is up, the dead cannot scale our walls. Besides, we do not want to risk any necromancer having sight of the corpses that litter here.

Deus: But the moans! Oh god, the moaning...

Sanctume: Captain! Sounds will not kill. How about you conduct a uniform inspection? We can at least remain in uniform while not training.

Deus: Of course. Will you check with the miners if they can get more of these adamantine?

Sanctume: The last I heard, the shaft is flooded, but perhaps there are ways to remedy that to mine more adamantine, after.

Deus: After what?

Sanctume: I would rather build a bunker above this trade depot and put a murder holes up there. Build some roof so we won’t get wet from rain, or freeze from snow.

---

*Inside Icehold, in a lavish room with an exquisite crocodile bed.*

Honeymoon: I would say welcome but I fear this visit bode ill tidings to my profits. So I will just congratulate you instead, overseer.

Sanctume: Thank you. And yes, because what I will ask is a small sacrifice to your bottom line.

*Sanctume hands over an olm parchment which reads, "... in order to build garbage disposal, well-water cistern, and bunker infrastructures, I require sealing shut Icehold from the outside during construction..."*

Honeymoon: Surely you must understand that I need to see some benefits for myself for this prolonged absence of trade.

Sanctume: Oh 'Moon, I know you understand the language of business. Security has costs.

Honeymoon: Enough of this wordplay, and just out with it. How long will this take?

Sanctume: One year more during my tenure.

*Honeymoon is already shaking her head vehemently.*

Sanctume: Wait! I will sweeten the honey pot, so to speak, by including some “peace of mind” concessions regarding The Place.

Honeymoon: So you know of The Place. I have other personal concerns that need addressing too.

Sanctume: Name them, and I will do what I can.

Honeymoon: I love my pets and want them secured also from the butchers or any of these insane convicts.

Sanctume: I can see to that. So I can proceed with my priorities and sealing us shut without any issue about the lack of trade then?

Honeymoon: Let me hear about this sweetening of the honey pot.

*Sanctume explains a vulnerable area in The Place’s water source and his plan to fix the issue.*

Sanctume continues: And that is just my initial assessment. In my tenure, I would like to visit The Place and do a more thorough assessment to which I will let you know more. Deal?

Honeymoon: Keep me in the loop and it is a deal. Now get out, and leave me in what peace I can get in my own room.

## Chapter 2 Strange Mood

### Early Spring 259

*Inside Icehold, in a small dirt floor bedroom by the farms.*

What am I going to do with you? Here, have some plump helmet roast, we got plenty. But I will keep the wine for myself. I will come up with something for your trouble.

You see, the simple task of tossing corpses down the moat is too much for these sad people. So Captain Deus and I are suppose to decide who will be part of this work party for “corpse duty” and construction. Those decisions quickly got out of my hand, but I don’t care about it now.

The first two are Gwolfski and her sparring partner Shorast of The Golden Onslaughts squad.

I cannot quite recall what DeMarco told me. This Shorast may be the butcher who DeMarco stopped from butchering Honeymoon’s pig Mafol. Or if this Shorast is the same “too stupd” goon of Urkad. Or both. So you better stay away.

Anyway, Gwolfski insists to include the third, Igor, her husband.

Fourth, Shofet, Eye Stabber from my squad The Brains of Copper do not mind the labor, but wants to work at it alone.

Lord Lubbie, yet again, volunteers and joins this corpse duty’s fifth spot. Lubbie quickly sees through Gwolfski’s moves as a maneuver by who else but Thob. Lubbie recruits a couple of unremarkable prisoners for the sixth and seventh: Lorbam, a miner, engraver, and mason; and Olin, a wood crafter, engraver, and farmer.

Lubbie points out that Gwolfski and Shofet are both cousins of Thob, the shemer.

Deus seeing this work party as some political microcosm power grab, gets his son Kogan, who just turned 13 last year, to take the eight spot and report about the corpse duty group.

Deus also drafts the ninth, Monom, the now 18 years old ex-mayor who unseated Black Pat back in 254. Deus thanks me and says, “It’s good to let the little shit start doing shitty work.”

I rather not play any part of these political schemes and volunteer Onul, despite her being sealed in The Place, to fill the last spot.

Oh well, I hope this sorry bunch at least finish putting walls around the trade depot.

But you know what is really a sad? We have three prisoners to watch out for who looks so miserable: (1) Udib the administrator, (2) Edem the cook, and (3) Neblime the Poacher and captain of his lone marksdwarf squad.

I tried to talk to Neblime, but he has no comment even after I cancel all training schedules. Well, I can’t blame that silence for being tongueless.

These three at least respond to wanting to smelt steel and platinum down in the forges. It will be good labor and distraction for them. I just hope it’s enough...

*What is left in the third barrel of dwarven wine spills as it rolls while the commander falls asleep. A stray puppy licks the puddle of wine and leaves the room.*

---

*Excerpts from the journals of Uvash `Sanctume' Hallknights, Mace Lord, militia commander, Icehold, Spring 259.*

### Early Spring 259

I woke up with no hangover. I hunger not food, but have an insatiable craving to create.

Is this a sign of me losing my sanity? I can no longer think nor care of my duties. I came out of my room rushing, scattering a gaggle of geese and peahens, dogs run over each other to get out of my way. Half stumbling, half scrambling, I descend the stairs towards The Place.

The Place is not my destination but one of the building beckons at me. I scream, “I claim this workshop in the name of invention!”

---

The following weeks is a blur of images of items, desires, anxiety and urgency.

*A flash of memory as I see myself down the stairs.*

Sanctume: Edem! What do you have there? A rock! Can I have it?

Edem looking haggard: No! This is rock mine! This rock is all I have in my life...

Sanctume: But I must have it. I need rocks,... boulders!

Edem shifts personality: Are you one of them who’s been sneaking around making noises at me?

Sanctume: I don’t sneak around. Help me find rocks, Edem!

Edem has violence reeking out of his eyes: This is my hematite. Go get your own rock!

Sanctume wanders about and found diorite stones from an old quarry. On the second trip for hauling stone, he notices Edem kneeling by the stairs.

Edem whispers to a piece of hematite boulder: They want to take you. How dare they laugh at me. I will show them my fists! No, this is so terrible.

Sanctume: Are you alright Edem? Are you going to use that stone?

Edem raises his fist in defiance: You cannot have this, it is mine! Do you hear me? It’s mine!

Sanctume quickly backs away from Edem to gather his own stone. On the third trip for a final stone.

Edem seems happy smoothing parts of the wall near the garbage chute construction.

---



*Another flash of memory. I recall myself choking in miasma emanating from an abandoned carcass left in the central stairs.*

This moment was particularly memorable as I thought I hear Neblime hurling insults to no one in particular except for a chunk of hematite.

Sanctume: Greetings Neblime!

Neblime throws me a look as if daggers are hurled to pierce my face, then grins. He waves and opens his tongueless mouth uttering soothing friendly noises.

Sanctume: I am seeking gems. Do you know where I can get some cut gems?

Neblime shrugs, but points up.

I looked to the up direction in deep thought when I realize that Neblime has descended towards the forges.

...

I needed some more gems, yet somehow I found myself down the magma forges asking Neblime the same question: I am seeking gems. Do you know where I can get some cut gems?

Neblime looks content pulling out iron bars from the forge, then sad when I ask the question, and then happy pointing up.

--

*These particular memory, I do not recall, but Gwolfski insists here's what happen.*

Sanctume rushes out on the trade depot construction site, shooping away stray animals.

Sanctume: This is a mess! And you lazy bastards are doing a piss poor job cleaning this mess.

Gwolfski: Hey commander. You said to build a wall and we are, but this stockpile is in the way.

Sanctume: What stockpile? These are all junk. Remove them, toss them aside or down the moat, I don't care.

Gwolfski : Yes sir!

Sanctume: Wait! No, these are not junk. I need something here. Quick everyone, gather the bins and let me see. Now, damn it, now!

Gwolfski then tells me that I chose one piece of donkey leather, then ordered the workers stay put.

Sanctume: Attention! Stay in formation. I'll be back.

Gwolfski then tells me that she and the work party stayed in station for three days and nights throughout a snowstorm while waiting to be dismissed after the third donkey leather was retrieved by me.

I don't believe any of it.

--

Honeymoon tells me she has concerns after me when she checks on The Place, and that I stayed in the workshop for weeks without rest. I show 'Moon that I made a diorite crown, and state that the whole thing is a waste of my time. I can't quite recall of letting go of the crown, but 'Moon says it was my idea that she deserves to keep the crown for herself. I am just glad that only a month of my life has passed and I can focus back to working.

**Mid-Spring 259**

*Inside Icehold, in a grand dining room below the main grand dining room.*

Monom, the ex-mayor who unseated Black Pat back in 254, hands me a backpack full of stuff.

Sanctume: What's this for?

Monom: You're cut, sir.

Sanctume: My cut?

Monom: I managed the betting pool for the fight of the uninvited guests in the caverns. You gave me your blessings, sir, and the house takes a percentage of the purse.

Sanctume: What? ...

Monom: The beast Thol announced its presence down at cavern 1, and the beast Shato was still down there. I had one of the engravers peak through fortifications and relay the inevitable fight. So, I took initiative for this opportunity. With your blessing, of course.

Sanctume: When? ...

Monom: This was just two days ago. The fight lasted more than a week. Shato lost at 2-to-1. We cool?

Sanctume looks at the sack full of assorted wine, and mumbles: Fine.

---

I am upset that I might have lost my sanity, at my memory loss, at my wasted time in the craftsdwarf workshop, and that the work party made slow progress only.

I am more upset that corpses still litter the floors, and this fact alone seems to be the main source that prisoners are being stricken by melancholy, or sinking to depression, or throwing tantrums, or stumbling around to oblivion.

Adil the Pyromaniac joins the sad prisoners list with Udib the Miner, Neblime the Poacher, and Edem the Cook.

---

The slow progress in the trade depot is from the refusal to dump corpses off the side and into the moat.

So instead of me insisting prioritizing corpse duty, I settled to begin construction of walls around the trade depot.

This should go smoothly until Black Pat, our Broker and Founder, insists that we should use ice for building material. It is a mistake on my part for letting Black Pat enter through this opening, and into the construction project.

Black Pat: This is your fault commander. You order them, even the civilians to remain in station exposed to the elements above for weeks on end! Not only we have corpses littering my precious trade depot still, it stinks of frozen vomit now too, and they all decide to take a

break.

Sanctume mumbles: I don't recall giving that order. They are just lazy.

Black Pat: Nevertheless, I agree that the walls should be put in place first with a ceiling!

Sanctume: Yes, to that I agree. I tell the workers to pick up the nearest available stone or blocks to make it happen fast.

Black Pat: Oh no, you don't, sir! I insist a uniform wall made of ice or ice blocks. I must present an air of professionalism, a place for business, unlike the shady markets in Highpoint.

Sanctume: Fine, ice should do.

Lord Lubbie who was hovering around the perimeter of the conversation, that he is not part of, joins in.

Lubbie: Excuse me, sir. I would like to point out that there are only a handful of ice construction materials at hand.

Black Pat: Surely you can harvest more ice. We're surrounded by ice.

Lubbie: My name is Lord Lubbie, ma'am. Please don't call me Shirley.

Sanctume: I am not willing to dig for more ice outside the walls, nor down the moat. Perhaps a stone substitute will suffice? How about microcline? It's the same color as ice.

Black Pat thinks for a moment: This microcline will do, but as long as they are made of blocks instead of rough cuts.

...

I was feeling proud to come up with that microcline compromise so I consider the construction delegated. But I was wrong.

Using microcline for the walls made good progress, until Black Pat did not like the blue walls with blue floors and proceeds to order the work party to halt, and even deconstruct some of the constructed ceiling.

Black Pat, consulting with Honeymoon, resume the construction of the floors using lead bars. The duration of the task became longer because it takes a long trek all the way down to the forge to gather one piece of lead bar, and all the way up to the trade depot to construct a floor.

---

I found out about Black Pat's power grabbing of the trade depot construction from Gwolski's complains.

But I refuse to play the power game for the trade depot construction, so I try my hands in micro-managing the miners to dig and wait for engravers to smooth out the garbage chute walls. I am an engraver too.

Sanctume: Yes, just dig one ramp there, and no further.

Udil the miner: Why can't I just dig straight down to the bottom of this garbage chute?

Sanctume: No, you must wait for the engravers to smooth the walls. Patience is key here. Level by level, I need those walls to be smooth.

Udil: This is a waste of time.

Sanctume: I can see your argument to view this "a waste of time" since no one will appreciate the smooth walls from inside the garbage chute. However, I do argue that having parts of the garbage chute walls naturally smooth will prevent climbers from getting out. Just in case we have climbing invaders manage to be pitted down there.

Udil: Fine, but I'm taking break now and going to see Lord Lubbie, my lover.

Sanctume: Wait, I need some digging for the the well cistern too!

Udil: Sure, I'll be available next month.

---

Late-Spring 259

I need more wine to get me through the days. But even when I get shitfaced daily, it does not help get me out of a sad funk. How much worse it is for Udib, Neblime, Edem and Adil? The labors of smelting hematite ores and platinum do seem to give them some satisfaction.

Unfortunately, the native platinum ores came from the trade depot which is still littered with corpses. Seeing the corpses week after week by Udil was too much. Udil remained in the dining hall for many consecutive days and nights, ironically surrounded by barrels of wine, and died from dehydration.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **January 15, 2016, 12:10:48 pm**

Hey Sanctume, how do you want me to link these? After your more bare-bones posts, before them, in chronological order, or only one set?

And does anyone know how I change the thread name? I tried at the top of page 8 but apparently it didn't stick.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now a gambling den**  
Post by: **Sanctume** on **January 15, 2016, 12:42:55 pm**

Post time chronological order should be fine for now.

I'll most likely write an index post after I'm done, with the links to help you update the front page.

Quote from: DDDragoni on January 15, 2016, 12:10:48 pm

And does anyone know how I change the thread name? I tried at the top of page 8 but apparently it didn't stick.

Modify the first post, edit subject and save don't work?

test: I edited my post, and the subject line

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **January 19, 2016, 10:36:01 pm**

Just so you're aware, Sanctume, you've had the save for 20 days now. I don't want to rush you, but it has been quite a while.

Also, De, have you made any progress on those reports? If you don't want to go all in-depth, could you at least post your notes so we know what happened in between Spring and when Sanctume picked up the save?

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Sanctume** on **January 20, 2016, 05:11:47 am**

Quote from: DDDragoni on January 19, 2016, 10:36:01 pm

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Also, De, have you made any progress on those reports? If you don't want to go all in-depth, could you at least post your notes so we know what happened in between Spring and when Sanctume picked up the save?

I paused my bland "reports" posts by winter; and planned to switched into story telling mode and got distracted with post-holiday social functions, and even v42. I'll work on finishing up the rest of my notes eventually.

For the next overseer: The only project that did not complete was a late setup for atom smashers to drain the candy spire.

The rest of the details I did will be included in my posts.

--

This save is the end of Sanctume's turn for Icehold, year 259.

I played using LNP 40.24-r19, and I saved the game in default ASCII, compressed folder (zip)

DFFD Save File: Icehold end of 259 (<http://dffd.bay12games.com/file.php?id=11677>)

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **Sanctume** on **January 20, 2016, 01:50:31 pm**

### Chapter 3 Drink & Chill

*Excerpts from the journals of Uvash `Sanctume' Hallknights, Mace Lord, militia commander, Icehold, 258. This is a masterful journal bound in desert tortoise shell and goose leather, with tin clasps, and encrusted with yellow spessartine gems. On the cover is an image of a dwarf in tortured posture from shackles. The image of the deity Vesh is laughing holding a chain. The image of the deity Amug is pulling on a chain.*

#### date unknown

*Highpoint Justice Hall, Chief Peacekeeper's Office*

Chief Bembul: I believe you are innocent but the law-dwarves are just going through the motions of the system.

Sanctume: They won't even do the deed in killing me now. Instead, I will just rot elsewhere, far away.

Chief Bembul: Blame me for that. You can do something else to perhaps uncover whose hand move the pieces behind the scenes.

Sanctume: What are you talking about? You know I want no part of these political schemes.

Chief Bembul: I know you don't. But you're being sent away, or kept out of the way. Regardless, I need you to send me reports of the place. About its condition and security. Anything and everything you observe about its population.

Sanctume: I have zero incentive to care chief.

Chief Bembul: Look, you're no longer in a position to protect the loved ones you leave behind when you're sent away. I can't promise you anything, but I can at least discretely put efforts and resources in protecting them.

Sanctume: You can't expect me to trust you with that, even if you guarantee or promise it.

Chief Bembul: No you can't, but you're also left with little choice. Besides, what else are you going to fill your time there? I ask you to make notes, a report of what you observe about the place and the population. Write them into some innocent journal. In time, someone from my investigation unit will stumble upon it and relay the info here. That's all.

---

#### Early Summer 259

*Inside Icehold, amongst the fallowed farm plots.*

The summer season begins with Neblime throwing a tantrum. He seems to have calmed down from his outbursts when I offered some of my plump helmet wine.

...

I grumbled at the stupidity of this effort in writing reports. I was content writing journals since I arrived here. But then someone left a note inside my journal, predicting or rather manipulating my fate that I will end up in this position as overseer.

The gall of it demands my formal assessment of this prison. Anyway, I went back to my small room and wrote a more formal report. I'll make it dull reading. But in the process of doing assessments, I do see there are risks for my own safety from other non-political forces here in Icehold.

---

I went above to check on the trade depot and found Igor staring out at nothing as if shaken to the core from the scattered corpses and finished goods.

Sanctume: Igor, are you alright?

*(no answer)*

Sanctume: Gwolfski, you need to see this!

*I helped Gwolfski bring Igor, her husband to their room.*

Sanctume: I think it is for the best for him to rest, so I am clearing all his labors and removing him from corpse duty.



Gwolfski: Thank you, I will remember that.

--

*Inside Icehold, a hallway to lavish prison cells.*

I found myself wandering in an area I do not frequent, and notice the engraved walls and floors. I hear voices up ahead in a room. I found a vastly larger room that is also engraved.

Difio Brushedring, a.k.a. Shy Guy: I want my masterful bed right in the center. Infact, I want all masterful furnitures. Yes, my station demands two chests, one cabinet, and my own set of armor stand and weapon rack. I also demand decent dining, and my own tomb!

*furniture haulers busy themselves*

Sanctume: Hi Difio, what’s going on?

Difio: Ahh, overseer Sanctume. Do announce to the citizens of Icehold that I inherit the Barony of Plankcloister. My station now make these small demands, and I thus claim this room for my noble quarters.

Sanctume backs away in a hurry: I see, ah, I, congratulations to your baronship, I have duties to attend to, now, like right now.

Difio shrugs at the awkward behavior and proceed to dictate the room arrangements over the poor furniture haulers.

I mutter to myself that I’ve been fooled into taking this role. I swear that I will not take part on being a pawn anymore in any political schemes.

--

*In a legendary dining hall*

It’s never too early to drink, so I indulge. Edem the Cook starts losing his temper right in the middle of the dining hall. He seems to want to start a fist fight. I walked up and offer my wine and this seems to calm Edem down after he punches and kills someone’s pet, Domas the Duck. I kept on drinking.

Black Pat comes in: A human diplomat from Aredmong has arrived! Traders will follow shortly, and my trade depot is a mess. There is a shortage of microcline, so you better just redo the whole thing using ice.

Sanctume: Wait, that’s too much info right there. First, the bridge will remain up, the diplo can freeze his arse for all I care.

Second, no trading--didn’t Honeymoon explain that to you?

And last, I need to replace Igor, so Udil the Miner will get more microcline for you. And no more ice!

Black Pat seems to boil within but is timely diffuses when Ablel Kolenam comes in.

Ablel the Enforcer: Hear ye citizen, it is I, your re-elected Mayor. Did I hear we have a human diplomat awaiting for me?

The Professor comes in and joins the conversation: Is that human diplomat, Esme? Esme is back! And we are locking her outside? How uncivilized of us! This seems a bit hypocritical to me. I mean, we let the Cannibal in, didn't we?

I don’t have it in me to start another debate, so I started drinking more. Adil and Neblime joins in the binge drinking, and starts crying together. I wonder if the election news added to their depression. I just don’t want any part of this politics.

--

**Middle Summer 259**

*Lower private dining hall*

Udil the Miner has been enthusiastic carving out new rooms from microcline veins so it was an easy transition to urge him along to dig for the well cistern and water source.

Udil complains about the wait for smoothing the cistern floor and walls, about the slow stone haulers clearing debris.

--

Monom delivers another sack full of private reserve wine for my cut in the recent Beast Vafice versus Beast Thol cavern fight. I’m beginning to like this perk despite my conscious thoughts that this is corrupting me.

I am distracted from these depressing train of thoughts by the good progress of the construction. I talked with Edem the Cook and encourage him to participate in testing the function of the garbage chute nearest the trade depot. I feel satisfied delegating this labor to Edem. I am worried about the rumor that a stray puppy is inside during the first test of the garbage chute.

It is unfortunate that Black Pat start throwing a tantrum soon after. I offered to clear all her hauling labors and suggested for her to try smelting, or continue farming even though the farm plots are all fallowed. She took some of my offered wine and left for bed without much words.

**Late Summer 259**

*Inside Icehold, Drink & Chill*

This private and secluded dining hall below the legendary grand dining hall is turning out to be a tavern of sorts for the sad inmates, and I find myself wandering here more lately. I am dubbing this place the “Drink & Chill” tavern, but it probably will not stick.

I see the “regulars,” as I refer to them: Adil, Edem, Neblime, and Black Pat. Edum seems to be more severe of the lot.

I was able to talk to them on occasions and inquire their likes and preferences.

I relay my info to Honeymoon to make special orders for the regular’s personal furnishings.

Neblime seems enthusiastic when we discuss ordering steel cabinet, table, throne, chest, and door for his room.

Black Pat likes maces and would like loaded weapon trap with ten silver maces in her room.

Edem likes a peculiar billon alloy so orders for billon cabinet, table, throne, chest, and door sparks his interests.

Adil likes steel and enormous corkscrews, so he will be content with a steel weapon trap in his room.

Drink & Chill is about to have an exquisite well built when we finally breach for the water source. But the water fails to flow and fill the cistern.

Unsure of what to do, I interrupted Igor’s rest sleep because he’s a mechanic that can help resolve water issues. Igor informs me that

that cavern water has no flow, so he installs a screw pump. Unfortunately, Igor ends up going up the trade depot after the installation, and has been shaken to the core once again. I cleared his construction duties and remove him from corpse duty.

Shofet happens to be a a pump operator that started the screw pump to fill the cistern. I supervised this process to ensure that pumping water to the cistern stops before rising up to flood everything inside Icehold.

---

Honeymoon informs me that one of the kid in The Place is in that strange creative mood.

I tell `Moon of my action plans:

First, I arranged to breach a wall section. I cannot afford to post a sentry to the wall breach of The Place. So I will place a stone door as a temporary measure.

Second, I will personally keep an eye out on Ast the Child's safety as he gathers his items.

Third, I start the project to plug a security weakness to the water source of The Place's well. There's a branch of a cavern tree is along the path of the ceiling's drop point. So I express my concern if the tree will collapse or if it will block the descent of the collapsed ceiling.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now under new managment**  
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **January 20, 2016, 08:48:12 pm**

Quote from: Sanctume on January 20, 2016, 05:11:47 am

This save is the end of Sanctume's turn for Icehold, year 259.

I played using LNP 40.24-r19, and I saved the game in default ASCII, compressed folder (zip)

DFFD Save File: Icehold end of 259 (http://dffd.bay12games.com/file.php?id=11677)

Gwolfski, if you want to try and get started, you can,

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers needed!**  
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **January 22, 2016, 01:10:38 pm**

Geolfski has PM'de that he's busy, and as jwoodward is currently managing Thunderdoom, (http://www.bay12forums.com/smf/index.php?topic=155484.0) he likely can't pick up the save either.

So in that case, I'm going to throw the Overseer's stick into the crowded dining hall. Whoever picks it up first is the next Overseer!

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers needed!**  
Post by: **Ethan741** on **January 22, 2016, 07:22:54 pm**

I've been following this fort, and I'll do it!

I mean, I've never posted here, and my certificate of qualification is drawn with crayon, but I'll still do it!

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers needed!**  
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **January 22, 2016, 08:19:33 pm**

I'm sure that nothing terrible will happen. Pretty much everyone here deserves the death penalty anyhow.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers needed!**  
Post by: **uber pye** on **January 22, 2016, 08:38:34 pm**

Quote from: Ethan741 on January 22, 2016, 07:22:54 pm

I've been following this fort, and I'll do it!

I mean, I've never posted here, and my certificate of qualification is drawn with crayon, but I'll still do it!

dont worry my posts were almost literally drawn in crayon!

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers needed!**  
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **January 22, 2016, 09:26:04 pm**

Quote from: Ethan741 on January 22, 2016, 07:22:54 pm

I've been following this fort, and I'll do it!

I mean, I've never posted here, and my certificate of qualification is drawn with crayon, but I'll still do it!

Most excellent! The save is linked a few posts up, just download that and plop it in your saves folder.

Here's some general tips for succession forts:

- Sanctume should have uploaded the save in ASCII. If you want to use a tile set, you'll have to change the raws on your end.
- As you play, take screenshots and notes and convert those into the more detailed write-ups later. Those can be as sparse or as detailed as you want.
- The layout and systems will be confusing at first, but they'll make sense given time and experience. It not. Who knows?

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers needed!**  
Post by: **Ethan741** on **January 22, 2016, 09:35:21 pm**

Quote from: DDDragoni on January 22, 2016, 09:26:04 pm

Quote from: Ethan741 on January 22, 2016, 07:22:54 pm

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Fantastic! I'll get to work. I ran two turns on Doomforests awhile ago and only a "few" people died, so that worked out okay. I almost

always use ASCII, so the raws shouldn't be an issue. At least not for the graphics. Does the population cap need to be edited at all, or am I ready to go?

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers needed!**  
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **January 22, 2016, 09:46:11 pm**

Quote from: Ethan741 on January 22, 2016, 09:35:21 pm  
Fantastic! I'll get to work. I ran two turns on Doomforests awhile ago and only a "few" people died, so that worked out okay. I almost always use ASCII, so the raws shouldn't be an issue. At least not for the graphics. Does the population cap need to be edited at all, or am I ready to go?

Oh, sorry. By "never posted here" I thought you meant the forums in general.

If you're using the LNP you have to set it manually, but I *think* that if you use vanilla it will be set already.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers needed!**  
Post by: **Ethan741** on **January 24, 2016, 12:07:33 am**

First writeup is coming up soon! Oh, and if your dwarf is a bit more... *savage* than usual, that's my bad. I'm trying to set a consistent tone here, but weird stuff keeps happening.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers needed!**  
Post by: **Ethan741** on **January 24, 2016, 11:13:53 pm**

# Intro

## Granite 1, 260.

You know those stupid small-talk conversations you had with your acquaintances before you were exiled here, to this devil’s icebox? With that group of assclowns you met at the tavern that you can’t bring yourself to ditch? Remember that fatass with the combover\* that kept complaining about the heatwave, and kept asking “would you rather be freezing, or sweltering” over and over again, even though it was clear that no one really wanted to talk to him anyways? Eventually we all answered to shut him up, but that’s not the point. Every single time he pulled that stunt, I always ended up thinking “I’d rather freeze, I can always take off layers in the heat”.

Well I take that back. I take it all back. As I lay here face down on the frigid dining-room floors, staring at the frozen blood and sick that’s started to pool in the missing tilework, I realized several things. One, the cold is a real kick in the dick, two- *shit*. Did I say several? No, it’s just one. The cold sucks arse, let me tell you that right now. To make matters worse, I haven’t eaten in what feels like eons, and I’m pretty sure that I can’t feel my legs. But such is life in Icehold.\*

Then suddenly, there was a commotion. Heavy footfalls and shouting--sounds like someone’s getting their ass kicked, actually. I really couldn’t hear what’s going on. But it looked important. So with a grunt, I rolled over and pure unrefined **anger** coursed through me at what I saw. It was fuckin’ limpwristed, stutterin’, an’ lisping Igor, holding, guess what, my knife! Remember that knife I told you about two months ago? Of course you don’t, you stupid bastard of a journal, I never wrote that down! Well, here’s the deal, I was tryin’ to clean myself with some meltwater from the constant bitter snow, right? So I head down to a near-abandoned stairwell, disrobed, and started pouring water over myself like I’m some prissy elven-goddess of rain, and this treacherous bastard comes trudging up behind me with clutching one of his (full size, may I add) dogs close to his chest. Well the goddamn thing barks, and it scares the piss out of me. So like any sane and right-minded dwarf, I freak the fuck out and try to stab him with this bronze stiletto I keep strapped to my inner thigh. Before you call me stab-happy, keep in mind, I didn’t know that he was behind me! It could’ve been anyone, anything! But uh, the dog nipped my hand mid-swing, and I dropped the knife, like a genius. Naturally, I grabbed my trousers and booked it after that. The `ell was I writing about again? Right, the bastard with me knife! So I see him just, standing there! Holding up this bronze shaft of *justice* and I... I stood up, and I suddenly found myself tackling the shit out of him. Mom always said I was a bit impulsive. So he’s on the floor yelling “Oh god my spine!” and I’m on the floor yelling “My knife!”, so if you think about it, we were in the same boat. So after lumbering to my feet, I locate my knife gently rolling away, and with the haste of a frozen drunk, I snatched it up. Funny, I didn’t remember my knife being nearly as... Cylindrical. Or wooden, actually.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

```
`cd Igor' Mengistbar, Corpse
""cd Igor' Lashroses"

neck
head
right upper arm
left upper arm
right lower arm
left lower arm
right hand
left hand
right upper leg
left upper leg
right lower leg
left lower leg
right foot
left foot
lower spine
```

That wasn’t my knife.

Anyway, that’s how I became the overseer. I picked up a stick that said “Overseer”. And my parole officer said I wasn’t ever going to amount to anything, what a cocksuck. Sure, everyone else thinks my appointment was “unjust”, but fuck them! I hold the overseer stick, I make the rules around here! And my first rule, is that I’m gonna need a fuggen’ bodyguard.

Shofet, that old bastard is a freakin’ wall. A solid brick wall, going to confront him tomorrow, but first, I need to figure this mess out. I’m gonna go peek around in the old Overseer’s office. Maybe I can find some plans or something.

They will know the name of the king, and his name is Blackstock!  
Blackstock...? What kind of prison name is *that?!*  
I feel like I could’ve thought this out better.  
-Blackstock “Smoke on the Water” Alathrag.

Fuckin’ Footnotes! (FF for short! See journal, I can be a clever bastard!)

\*Fuck you, Inneck!

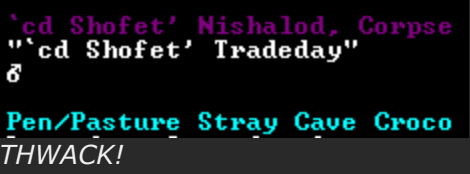
\*It's not even made of ice! Some jackass though it would be funny to start using ice-colored microcline to build half the damn place! This is stupid, erase this later.



Granite 2, 260

Blackstock lumbered through unfamiliar cavern hallways. The sound of beatings and screams echo off of the walls. It’s here that he remembers why he never visits this area of the underground farms. In fact, he comes here so rarely, he’d almost consider himself lost if it weren’t for the guiding sound of murder, leading him through the tunnels.

He followed the sounds, until it led him to a rough, olivine door. He was about to turn the handle, when he heard the following:  
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



"DON'T YOU"

THWACK!

"EVER!"

THWACK!

"DO THAT TO ME AGAIN!"

CRUNCH!

Blackstock took a deep breath, and quickly let himself into the room, ready for whatever horrors await him inside.

And there was Shofet, beating the snot out of a cave croc.

Startled by the sound of the door, he swung around, with his fists arranged in some self-devised fighting stance.

"THE **FUCK** DO YOU WANT?"

"I uh... Holy shit, is that a crocodile?" Blackstock stammered out, trying to collect himself. He didn’t want Shofet to immediately lose all respect for him in the first minute, lest he end up like the croc.

"Well it was..." Shofet began eying the gore on his fists lustily, contemplating whether it needed salt, or if it was good to go as is.

"I'll make this quick, I’m suddenly a very targeted individual, and I need someone like yourself to help make sure I don’t end up with my brains spattered all over the dining rooms floors. You seem like you handle yourself well in a fight-" Blackstock paused, as he took one last look at that once-crocodile now turned black-pudding. "-and I think I want you on my side."

Shofet seemed unimpressed, angry almost. His eyes narrowed, and his knuckles cracked all on their own, in anticipation of a sound beating. But Blackstock didn’t give him the chance to even speak, let alone deliver a smackdown before he chimed in.

"I have resouces! Literally *anything*! We’re not even talkin’ figuratives here! What do you want? I can get you anything! Well, anything short of leaving this damn place, but you know what I mean!"

Shofet toyed around with the idea. His mind twisted and turned with the idea of whatever he could imagine. His mind must’ve worked overtime, because it was starting to take a bloody long time.

Blackstock stood there uncomfortably, as he watched Shofet, the absolute tallest dwarf he’s ever seen, mill over the idea of unlimited power.

"More, and stronger too." He finally bellowed out, pointing to the quivering pile of offal in the corner.

"Great... More bloodshed. I can, uh, arrange that."

Not waiting for confirmation on Shofet's part, Blackstock nodded and hurried out of the room, closing the door behind him. As he walked away, he heard the sound of the beatings continue, until the sounds meshed into a horrible squishing sound.

~\*~

Hello again Journal.  
I need some time to think about my life decisions.  
I don't know why they through the leadership dongle.  
I don't know why I was the one to catch it.  
But I know that this is it. This is my chance. It's supposed to be this way. For the first time in my life I feel—ohshit  
It's fuckin' Honeymoon oh gods she's eyeing me again, I hate it when she does that. She better not take you away again, I'm still trying  
to erase that penis on page four. Better cross this filth out. Just in case.

-Blackstock "Fire in the Sky" Alathrag.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)  
Not really any gameplay here, I know. I just wanted to set everything up, and give an explanation for why a no-name dwarf suddenly has power. Expect actual content tomorrow! Oh, and sorry about the messy format, it's intentional, I swear! That'll all get sorted out on the morrow!

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers needed!**  
Post by: **Shofet** on **January 25, 2016, 01:53:59 am**

Pretty good so far. Did someone go and give everyone the title of corpse?

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers needed!**  
Post by: **Sanctume** on **January 25, 2016, 02:48:40 am**

Title is Corpse Duty and nickname was prefixed with 'cd' which I forgot to clear.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers needed!**  
Post by: **Ethan741** on **January 27, 2016, 10:51:47 pm**

Just finished spring! Post is going to be up soon.

Oh, and Shofet?

Stop punching things to death. Please. You have a perfectly good spear, to don't need to rip and tear *everything*!

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers needed!**  
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **January 28, 2016, 12:12:19 am**

Quote from: Ethan741 on January 27, 2016, 10:51:47 pm

Just finished spring! Post is going to be up soon.

Oh, and Shofet?

Stop punching things to death. Please. You have a perfectly good spear, to don't need to rip and tear *everything*!

I await it eagerly. What, if i may ask, is dear Blackstock in for? I know you're not supposed to ask, but someone has to keep the records updated, after all.

I love how in a place like Icehold, "Pen/Pasture" translates to "Beat the stuffing out of."

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers needed!**  
Post by: **QuQuasar** on **January 28, 2016, 12:36:01 am**

Quote from: Sanctume on January 25, 2016, 02:48:40 am

Title is Corpse Duty and nickname was prefixed with 'cd' which I forgot to clear.

I know it's minor and doesn't really rate in the grand scheme of things, but the grammatical problems that using profession names and nicknames like that cause do *kind of* make me want to punch a dog to death every time I see them. Just a little. Like, not enough to make me actually do it, but enough to make me ball my fists and glare at the family dog for slightly longer than is usual.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers needed!**  
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **January 28, 2016, 01:25:40 am**

Quote from: QuQuasar on January 28, 2016, 12:36:01 am

Quote from: Sanctume on January 25, 2016, 02:48:40 am

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I'm the same way. I think it has to do with whether you prefer story and character or efficiency and practicality.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers needed!**  
Post by: **Sanctume** on **January 28, 2016, 10:18:03 am**

Quote from: DDDragoni on January 28, 2016, 01:25:40 am

Quote from: QuQuasar on January 28, 2016, 12:36:01 am

Quote from: Sanctume on January 25, 2016, 02:48:40 am

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I'm the same way. I think it has to do with whether you prefer story and character or efficiency and practicality.

My apologies. It was really bad when no one is dumping corpses out of the way, and each week the same sentient corpse and body parts are "witnessed," it furthers decreases stressed adding to the "horrified x99" in each prisoner's description.

At the least the Corpse Duty are the select few who Can Handle Stress. It came down to game mechanic stress management which is documented to take 3 game years to reduce 100k worth of stress. Seeing 3 to 4 borderline dorfs taking turn in their slipping to depression, stumbling around to oblivion, throwing a tantrums, looking for a fist fight gets old story wise unless I deemed it fun to see them die sooner like an accidental magma swim. Ahh, I missed my chance of being evil, maybe next time. :D

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers needed!**  
Post by: **Ethan741** on **January 30, 2016, 02:14:01 am**

Emergency summit meeting!

**Some migrants have arrived.**

I don't think this was part of the plan!

Also, sorry for not meeting my own deadline. Some stuff came up.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers needed!**  
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **January 30, 2016, 02:36:45 am**

Quote from: Ethan741 on January 30, 2016, 02:14:01 am

Emergency summit meeting!

**Some migrants have arrived.**

I don't think this was part of the plan!

Also, sorry for not meeting my own deadline. Some stuff came up.

Dadgum. Alright, check the population- if De or Sanctume got it low, this might be normal. Otherwise, if you don't have anything worth saving force quit DF. This should allow you to rollback your save, but if you have important stuff or are scared of corruption, one migrant wave isn't horrible. I'll do some file diving later and try finding where you can set the pop cap.

EDIT: Population cap is under data/init/d\_init.txt and you can find the numbers you'll need on the OP of either this or the old thread.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers needed!**  
Post by: **Sanctume** on **January 30, 2016, 07:22:43 am**

Is that human vampire law-giver still hanging around outside?

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers needed!**  
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **February 01, 2016, 04:33:14 pm**

Ethan, did you ever find a solution to the migrants issue?

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers needed!**  
Post by: **Trigon** on **February 01, 2016, 06:12:44 pm**

So is it possible to get dorfed or is every dwarf taken since migrants aren't supposed to be coming in near as I can tell?

Quote from: Trigon on February 01, 2016, 06:12:44 pm

So is it possible to get dorfed or is every dwarf taken since migrants aren't supposed to be coming in near as I can tell?

That depends on whether Ethan741 took that migrant wave in or not. If he did, you can have one of those, and if not, then you are welcome to be dorfed as one of the random dwarves wandering around Icehold. Any particular preferences for name, gender, job, etc?

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers needed!**  
Post by: **Trigon** on **February 01, 2016, 09:47:10 pm**

Male preferably and any job not involving sharp things, Trig is a fine name.

Crime: shaving

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers needed!**  
Post by: **Ethan741** on **February 01, 2016, 10:26:45 pm**

Okay, quick question. Let's so that *hypothetically*, some of the traders got in. Do we sack them and murder them, or just pretend they're not there, and lock the door behind them?

Edit: Actually, oh god, I don't know what to do here. There's 20+ migrants and a bunch of traders. I guess we have to let them starve? because I went into the files, and the pop-cap got set back to 220.  
Any ideas? Because other than "watch them freeze and never open the gates", I'm not sure what to do.

Edit 2: Had to savescum. There were just too many. Do you guys have a deadline for this? Because this is taking a lot longer than I anticipated.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers needed!**  
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **February 01, 2016, 10:42:32 pm**

Quote from: Ethan741 on February 01, 2016, 10:26:45 pm

Okay, quick question. Let's so that *hypothetically*, some of the traders got in. Do we sack them and murder them, or just pretend they're not there, and lock the door behind them?

Actually, oh god, I don't know what to do here. There's 20+ migrants and a bunch of traders. I guess we have to let them starve? because I went into the files, and the pop-cap got set back to 220.  
Any ideas? Because other than "watch them freeze and never open the gates", I'm not sure what to do.

I think we're good to keep both of them. The pop cap got screwed up once in the old thread and we kept all the babies and migrants that ensued. Just go turn the cap down now and all shall be well.

And we've been accepting traders for a long time. De decided to lock them out, but you are totally allowed to let them back in.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers needed!**  
Post by: **Ethan741** on **February 01, 2016, 10:50:22 pm**

Okay, I'll get back to work.

Also, what day do you want this done by, cos' I feel really bad for the twenty days of empty words. I've got a google doc fulls of the logs, but some of them are inconsistent now, thanks to the influx of prisoners.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers needed!**  
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **February 01, 2016, 10:57:37 pm**

Standard time limit is two weeks, you've had it for about one week now. By the end of next weekend would be optimal, but extensions are possible if stuff happens.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers needed!**  
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **February 07, 2016, 07:58:36 pm**

Any progress, Ethan, De, or Sanctume?

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers needed!**  
Post by: **L0rd L33t** on **February 07, 2016, 08:41:45 pm**

If you want Overseers, you are going to have to morph some Overlords first :D

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers needed!**  
Post by: **Ethan741** on **February 07, 2016, 10:47:01 pm**

~~Good lord almighty, I'm finally done. Something weird was going on with the FPS, because it was starting to take hours just to get past a month. I'm gonna go to bed, because I'm sick of watching you guys vomit all over everything. Expect real updates when I get back from class tomorrow.~~

I'm a filthy liar, sorry. Turns out I have a surprise forensics match tomorrow, thanks to some weird scheduling, so I'll just post what I can.



Granite 7, 260

If you’re reading this, I’m probably long gone by now. Does that sound too dramatic? Probably, whatever, your opinion doesn’t matter, chances are, you’re not real. What? It’s not like anyone is going to read this mess. If it were so, I would’ve erased the giant phallus on page four by now.

Anyway, what the hell was I talking about again? Oh yeah, I don’t know what any of this is! I don’t even know why they needed an overseer! And that’s exactly why I created my own reason! I’ve decided to build my base of operations! A secret locked-off area of the fortress in which I will be residing and ruling over the fortress! That, and a meat pit for Shofet. Turns out he was serious about that murderboner. Caught that bastard with a self-fashioned crocodile-head codpiece in the dining room today.\*

Note to self, remind Shofet that “pasture” and “murder to death” are two completely separate actions.

Granite 10, 260

What do you mean there’s a giant toad right outside the pastures?! You haven’t done anything about it yet? Let’s fuck `em up!

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



...Right after I figure out where the lever to lower the two drawbridges are.

Right, we’re pulling all of them!

Granite 14, 260

Oh goddamnit he did it again.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

The Corpse Duty punches The Forgotten Beast in the upper body with his right hand, breaking away the tissue!  
The Corpse Duty is caught in a burst of steam!  
The Corpse Duty is caught in a burst of steam!  
The Corpse Duty is caught in a cloud of steam!  
→The Corpse Duty stands up.

I’m starting to see why Shofet was sent here, because he won’t stop punching things to death! Icehold hasn’t seen the light of day in three goddamn months because he punched the clock after a hard day of murdering things, and time itself broke at his fists!

He stuck his first in to what essentially was a giant teapot shaped like a toad, and murdered it.

Worst part is, it didn’t even have the decency to provide a graceful death. It fucking exploded! Forget what what you hear the children sing, the little teapot has changed! Here was it’s handle, it’s spout is about three feet to the left, and it’s lid and base lie shattered over in the corner with the rest of it’s mangled corpse!

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Asngek Stasnoolo’s right fro  
Asngek Stasnoolo’s neck stea  
Asngek Stasnoolo’s lower bod  
Rough gneiss Bridge  
gneiss Cavern Floor

Slate 2, 260

I caught Black Pat curled up against the wall in the privy, choking back a mixture of sobs, and botched song lyrics. Such a shame, really. Not her depression, that’s petty, just how someone manages to sing “Enter Snowman” that poorly.

Slate 13, 260

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Asngek Stasnoolo’s right front leg steam

Quasar knelt down to the briny foul smelling pool of tepid water that seems to to be all but forgotten - more forgotten than the beast it used to be but days before. Removing the glove from his right hand, his stuck his two fingers into the muck, and tested it for consistency, before nodding aptly, and wiping his hand on an adjacent Igor (or in this case, new Igor), smearing it into his shirt. Igor shifted uncomfortably, but did not dare speak out, for he still has nightmares about the last time someone spoke out against him.

“Experiment three, observation of condensed-”

“That’s fucking disgusting, you know that, right?” interrupted Blackstock, who hadn’t yet learned what happens to those who interrupt the good doctor.

“I might appear that was to the lesser minded, yes.”

Blackstock groaned, but softly, putting more throat into than anything. He figured opening his mouth wide open to a room full of potentially-deadly vapors wasn’t the brightest idea he’s had.

“Look, be a smart-ass all you want, but when you come down with a case of hyper-syphilis, don’t be surprised when the treatment is ‘summary amputation’. And let me tell you right now, that Shofet fellow? He doesn’t use a scalpel.”

“Pleashe maths- masth-” New-Igor sighed as he tripped over his scripted lines. He felt all those years of speech therapy being undone by one internship with a mad doctor. He couldn’t go on, not like this!

“Master, please.” He began, foregoing the lisp. “Perhaps it’d be best if we were to... depart.” Igor still had nightmares about what became of Shofet’s first, and last cat.

Quasar narrowed his eyes at Igor, who had completely abandoned the masterful script that he had painstaking prepared. He stared into the dwarf’s eye, thinking about what “experiment” that Igor was to receive for this insubordination. Crundle pit? Bowl of spiderwebs? Finger in the quern? Only time would tell.

Quasar said nothing, but retrieved a vial from his coat pocket, and scooped up a bit of the forgotten-water from the floor, and went on... Well I wouldn’t say merry. Vaguely scientific way?

20th Slate, 260

Construction of the secret underground fortress continues! I’ve just got the tapestries going up, and I nicked some checkerboard tiling from one of the disused dining rooms. Soon, I’ll have a throne room to call my own!

1st Felsite, 260

Twenty-some dwarves huddled around a burning fungiwood barrel. The leader of the bunch was sure that hadn’t got lost. You just had to follow the Lokast river all the way north! And everyone knows that most rivers flow north! Anyway, something was obviously wrong, because this frozen wasteland didn’t exactly look like the lush Green Kingdom that they originally set out for. All they found was a giant ice spire out in the middle of nowhere. Mysterious and scenic, but still bloody cold. And watching the lot, was Trigon himself, posted on

watch. Watching for what, he didn't know. Rumor has it that Blackstock locked him in the watchtower as an unusually cruel punishment, since he has no beard to keep him warm.

And so he watched. The neverending blizzard obscured his vision, and those black dots in the distance began to look like snowmen. They sulked and moped around in the distance so miserable (probably from the sub-zero temperatures). Trigon felt something deep within himself. A burning sensation of emotion. Feeling for his frozen kin, out beyond the walls. Either that, or the beginning stages of hypothermia, but nevertheless, he knew he had to do something.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Something drastic.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

|                 |     |
|-----------------|-----|
| Population:     | 76  |
| Miners          | 3   |
| Woodworkers     | 1   |
| Stoneworkers    | 8   |
| Rangers         | 3   |
| Metalsmiths     | 3   |
| Jewelers        | 2   |
| Craftsdwarves   | 6   |
| Nobles/Admins   | 8   |
| Peasants        | 3   |
| Dwarven Childrn | 20  |
| Fishery Workers | 2   |
| Farmers         | 16  |
| Engineers       | 1   |
| Trained Animals | 46  |
| Other Animals   | 428 |

Goddamnit, Trigon.

8=====D  
BLACKSTOCK’S A KNOB  
-H

6th Felsite, 260

Cheesemakers and spinners, bah! I should've let them freeze! What, are you gonna call me cold hearted, dearest journal? It's for their sake, not mine! They're not criminals! I swear, I spoke to one of those bastards, and asked him why they sent him to this hellhole. He didn't know what I was talking about, as expected. He went on to tell me that he'll be fine, and that he shot a bird when he was twelve, and only cried for two hours, assuring me the entire time that this had hardened him for life here in joyous Icehold.

Though it's not all bad. The was one, who was set to establish the Green Kingdom as an Official Land of whatever, but we managed to "convince" him that Icehold would be the perfect replacement for that position.

And naturally, I plan to establish myself as "Baron of Icehold". Maybe I'll finally garner some respect if I strap that title to myself. Yeah, I'll even get my own task force! Get Shofet and his group of murderfucks to sort things out for me!

At least, that's what was supposed to happen.  
Ablel came to me, asking who was incharge of this whole mess. I recommended myself, of course, but Honeymoon... She barged right in! Didn't even let me finish! According to her I was just some errand boy with a power-trip! can you believe this?! That whole "gentle giant" thing she had going on for two years was just a facade! She was waiting for this moment! And gods almighty, she took it!

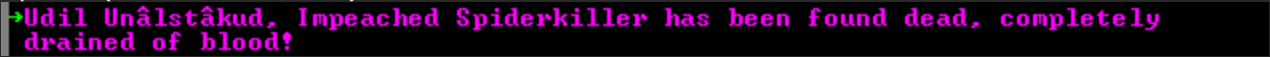
And now the bastard demands a better room.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

|                    |                            |
|--------------------|----------------------------|
| Decent Office      | Needs: Opulent Throne Room |
| Grand Bedroom      | Needs: Grand Bedroom       |
| Decent Dining Room | Needs: Grand Dining Room   |
| Grand Mausoleum    | Needs: Grand Mausoleum     |
| 2 Chests           | Needs: 5 Chests            |
| 2 Cabinets         | Needs: 3 Cabinets          |
| 1 Weapon Rack      | Needs: 3 Weapon Racks      |
| 1 Armor Stand      | Needs: 3 Armor Stands      |

7th Felsite

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Blackstock sat in his "office", twiddling his thumbs. Well, stood, the chair hadn't been placed yet. The room was still in renovation, with half the walls unfinished, and a strange cobalt liquid seeping out of the cracks in the tiling. Construction would've gone quicker if the larger part of the workforce were allowed to know about his little underground fortress, but for whatever reason, he wanted to keep this little prison-inside-a-prison a well kept secret. There was a knock at the door - one of the few furnishings that actually got installed down there.

"Come in! And be quick about it!"  
Two dwarves entered, one carrying a chair, the other carrying the look of guilt. The one with the chair set it behind Blackstock without a word, and took off. The other stood there and tried to look less miserable. Blackstock finally took a seat, and began his spiel.

"Trigon, is it? Well, I would've told you to have a seat, but as you can see-" He paused, motioning to the unfinished walls "I don't exactly have an office. Now, remember that lever you pulled?"

"The one you told me to pull?"

"Precisely! Would you like to know the consequences of that action?"

"You mean the action of following the orders you specifically told me to do, going so far as to nag me every waking minute?"

Blackstock glared at him, and was about to slam his hands on his mahogany desktop, only to remember that it hadn't been brought it yet.

There was a knock at the door. Blackstock said nothing this time, but this stranger let himself in anyway, being strong independant dwarf he/she was, not needing anyone to invite them in.

It was Shofet. He was hefting mahogany table like it was just a slab of balsawood. He said nothing as he set it down in front of Blackstock, and walked away. Blackstock lifted his hands, and prepared to slam them down on the table, but waited until the thunderous footfalls of Shofet were out of earshot. Then and only then did he finally give the desk a profound beating.

Trigon wasn't impressed.

"Is this supposed to be intimidating? Just because my beard got shaved doesn't mean my balls disappeared with them."

“Nevermind that! You let a vampire into the fortress! Vesh’s little bastard was killed!”

There was another knock at the door. It was a dwarf carrying a chair. She set it behind Trigon, who then pushed it towards Blackstock’s desk, and walked off, not even bothering to excuse himself.

Blackstock sat there, a little bit more than mildly unnerved. There was only one thing left to do. He inhaled deeply, and...

“SHOFET!”

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

The captain of the guard misses The law-giver vampire!  
The law-giver vampire loses hold of the <<large llama wool sandal>>.  
The law-giver vampire loses hold of the <<large rope reed fiber sock>>.  
The law-giver vampire loses hold of the <<large llama wool sandal>>.  
The law-giver vampire loses hold of the <<large rope reed fiber sock>>.  
The law-giver vampire loses hold of the <<large long llama wool skirt>>.  
The law-giver vampire loses hold of the <<large alpaca wool loincloth>>.  
The captain of the guard slashes The law-giver vampire in the lower body  
with his Unnos ilud and the severed part sails off in an arc!

And Shofet was there.

20th Felsite, 260

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Hello again Journal! I’ve had about twenty of these bastard farmers accost me over the past week, going on about how “one of the animals has gone mad” or something about “frothing mouths”. So like any other good overseer, I go check it out, and the little bastards are breeding! They’re fuckin’ everywhere! Why are all the farmers obsessed with cave crocodiles? See, this is what drives Shofet mad! This is why he’s angry all the time! These bloody things must be some sort of catalyst to his rage!

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

So that's just the spring update. The rest will be up tomorrow. For real this time.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers needed!**  
Post by: **Shofet** on **February 12, 2016, 01:50:02 am**

Glad to see I'm still whittling away at the site pop.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers needed!**  
Post by: **DDDragon1** on **February 12, 2016, 02:30:58 am**

Quote from: Ethan741 on February 11, 2016, 11:49:10 pm  
So that's just the spring update. The rest will be up tomorrow. For real this time.

And I eagerly await it. If it's not too much, can we get a status report on named dwarves? We've got basically a 2-year gap and I'd like to see if we lost anyone.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers needed!**  
Post by: **Imic** on **February 14, 2016, 03:30:03 pm**

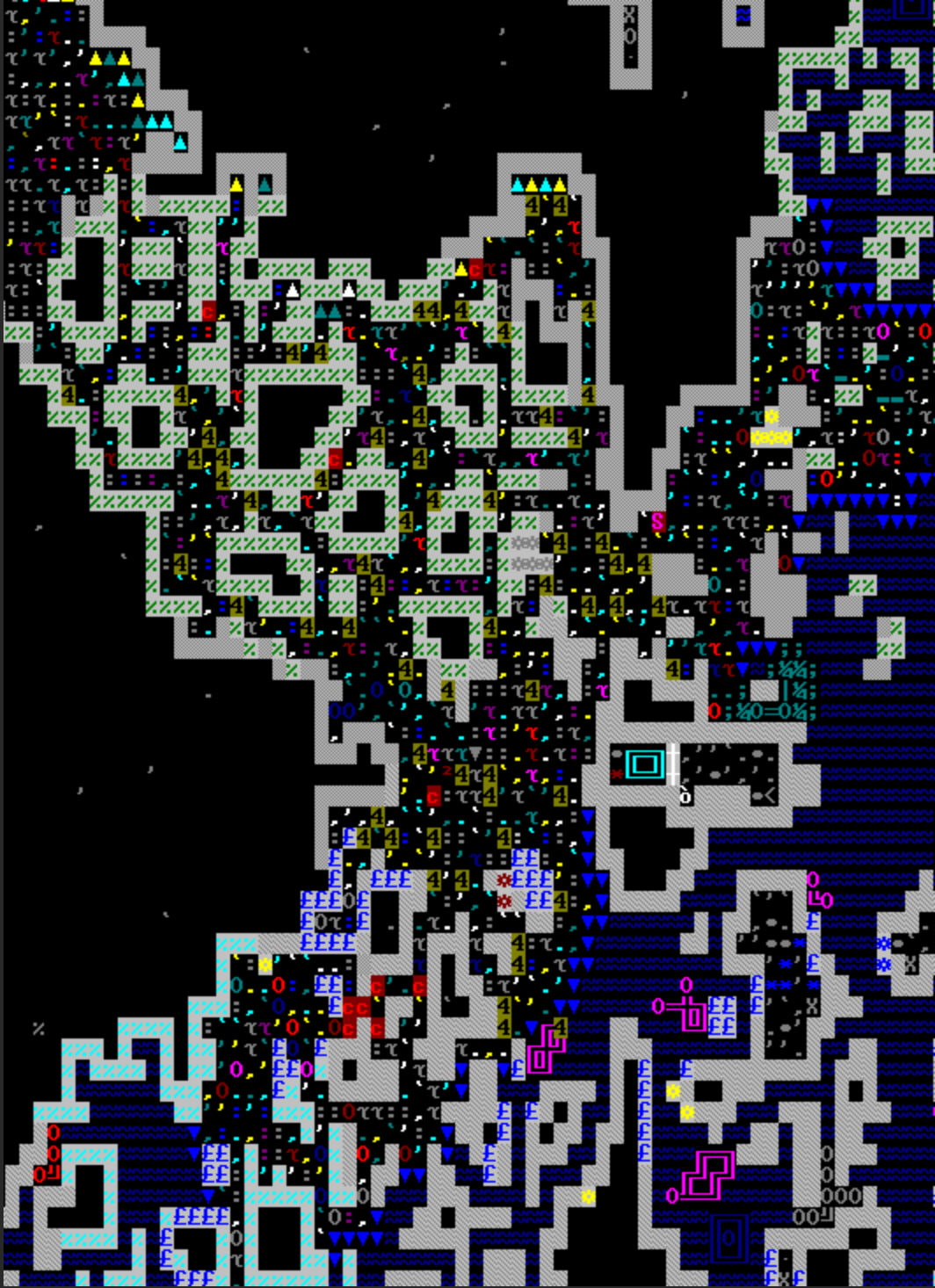
I notice that you need overseers...  
May i put my name in the proverbial hat of choosing of the overseer?  
(Can i become overseer)  
(Eventually)Edit: i have no idea how to control the military of a fort.  
BRING IT ON

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers needed!**  
Post by: **Ethan741** on **February 15, 2016, 03:28:37 pm**

20th Felsite, 260

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)





Hello again Journal! I’ve had about twenty of these bastard farmers accost me over the past week, going on about how “one of the animals has gone mad” or something about “frothing mouths”. So like any other good overseer, I go check it out, and the little bastards are breeding! They’re fuckin’ everywhere! Why are all the farmers obsessed with cave crocodiles? See, this is what drives Shofet mad! This is why he’s angry all the time! These bloody things must be some sort of catalyst to his rage!

### 5th Hematite

So remember the “Little Professor” Quasar? Side note, I call him “little” because I was rummaging around in his things, y’know, like a good overseer, and I found out something. The little bastard’s 17 years old. And yet he still saunters about like he owns the place, demanding I give him a “proper” lab. Complete with traction benches and cabinets. Weird request, right? I tried convincing him that he meant a “hospital”, but he was certain that he was talking about a lab. Just another reason why you shouldn’t get injured in Icehold. So I yell at the carpenter to make some beds, and... We’re out of wood. It’s no surprise really. It’s what happens when you get locked in a prison located on some god-forsaken iceshelf. So as you can imagine, no wood equals no progress. So I had to... Make due. Lowering one of the drawbridges in the lowest set of caverns, I ordered a bunch of mushrooms cut down.

Interestingly enough, upon cutting one down, the entire mushroom, often the size of a bedroom, would shrivel into a single stringy dowel as long as my arm. But hey, wood is wood.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



12th Hematite, 260

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

A human diplomat from Aredmong has arrived.

Did someone say “vampires”?! Because that’s exactly what that stampede outside sounds like. Let me tell you something. This frozen ass-backwards settlement may be as close to hell as we’re going to get, but it’s a safe kind of hell. There’s a demon making prison wine in the toilets, and the rate of washroom shankings are at an all time low. There was this uneasy sort of trust going on here. You knew everyone and why they were here, and you could relate to that. But now, with all these, er, foreigners, you can’t trust anyone. Saw some chicken-headed bloke wandering about the halls picking up discarded scraps of clothing as he walked by. Haven’t seen him before, so I asked him why he’s here. Do you know what he told me?

“They said I was the ‘Sewer-grate strangler’, but I never done it! I only said I done it so they’d take me willy outta the magma-forge!”

Gross.  
This is why I can’t trust these kinds of people.

20th Hematite, 260

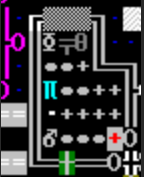
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Secen Pakspibsa: It has been an honor, noble ‘Honeymoon’ Ibrukcatten. I bid you farewell.

An absolute suck up, this one. Didn't even mention me *once* in those discussions. If she weren't so critical to the gulag, I would've had her... Uh... Is it safe to record plots in a notebook such a this?

6th Malachite

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



So we finally put together Quasar’s “lab”, including those gem-windows he so desperately needed. And guess what? The little ankle biter doesn’t even use it! I saw a dwarf with broken hands trying to engrave with his teeth today. And somehow, Quasar kept trying to convince me that it was “no big deal” and that “I needed 20 cc’s of shut the fuck up”. Y’know Journal, between you and me, I don’t think he’s he’s even a real doctor! That’s why he doesn’t bother with healthcare. Hell, if he cared, that trench-foot issue in the midden would’ve been solved by now!

Sure, they could’ve just put on shoes, but it’s too late for that now. I’ve got my eyes on him. Shofet’s eyes too.

10th Malachite

One of Quasar’s goons started screaming about the “bright lights” inside of him. He tackled the local crafts dwarf and took the keys to his shop. I’d go take care of this myself, but let’s be honest here, when you hear nothing but screaming and the gnashing of stones coming from inside of a workshop, you don’t exactly want to be the one to go an’ check it out.

24th Malachite, 260

He’s still screaming.

I just want to sleep.

When will the madness end?

1st Galena, 260

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Obok Dedukgesis, Suturer has created Esislisid, a gabbro crown!

Press Enter to close window

Weight: 2ΓBasic Value: 24000\*

f: Forbid

h: Hide

v: Description

Set Follow Hotkey (F1 etc.): None

He's finally done. It's... Some some sort of circlet? A crown or something? I dunno, but the bookkeeper told me, and I quote, "it's worth a shittton". So I'm gonna keep it around, and see what happens.

5th Galena

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

→'cd Igor' Mengistbar, Corpse Duty has been found dead, completely drained of blood!

Ahahahaha!  
That's what the little hunched fuck gets for taking my knife!

Wait...

Oh shit!

We've got another vampire! Unfortunately, not one of us saw who did it! Well, I hope none of you have to sleep anytime soon, because we've got another blood sucker on our hands. And this one seems capable.

14th Limestone, 260

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

The Forgotten Beast Gāzot has come! A towering eyeless pterosaur. It has large mandibles and it has a bloated body. Its gray scales are blocky and close-set. Beware its noxious secretions!

Press Enter to close window

I was told that a forgotten beast showed up today. Remember that other forgotten beast that waltzed in the other day? Well, this one decided to take care of that. Y'know, I expected to be accosted with more frightening problems, but everything that's thrown at me seems to take care of itself. It's kind of funny, I always thought that the abyssal beasts would be the root of all my problems, but no. It's just other dwarves.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

muscle and bruising the guts!  
The Gremlin looks sick!  
The Forgotten Beast breathes a cloud of Uafice Devilclam the Evil Hole's forgotten beast boiling extract!  
The Forgotten Beast is caught in a burst of Uafice Devilclam the Evil Hole's forgotten beast boiling extract!  
The Forgotten Beast pushes The Gremlin in the right lower leg and the injured part collapses into a lump of gore!  
An artery has been opened by the attack!  
The Forgotten Beast pushes The Gremlin in the head and the injured part collapses into a lump of gore!  
An artery has been opened by the attack!  
The Forgotten Beast is caught in a burst of Uafice Devilclam the Evil Hole's forgotten beast boiling extract!  
The Forgotten Beast catches The Forgotten Beast's body with The Forgotten Beast's right wing!  
The Forgotten Beast misses The Forgotten Beast!  
The Forgotten Beast bites The Forgotten Beast in the tail, fracturing it!  
The Forgotten Beast pushes The Forgotten Beast in the left lower leg, bruising the muscle!  
The Forgotten Beast is caught in a burst of Uafice Devilclam the Evil Hole's forgotten beast boiling extract!  
The Forgotten Beast kicks The Forgotten Beast in the tail with its left foot and the injured part collapses!  
The Forgotten Beast is unable to break the grip of The Forgotten Beast's right wing on The Forgotten Beast's body!  
The Forgotten Beast misses The Forgotten Beast!  
The Forgotten Beast stands up.  
The Forgotten Beast misses The Forgotten Beast!  
The Forgotten Beast leaps at The Forgotten Beast!  
The Forgotten Beast collides with The Forgotten Beast!  
The Forgotten Beast is knocked over!  
The Forgotten Beast stands up.  
The Forgotten Beast pushes The Forgotten Beast in the left mandible, bruising the muscle!  
The Forgotten Beast kicks The Forgotten Beast in the tail with its left foot and the severed part sails off in an arc!  
The Forgotten Beast breathes a cloud of Uafice Devilclam the Evil Hole's forgotten beast boiling extract!  
The Forgotten Beast is caught in a burst of Uafice Devilclam the Evil Hole's forgotten beast boiling extract!  
The Forgotten Beast pushes The Forgotten Beast in the left wing, bruising the muscle!  
The Forgotten Beast misses The Forgotten Beast!  
The Forgotten Beast pushes The Forgotten Beast in the left lower leg, bruising the muscle!  
The Forgotten Beast kicks The Forgotten Beast in the body with its left foot, fracturing it!

The damn thing surged up out of nowhere, and breathed on it 'till it caught the flu and died.

15th Limestone, 260



A stray caravan wandered close today. After that lost migrant wave, I figured it couldn’t hurt to let these guys inside too. They didn’t really have much to trade, other than bits of cheese, and some fruits that we can’t get here in the barren wastes, but other than that, they haven’t got anything particularly useful. No weapons, no wood, and no caged beasts to keep Shofet sated.

18th Sandstone, 260

More screaming, though this one sounds vaguely pleasant, like a girlish scream of joy. I’ve up and removed the door from the craftsdwarf workshop, so no key-theft this time around. I’m tired of getting complaints about battery. Sure, he hit you, well hit him back! Do that, and I’ll lighten the punishment that Honeymoon hands down!

8th Timber, 260

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

“pyer” Lolokzalud, the\_best! has been found dead, completely drained of blood!

Okay, this has got to stop. I didn’t know this one in particular, but these motherfuckers are getting right royal vicious. I’ve issued out a witch-hunt of sorts. We should catch that slippery bastard within a week, considering that it’s rather hard to hide in an isolated prison, in which all of the inmates want you dead.

15th Timber, 260

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Unib Keskaledēm, mayor  
2 witnesses  
‘cd Udil’ Dakostudesh, Corpse Duty  
No witnesses  
‘Black Pat’ Kanzudīteh, Administrator,  
No witnesses  
‘Nidilap’ Dodóksákrith, Mason  
No witnesses  
‘cd Lord Lubbie’ Nilbuzat, Corpse Duty  
No witnesses  
‘cd Lorbam’ Ustuthtoral, Corpse Duty  
No witnesses  
ønul Nefastamost, Up and Comer  
No witnesses  
‘Honeymoon’ Ibrukcatten, duchess  
No witnesses  
Oddom Dodókilrom, Poisoner  
No witnesses  
Åhlel Kolenam, Enforcer  
No witnesses

MORE

Goddamnit! I figured it out! They elected the motherfucker as the mayor! That’s how he’s been getting out of this time after time! That charismatic fuck! I want him dead! Preferably with the the “Shofet Special” as I like to call it!

16th Timber

So I was recently informed that killing the mayor, vampire or not, is not only illegal, but extremely illegal. I’m calling bullshit on this one, because we’re all here because we did something vaguely illegal, so this is as far as it goes? What, we’re already in jail! What are they going to do, put me in superjail? Ach, the nerve of some people.

20th Timber

Turns out, we have a superjail. Compared to the rest of this gulag, it’s not all that bad. Sure, it’s just a giant room with a latrine hole carved out of solid rock in the corner, but there’s (mostly) uncontaminated food and drink, and they’re safe from the dangers of the rest of this place.

That is, until this very moment.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Execute Criminal

That bastard mayor will be a fine red mist in the next hour. I was a little disappointed to learn that Shofet wasn’t going to be the one carrying out the act, but hey, as long as he’s dead, I can’t complain.

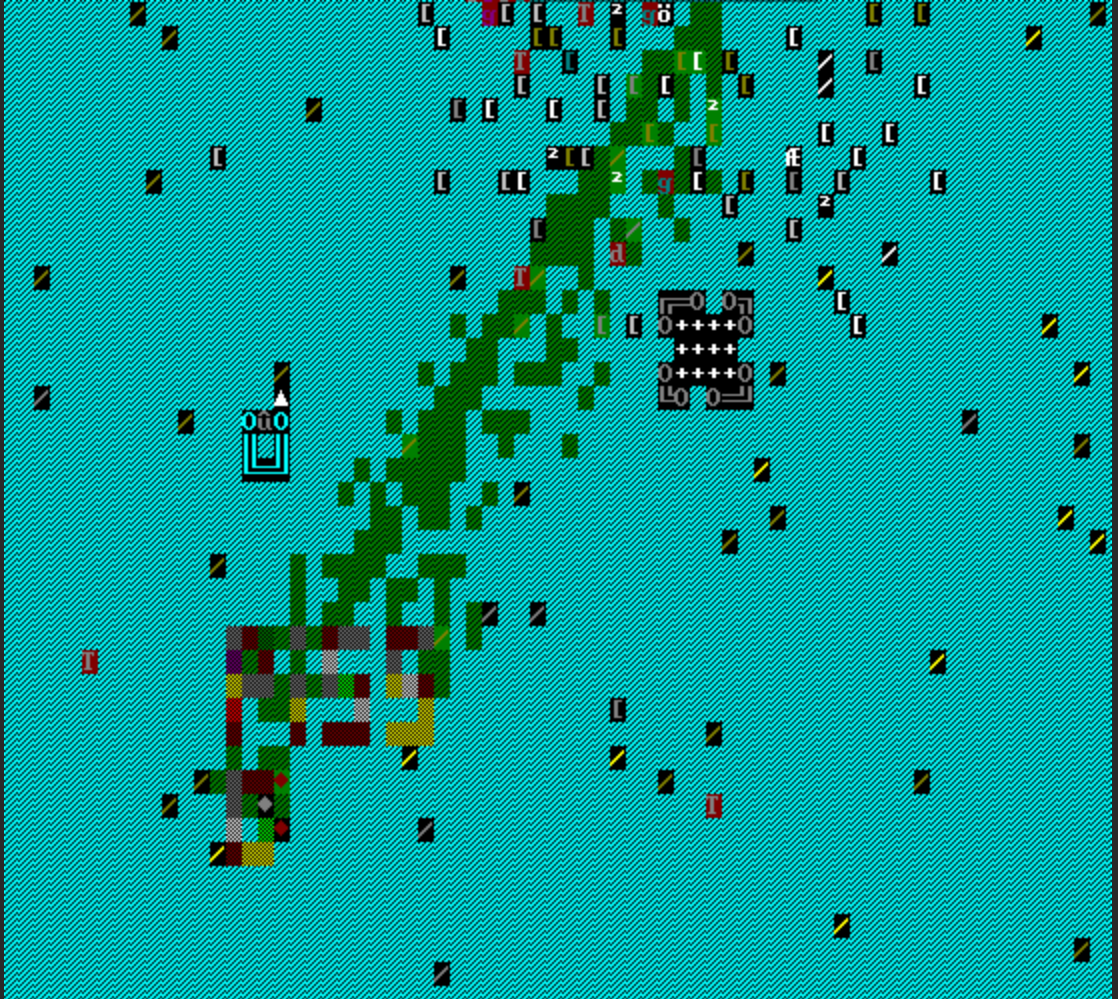
2nd Moonstone, 260

Goddamnit! I’ve been waiting for nearly two weeks now, and they still haven’t killed him. That motherfucker talked his way out of it again! In fact, he’s sitting there, conducting a meeting in super-jail right now! What the fuck is wrong with our executioner? He didn’t seem to mind it when we had that other prisoner! Someone go and tell him that vampires aren’t people, even if they look like dwarves!

10th Moonstone, 260

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)





### 19th Obsidian, 260

I'm done, this sucks. It was fun playing dress up, and wearing the clothes of a leader, but man, fuck it. Have I made a difference? Will I even be remembered for anything? What was the point of any this? Actually, no. I've decided that from here on out, I don't care anymore. I'm gonna go sulk in my office, like a good and faithful overseer.

...

Huh?

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



*Oh, fuck you, nameless bastard!* They locked it from the inside! That was mine, dammnit! I built it, and I want to live in it! What cruel bastard steals a safe-house from another dwarf?! Bah, it don't matter. None of this matters anyway. My term's over in a few days, I'll just start fuckin' with people, see how they like it. Start building screw pumps over frozen ponds... Yeah, that sounds nice. They'll figure out I'm gone eventually, right?

Right.

The save, and other ramblings. You might want to make sure the raws are all okay, because in a series of extremely unfortunate events, I nearly vaporized the save.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Finally done! Sorry about that one, I couldn't have picked a worse time to sign up for a succession fort. But enough of that, here's the final unit list. If you're not there, assume the worst.



**Citizens (73)    Pets/Livestock (438)    Others (111)    Dead/Missing (555)**

'cd Udil' Dakostudesh, Corpse Duty  
'cd Lorbam' Ustuthtoral, Corpse Duty  
Ingish Oltarâm, Miner  
'Zaneg' Sâkzuliklist, Vengeful Plotter  
'cd Onul' Nokzamfikod, Corpse Duty  
'cd Monom' Avuzkobel, Corpse Duty  
Udib Ruthôshiden, Waterboy  
'DeMarco' Urvadstelid, Dragon Smuggler  
'Sanctume' îtonarzes, Deserter  
Unib Taronfath, Engraver  
'Nidilap' Dodóksákriith, Mason  
Cilob Âsthiz, Delouser  
Olon Besmarnabas, Ranger  
Lokum Egathdodók, Ranger  
'Neblime' Tatloshmistêm, Poacher  
Unib Keskaledêm, Bastard Vampire  
'Urkad' Almôshoddom, Legitimate Buisnessdwarf  
**Sâkzul Lokumkol, Jeweler**  
'cd Kogan' Bomrekkutam, Corpse Duty  
Kogan igamzasit, Leatherworker  
Ustuth Thoshutmörl, Stonecrafter  
Thob Oramreg, Dissident  
Âblel Kolenam, Enforcer  
Ast Ishducin, Woodcrafter  
'cd Olin' Istbarrovod, Corpse Duty  
'Quasar' Duralfikod, Professor  
Nish Ferkeskal, Fishery Worker  
îton Tathtakkûbuk, Fishery Worker  
Bëmbul èrithulzest, Grave Robber  
Asën Lîdônul, Farmer  
Mafol Adilustuth, Farmer  
Oddom Dodókilrom, Poisoner  
Lorbam Logemdegël, Brewer  
Zasit Adgoden, Brewer  
'Lawson' Avuzkälân, Cheese Maker  
ônul Nefastamost, Up and Comer  
Edëm Shorastes, Cook  
Zon Sôdlorbam, Milker  
ûshrir Konadkûbuk, Miller  
'cd Lord Lubbie' Nilbuzat, Corpse Duty  
'cd Shorast' Ebalmörl, Corpse Duty  
Kûbuk âbirmeng, Planter  
'Difio' Nosingathel, Shy Guy  
Tulon Stâkudlikot, Presser  
**'Shofet' Nishalod, Best Friend?**  
'Blackstock' Alâthrag, Pyromaniac

'Blackstock' Alåthrag, Pyromaniac

Stākud Bomrekirtir, Eye Stabber  
Mosus Ingishdolek, Administrator  
'Deus' Lertethamost Fokáshevd Semor, captain of the guard  
'cd Gwolfski' Tomêmsigun, Corpse Duty  
'Honeymoon' Ibrukcatten, duchess  
Obok Dedukgesis, Suturer  
'Black Pat' Kanzudîteb, Administrator,  
'Trigon' Dîbeshtobul, Filthy Beardless  
Zaneg Rakaserush, Peasant  
Sâkzul Kolotin, Peasant  
Astesh Uutoktishis, Dwarven Child  
Lolor Kamukèrith, Dwarven Child  
Deler Logemlerteth, Dwarven Child  
Ral Evudkol, Dwarven Child  
Sarvesh Amkinasob, Dwarven Child  
Mörul Letmosothil, Manera Tamer  
Urvad Zuglarerib, Dwarven Child  
Zulban Odgúbäs, Iceman  
Sigun Solonabod, Dwarven Child  
Kûbuk Sibreksheshek, Dwarven Child  
Uucar Nishestun, Dwarven Child  
Ineth Olinum, Dwarven Child  
Urdim Alakmil, Dwarven Child  
Lokum âbirvutok, Dwarven Child  
Asên Vabôktenshed, Dwarven Child  
Geshud Berdanalâth, Dwarven Child  
Gerol Durrigòth, Dwarven Child

The save should be over here

<http://dff.d.bay12games.com/file.php?id=11778> (<http://dff.d.bay12games.com/file.php?id=11778>). And if you have any other questions, feel free to ask! Oh, and remember that Croc from the very beginning? Well...

|                                  |        |
|----------------------------------|--------|
| Stray Cave Crocodile (+Trained+) | Bonded |
|----------------------------------|--------|

## Re: Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now with extra vampires!

by: **DDDragoni** on **February 15, 2016, 04:19:24 pm**

Quote from: Ethan741 on February 15, 2016, 03:28:37 pm

## 8th Timber, 260

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

```

> 'pyer' Lolokzalud, the_best! has been found dead, completely drained of
> blood!

```

Okay, this has got to stop. I didn't know this one in particular, but these motherfuckers are getting right royal vicious. I've issued out a witch-hunt of sorts. We should catch that slippery bastard within a week, considering that it's rather hard to hide in an isolated prison, in which all of the inmates want you dead.

He was so young... and so gifted with crayons... :(

That puts Gwolfski up next, I've sent him a PM.

Quote from: Imic on February 14, 2016, 03:30:03 pm

I notice that you need overseers...  
May i put my name in the proverbial hat of choosing of the overseer?  
(Can i become overseer)  
(Eventually)Edit: i have no idea how to control the military of a fort.  
**BRING IT ON**

I've added you to the list, and don't worry. Even without a military, all you have to worry about is forgotten beasts, goblins, zombies, giant cave spiders, Megabeasts deciding to pay us a visit...

(But is all seriousness, since it's already set up all you'll have to do is use the 's'quad menu to send our favorite psychopaths to whatever needs murdering.

**Re: Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now with extra vampires!**

Printed by: **Trigon** on **February 15, 2016, 06:23:31 pm**

So uh exactly how many vampires did I let in?

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now with extra vampires!**  
Post by: **Gwolfski** on **February 15, 2016, 06:33:46 pm**

ME TURN!!!!!!

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now with extra vampires!**  
Post by: **Taupe** on **February 15, 2016, 11:01:42 pm**

"What do you mean, the mayor *avoided* execution?" Honeymoon grinned.

"The executioners just.... they couldn't do it.  
-In a prison.  
-None of them could, ma'am.  
-None of the unsavory psychopaths of Icehold could carry on an execution.  
-It's just... The mayor probably has like, mind controls and shit?"

The Duchess reflected for a moment. Damn vampires, them and their stupid vampire powers. The mayor had some sort of strange control over the little bees of this prison, for sure. A queen of sort. None of the little workers would harm a queen, for they were bond to serve her and keep her safe. They couldn't hurt her. Not willingly. But there was always a way. Place a tasty enough bait nearby, no matter how poisonous, and the workers will inevitably lead it to the queen.

She doubted the mayor would really appreciate nectar. They would need a sweeter bait. something vampires couldn't resist. There was only one dwarf she could trust with both the place and the design. Only one dwarf was crazy enough.

\* \* \* \* \*

She would hide in the place. For as long as it took for people to believe her dead. She had no actual heir at the time. If she was presumed dead, then they would need to elect a new ruler for the duchy. This would require a *special* meeting.

*"It IS true, we have no documented evidence of vampires being able to fly."* Quasar remarked. *"We'll need some testing done soon enough. I'll have a special meeting area prepared just for that!"*

Vampires and politicians loved power. That would be the bait.

Spoiler: ooc note (click to show/hide)  
Just build a pit with a bridge over it somewhere, and assign the mayor to a squad so he can "attend" this meeting...

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now with extra vampires!**  
Post by: **Ethan741** on **February 15, 2016, 11:37:44 pm**

Quote from: Trigon on February 15, 2016, 06:23:31 pm  
So uh exactly how many vampires did I let in?

Only two, it was just fun blaming all of the fort's problems on you.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now with extra vampires!**  
Post by: **Shofet** on **February 16, 2016, 12:07:57 am**

I would like to make a request to the overseer and denizens of Icehold.

Please let me retire. I am quite old, and the reaper is looking at me hard.

Fuck the reaper. I don't want to risk dieing to old age. Let me go down fighting an impossible foe.

So I would ask permission to taste that sweet vampire blood. And have a room with access to the surface or caverns,controlled by bridges, to wait out my retirement.

I dont think a sweet statue of me to look at for eternity is too much too ask for.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now with extra vampires!**  
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **February 16, 2016, 01:11:04 am**

*Deus' Journal*  
*I hate vampires. ... and zombies. Vampires and zombies. And werebeasts. Honestly I hate pretty much anything that's dead but doesn't have the decency to just lie down and rot like a polite corpse should. But vampires are definitely the... well, the second worst. I think I still hate zombies more after the crap those necromancers put us through. I think I'm getting sidetracked. Vampires suck and I hate them. They're like parasites or nobles that request bronze beds when they **know very well that copper hasn't been seen anywhere in the entire realm and the humans have the only copper mines and are at war with us!** Ahem.*

*In any case, Honeymoon is a noble now, but is still stuck here. So I guess she's kind of like us guards, except she doesn't get to use any of this blue stuff. And she gets a better room. Except she's been declared dead, so none of that matters. I guess it would've been my job to keep her alive as the captain of the guard, but who really cares? It's not like they can send me to worse zombie infested frozen hellhole prison or anything.*

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now with extra vampires!**  
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **February 16, 2016, 05:02:47 pm**

*A Buisnessdwarf's Records*

*They're saying the Queen Bee finally bit it. It's true no one's seen her for weeks, but I thought the same thing about my daughter, and look where that got me. I haven't been able to see her for months, what with that "Place" of theirs getting sealed off again.*

*But regardless of where the Queen Bee is, she's still gone. And that means we're gonna get ourselves a new Duke or Duchess here in Icehold.*

*Who'a thought a dump like this, full up with the worst dwarves in history, would get called a duchy. That's the power of technicalities for you- get enough dwarves and cash together, and you got yourself a noble seat.*

*And rumor has it that the job's gonna go to that bloodsucker that took my Enforcer's job as mayor. And that's exactly what I'm hoping will happen. You see, the bloodsucker is the only other one here who's got any skill with metal, and we've talked a couple times over the forge. In fact, I'm the closest thing to a friend he's got in Icehold.*

| Zostra                                        | Deity                |
|-----------------------------------------------|----------------------|
| 'Urkad' Almôshoddom, Legitimate Buisnessdwarf | Friendly Terms       |
| Ingish Numiden, war Dog <Tame>                | Passing Acquaintance |
| 'cd Olin' Istbarrovod, Corpse Duty            | Passing Acquaintance |
| Stray Naked Mole Dog <Tame>                   | Passing Acquaintance |
| Stray Naked Mole Dog <Tame>                   | Passing Acquaintance |
| Stray Naked Mole Dog <Tame>                   | Passing Acquaintance |
| Stray Naked Mole Dog <Tame>                   | Passing Acquaintance |
| Stray Naked Mole Puppy <Tame>                 | Passing Acquaintance |

*And if there's one thing my experiences with nobles have taught me, it's that they always look after their friends.*

**Title: Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now with extra vampires!**

Post by: **Imic** on **February 17, 2016, 05:02:21 am**

## Change of plans.

For private reasons i cannot take on the position of overseer.

Sorry.



**Title: Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now with extra vampires!**

Post by: **Gwolfski** on **February 17, 2016, 05:31:57 am**

its my turn anyway.

**Title: Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now with extra vampires!**

Post by: **DDDragoni** on **February 27, 2016, 08:13:08 pm**

It's been 10 days since your last post, Gwolski, and 12 since you took the save. Any progress?

**Title: Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now with extra vampires!**

Post by: **uber pye** on **February 28, 2016, 01:08:11 am**

Quote from: Ethan741 on February 15, 2016, 03:28:37 pm

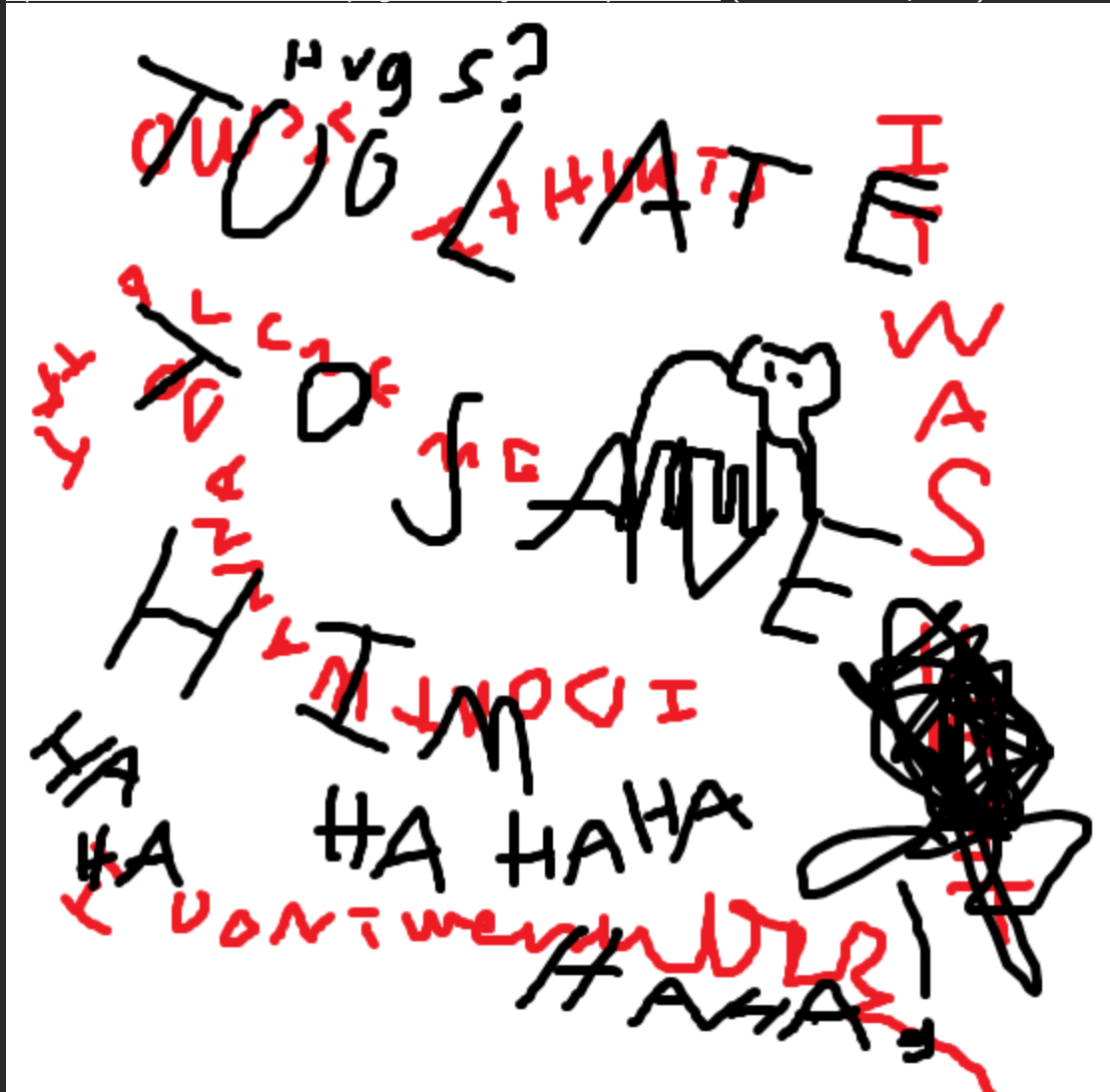
## 8th Timber, 260

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

'pyer' Lolokzalud, the\_best! has been found dead, completely drained of blood!

oh no

Spoiler: there is one final page in the journal you find: (click to show/hide)



OOO: i stop paying attention for a month a someone kills me :(

**Title: Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now with extra vampires!**

Post by: **Gwolski** on **February 28, 2016, 06:39:44 am**

## how did the magma minecart yoke work?

Just askin' ;D

**Title: Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now with extra vampires!**

Post by: **DDDragoni** on **February 28, 2016, 03:41:30 pm**



Quote from: Gwolfski on February 28, 2016, 06:39:44 am  
how did the magma minecart yoke work?  
Just askin' ;D

All I know is that if it's left on, dwarves might just get run over.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now with extra vampires!**  
Post by: **Gwolfski** on **February 28, 2016, 04:18:15 pm**

The fortress might or might not be in meltdown.... This might or might not be because putting magma in ice pools thaws them...

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now with extra vampires!**  
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **February 29, 2016, 04:37:19 am**

Magma melts ice. We are truly taking science into realms unknown.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now with extra vampires!**  
Post by: **Sanctume** on **February 29, 2016, 10:08:37 am**

Magma cannot melt smoothed ice walls and floors, can't it?

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now with extra vampires!**  
Post by: **Gwolfski** on **February 29, 2016, 12:05:39 pm**

you know what... since the fort is in meltdown... might as well test it!

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now with extra vampires!**  
Post by: **uber pye** on **February 29, 2016, 01:42:05 pm**

when I was originally making it, I discovered that carved tracks do not stop melting. i haven't tested with smoothed or engraved walls and floors.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now with extra vampires!**  
Post by: **Gwolfski** on **February 29, 2016, 01:54:17 pm**

tracks built of ice melt.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now with extra vampires!**  
Post by: **Sanctume** on **February 29, 2016, 01:57:18 pm**

Steel beams can't melt!

Didn't I read somewhere that the lead bars are suppose to be used for the moat to contain magma?

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now with extra vampires!**  
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **March 04, 2016, 01:50:11 pm**

Gwolfski, it's been over two weeks now with nothing more than "meltdown." If you don't put up something by noon tomorrow I'm going to have to pass the save on to jwoodward.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now with extra vampires!**  
Post by: **Salmeuk** on **March 04, 2016, 02:12:31 pm**

I had originally planned, way back when I had possession of the save, to coat the moat with leaden flooring. I hoped to accentuate any fall damage should goblins attempt to scale the walls.

Then were-mammoths happened.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now with extra vampires!**  
Post by: **Gwolfski** on **March 04, 2016, 06:46:46 pm**

I'll do that!

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now with extra vampires!**  
Post by: **Taupe** on **March 05, 2016, 09:10:25 am**

Quote from: DDDragoni on February 27, 2016, 08:13:08 pm  
It's been 10 days since your last post, Gwolfski, and 12 since you took the save. Any progress?  
So it's been 18 days. Should we be expecring an update soon...?

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now with extra vampires!**  
Post by: **Gwolfski** on **March 05, 2016, 09:11:40 am**

update tommorrow, my mind is wrecked with all the ice and magma

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Now with extra vampires!**  
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **March 05, 2016, 06:36:06 pm**

Quote from: Gwolfski on March 05, 2016, 09:11:40 am  
update tommorrow, my mind is wrecked with all the ice and magma  
You're almost 5 days over the 2-week deadline at this point. This is you last extension, if you don't have the save up tomorrow we'll just pass it on to jwoodward.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Looking for wardens!**  
Post by: **Gwolfski** on **March 05, 2016, 06:51:01 pm**

sure

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Looking for wardens!**

Post by: **Gwolski** on **March 06, 2016, 07:27:54 am**

my usb key with all the saves got fried. skip me. sorry.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Looking for wardens!**

Post by: **Cptn Kaladin Anrizlokum** on **March 06, 2016, 09:49:27 am**

Could you dwarf me as a very old child? Female, Kaladin? Please?

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Looking for wardens!**

Post by: **DDDragoni** on **March 06, 2016, 01:42:09 pm**

Quote from: Gwolski on March 06, 2016, 07:27:54 am

my usb key with all the saves got fried. skip me. sorry.

Then the turn passes to jwoodward48df.

For simplicity's sake, here's the save. (<http://dff.d.bay12games.com/file.php?id=11778>)

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Looking for wardens!**

Post by: **DDDragoni** on **March 08, 2016, 11:46:19 am**

Jwoodward is busy, so Icehold once again passes into "whoever grabs it first" mode.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**

Post by: **DDDragoni** on **March 10, 2016, 01:26:56 pm**

I'd pick up the save myself, but I have finals coming up, so if anyone's able to go ahead.  
no this isn't a shamless bump what do you mean

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**

Post by: **uber pye** on **March 10, 2016, 01:51:12 pm**

i would grab it, but i'm dead :/

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 10, 2016, 01:59:56 pm**

I can take a look at it once I get home.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 15, 2016, 07:48:17 am**

Sorry for the delay, got a bit held up. Should have an update in a few hours.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**

Post by: **DDDragoni** on **March 15, 2016, 04:38:24 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 15, 2016, 07:48:17 am

Sorry for the delay, got a bit held up. Should have an update in a few hours.

Excellent! Looking forward to it!

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 15, 2016, 08:26:14 pm**

Update: I can't seem to extract the files, WinRar claims they're corrupt. I'll try downloading again, but can you double-check that it uploaded properly?

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**

Post by: **DDDragoni** on **March 15, 2016, 11:20:11 pm**

Quote from: Deus Asmoth on March 15, 2016, 08:26:14 pm

Update: I can't seem to extract the files, WinRar claims they're corrupt. I'll try downloading again, but can you double-check that it uploaded properly?

~~I downloaded it and it seemed to only have the raw files... Something's wrong with this upload. Did you have any issues with it Gwolski? I'll send Ethan a PM.~~

Never mind, I clicked too many levels down by mistake. It works fine for me.

Edit the second: The graphics were messed up, so I reverted them to ASCII and reuploaded it as a .zip

Maybe try this? (<http://dff.d.bay12games.com/file.php?id=11860>)

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**

Post by: **MoonyTheHuman** on **March 16, 2016, 05:55:57 pm**

Save me a turn!

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**

Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 16, 2016, 09:26:18 pm**

Deus' Journal, 1st of Granite 261.  
It seemed like none of the inmates were willing to take command of this place, so I've agreed to take the helm until someone better can be found. I'd prefer to stay working with the militia, but this way we can avoid having maniacs like Quasar in charge. And at least I can

take my squad off corpse hauling duty and get them back to training without any more interference. It's one thing to help out cleaning up the fortress, but if they get careless and the violent types start getting ideas there could be a bloodbath. Or goblins could invade, I guess, but I can't see them doing any more damage than our local loons. If I could just do something about the fever that's plaguing me, I'd probably be able to handle this place better.

10th

We seem to have accumulated a ludicrous amount of waste material around this place. I'm getting the smelters to melt down all the spare bolts and armour that we've gotten from would-be invaders, and any worn out clothes and corpses are getting thrown into magma. I imagine it's going to take some time to all get sorted out, but afterwards Icehold should be... well, I doubt it's ever going to be presentable, but it'll be nice to get rid of the stench of goblin innards.

25th

The scouts in the cave are reporting some kind of giant spider. I was hoping that it was a GSC and we'd be able to start up some kind of export business, but apparently it's even bigger than one of those. What's left of the militia is being mobilised. Hopefully no one that isn't a maniac will be dead when I write again.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **March 28, 2016, 05:56:51 pm**

Sorry for the delay. A combination of a bunch of stuff that I was waiting on arriving in the same week, low framerate and a dead computer resulted in not much progress. Save is fine, but my notes are gone. What I remember for the rest of spring is the beast going away and someone making an artefact sword. I'll check if I missed anything once the kind-of-sort-of-new computer is up and running properly.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **Zuglarkun** on **April 02, 2016, 09:04:38 am**

Request to be dorfed as Zuggles, any gender/ profession. Crime incarcerated for: Kleptomania.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 06, 2016, 04:50:51 pm**

Deus' Diary, Summer 261.

Hematite:  
The cook Edem Shorastas has been imprisoned for repeated counts of building destruction and brawling. Well, more imprisoned than he already is if you get my meaning. He seems to have gone completely feral; he's been attacking the people that try to bring him food and drink. I might just wall him off to save everyone the hassle. There's not any sense in reasoning with these lunatics.

We received a message that a diplomat would be arriving from the Foggy Nation a couple of weeks into the month. As it turned out, the lawgiver herself decided to show up. She barely spoke to me besides expressing annoyance at us making sure that she wasn't smuggling in escape ropes or anything. I don't even know why we do those checks any more. Freedom might be a nice prospect, but here the madmen seem more likely to get elected, anywhere else they'd be hunted just like they were before they came here. Plus, there's the whole freezing to death in the icy wastes thing. In any case, she's currently talking to Honeymoon about whatever it is that humans talk about. Vertigo and hitting their head on ceilings, I imagine.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **April 06, 2016, 10:51:06 pm**

Escape has *long* been out of the question. Is it worth losing Armok knows how many fingers and toes to frostbite on your way across the glacier only to get hammered the second you get back to civilization?

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **Imic** on **April 07, 2016, 01:41:48 pm**

Well when you think about it...  
They're dwarves. They're used to the cold. And it's used to them.  
Besides, they made it here in a caravan, so a whole convoy of caravans...

Would probably end badly. Some of these people are in for *murder* and some are even in for failing to finish mandates in time (shocking!)!  
Also the yeti.  
So lads, yer stuck here. Don't bother.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **Sanctume** on **April 07, 2016, 02:36:28 pm**

Can't abandon the children as well, risky to flee with them in tow when they would not even adhere to burrows.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 07, 2016, 05:07:09 pm**

Zuggles has been dorfed. Images are being screwy, but not much image worthy is happening.

Deus' Diary, Malachite.  
Some dumbass decided that Unib Keskaledem, our resident vampire, had served a long enough sentence and unchained him. It doesn't take a genius to work out what happened next, EXCEPT APPARENTLY IT DOES BECAUSE HERE WE ARE! So now Nidilap is dead and now I have to find out whether he was let out by a willing accomplice or just someone that Quasar lobotomised for fun because no one can be that stupid naturally, right? In the meantime, I've locked Unib away again where no one that isn't at least smart enough to get control of the entire fortress can let him out. And the whole time he just smirked at me like he knew something I don't. Gods, I hate vampires. Condescending bastards.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **Sanctume** on **April 07, 2016, 05:11:22 pm**

Can you pit **it** in one of the garbage chutes? Those have sections of natural smoothed stone walls that are climb-proof, and 5z deep that Urist above will not see what's below, then just pull a lever for the satisfying crunch.



Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **Taupe** on **April 07, 2016, 07:25:34 pm**

So I faked my death to capture this guy, and then someone just set him free by mistake.

*Fuck.*

*Everyone.*

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **uber pye** on **April 08, 2016, 01:18:21 am**

can i sign up for another round? I know i said i wouldn't but...

I have come up with a way to bring pyer back in to the story after his death! its a secret!

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **Taupe** on **April 08, 2016, 08:22:37 am**

We cant say no to crayon drawings...

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **Sanctume** on **April 08, 2016, 08:39:10 am**

Especially to magma related scenes in crayon art.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 13, 2016, 05:04:01 pm**

Deus' Diary, Sandstone  
Some kind of giant louse attacked us from the caverns. Some of the prisoners claim that it was one of the mythical forgotten beasts. I say that it was an ugly bastard. In any case, I tried to mobilise the militia against it, but apparently they were too busy doing whatever it is that they do when they're ignoring my orders. The louse went on a killing spree just like everything else seems to do in this fortress before being killed when a carpenter punched it in the face. Somehow, I find myself at a loss as to how we survived this long as well as struggling to understand how our many enemies have done the same.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 17, 2016, 04:14:59 pm**

Deus' Diary, Timber  
We got reports of another forgotten beast in the caves. I mobilised the militia against it, but it turned out that there was a wall blocking its entry. Then a giantess attacked the surface, but a miner was hanging around the depot and brained it with a pickaxe. I'm considering disbanding the militia. We clearly don't do much of anything.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **MDFification** on **April 17, 2016, 05:57:11 pm**

Huh, this fort feels like the original Steelhold. Before it got weird, that is.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **Imic** on **April 18, 2016, 01:58:51 pm**

I can go back on the turn list.  
I have no idea what i'm doing.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **Deus Asmoth** on **April 21, 2016, 04:35:26 pm**

Welp, that took a while. In any case, save's the save (<http://dffd.bay12games.com/file.php?id=11971>). I have no idea who's next.

Deus' Diary, Obsidian.  
Gwolski decided to name his shield. I'm not entirely sure why; it's just a piece of goblin cap with a grip on it, but if it keeps morale up I guess it's fine. In other military news, another forgotten beast has appeared in the caves. This one seems to be another gigantic spider, but it can't seem to find a way past the walls. For now it seems content to hang around murdering rats in cold blood, so I guess we'll leave it alone.

A lot of our trained animals seem to be reverting to wild states. Fortunately, they're all still inside their cages and don't pose any danger, but I think that their trainers wouldn't be so lax if they were wandering around among the populace. Actually, now that I write that down I realise that it's the opposite of what I think. If the animals were loose I'm fairly sure that the trainers would be barricaded in a room somewhere waiting for the screams to start.

In any case, my year in charge is drawing to a close. In spite of my efforts, the militia is still at far less than the strength you'd think we need in order to survive, but no one seems to want to attack us. Probably because of the same reasons that no one wants to try escaping. Sometimes I think it'd be better if the caravans just left us alone and let the snow hide us from the rest of the world. Then again, the news about the madmen in charge here will hopefully mean they won't try this again without sending some actual trained guards to prevent pretty much everything that's happened here from happening again.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **April 22, 2016, 01:08:57 am**

Thanks Deus! That puts MoonyTheHuman up next.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **DDDragoni** on **April 22, 2016, 06:10:06 pm**

Quote from: DDDragoni on April 22, 2016, 01:08:57 am

Thanks Deus! That puts MoonyTheHuman up next.

Moony's bowed out, so now the crayon king returns.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **Taupe** on **April 22, 2016, 06:32:47 pm**

Quote from: DDDragoni on April 22, 2016, 06:10:06 pm  
Quote from: DDDragoni on April 22, 2016, 01:08:57 am  
Thanks Deus! That puts MoonyTheHuman up next.  
Moony's bowed out, so now the crayon king returns.

As a ghost!

...I hope he makes another Sweeter.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **uber pye** on **April 23, 2016, 11:27:07 pm**

ok, downloading the file now. The story shall start next week!

posts will start eventually but here is my starting thoughts looking at the fort after all this time:

"oh god i forgot how much a mess this is"  
"my poor magma pump, all cloged up"  
"oh cool, there are giant cave birdies!"  
"where was the main hall"  
"oh there it is, what are all the C's"  
"holy crap thats alot baby cave crocs"

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **uber pye** on **April 27, 2016, 09:46:16 pm**

"another year another uphill climb to get someone in this hell hole to be overseer. So who'll it be?" Honeymoon says to everyone.

no one stand up, "Oh come on! do we need to use the stick again? I got it right he-"

Zaneg stands up "Hey, has anyone seen my baby Kumil?"

Honeymoon, in shock and horror while pointing says "y-y-yes"

"a-babagabo. FYAAA!"

Spoiler: "shit" (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **Sanctume** on **April 29, 2016, 12:00:44 pm**

Oh beards, the baby overseer is back with glorious magma-melted wax engravings!

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **uber pye** on **May 09, 2016, 09:57:45 pm**

you flip forward for a while until you notice the journal's handwriting suddenly degrades, and continue to read the journal.

25th of obsidian

good morning jurnal! I got a new body after i took a nap after i got a boo boo, so its a brand new day.

and to top it off im overseer again yay!

i wonder what has happed since my nap?

26th of obsidian

im straped to someone, they must be my new mommy. I didnt know my mommy well last round, so i hope this mommy stays!

Spoiler: we have a lot of baby crocies (click to show/hide)



28th of obsidian

the vampire got sad, mommy says that when dorfs get sad they try to die. How does it work with the tied up vampire?

1st of granite

hmm noone has touched my fire thingy since i left, i should fix it up!

OOC: well that was a later start than i hoped. life got in the way of my imaginary life >:(.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **uber pye** on **May 22, 2016, 05:10:36 pm**

5th of granite

I saw one of our miners fishing at one of the pools made by magma. what fish do you find in melted ice?

anyways there is enuf magma in the pool for now so its time for part two of project icy burn

the icy part!

19th of granite

Spoiler: the miners found coal! yay! (click to show/hide)



hmm we have coal and flux and iron ore...

we can make steel!!!

24th of granite

olin the lasher had been killed in a sparing accident!

28th of granite

mr vampire seem super angry

Spoiler: OOC (click to show/hide)  
holy shit we broke this poor vampire's hopes and dreams

Unib Keskaledēm has been utterly harrowed by the nightmare that is his tragic life and is oblivious to reality. He is angry after being confined. He has such a developed sense of optimism that he always assumes the best outcome will eventually occur, no matter what. He is completely

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **Taupe** on **May 22, 2016, 08:04:06 pm**

*"Utterly harrowed by the nightmare that is his tragic life and oblivious to reality"*

Yup, that's a Malkavian right there.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **uber pye** on **June 05, 2016, 04:26:29 pm**

3rd of slate

migrants, preisoners? mommy says that everyone here is bad people and that we are prisoners in exiles. i dont belive it these are good people!

11th of slate

ooo ezum has a spooky friend!  
I wonder what spooky firend is gunna do!

28th of slate

huh, the fort is bigger then i remember. mommy got lost today and spooky friend is having trouble getting the things he needs.

3rd of felsite



spoopky friend got all his stuff! looks like hes gunna make something out of a giant cave swallow

8th of felsite

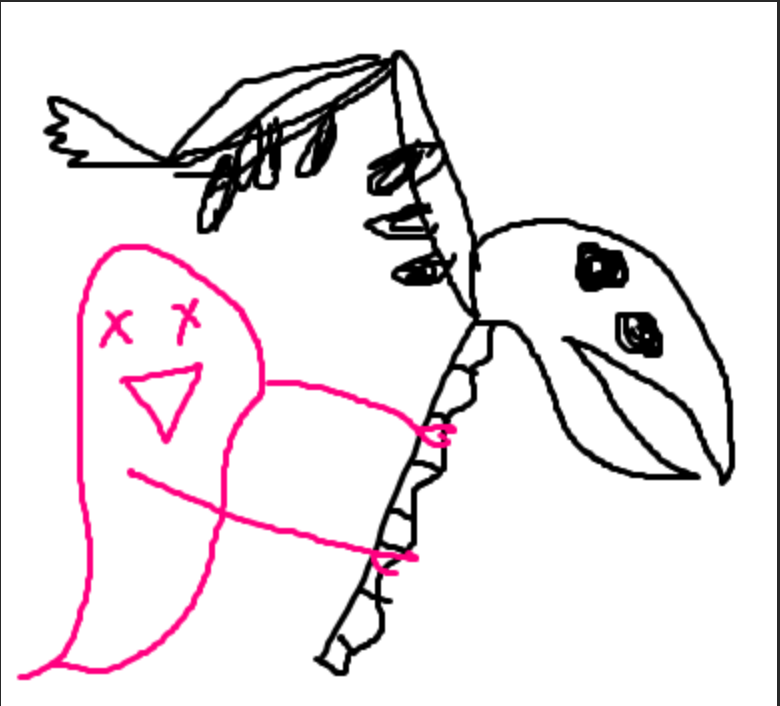
spoopky firend made a spoky pickaxe!

èzum Metulmöruł, Diagnoser has created Rathdast Shecednulom, a giant cave swallow bone pick!

Press Enter to close window

Rathdast Shecednulom, "Templenarrow the Carnal Blame", a giant cave swallow

This is a giant cave swallow bone pick. All crafts dwarfship is of the highest quality. It is encrusted with oval lapis lazuli cabochons and encircled with hands of cushion mica cabochons and baguette cut resin opals. This object is adorned with hanging rings of citrine. On the item is an image of kapoks in giant cave swallow bone. On the item is an image of 'Honeymoon' Ashenchannel the dwarf and rings in resin opal. 'Honeymoon' Ashenchannel is admiring the rings. On the item is an image of Girus Squeezednests the human and Bravedlathered the Pristine Rapidity of Tulips the ettin in chrysoprase. Bravedlathered the Pristine Rapidity of Tulips is striking down Girus Squeezednests. The artwork relates to the killing of the human Girus Squeezednests by the ettin Bravedlathered the Pristine Rapidity of Tulips in The Autumnal Glacier in 240.



Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **Sanctume** on **June 07, 2016, 09:28:04 am**

Oh hell freezes! I missed this! Oh, crayon art is back!

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **uber pye** on **June 19, 2016, 05:08:47 pm**

10th of felsite

an annoying guy woke me up from my nap to talk about stuff happening elsewhere. i want to throw him in my magma, but mommy says he is important and i shouldnt incinerate people i dont like, so heres a drawing instead.



17th of felsite

The Forgotten Beast Sedast Galkadirlu has come!  
A huge humanoid composed of vomit. It has two stubby tails and it appears to be emaciated.  
Beware its deadly dust!

barf man has come!



I dont know if he can get in

18th of felsite

He fought with another forgotten beast and they both died.

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **griffinpup** on **June 20, 2016, 11:42:57 pm**

Waitlist me please :D

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **uber pye** on **June 26, 2016, 07:33:29 pm**

19th of felsite

another forgotten beasty!

**The Forgotten Beast Ab Kung Ngogngo has come! A towering hairy tarantula. It has large mandibles and it is ravening. Its eyes glow golden yellow. Its gray hair is patchy. Beware its poisonous bite!**



wait a minut! this is just a giant spider!

20th of felsite

uhh oh. it can get in.

it got in! what do i do!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAa

21st of felsite

the eye staber got him, but only after he kill black pat and three others

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **De** on **June 27, 2016, 01:28:34 am**

Hey guys, I have a new new computer but a terrible and intermittent internet connection. Is this thread seriously still here?

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **uber pye** on **June 29, 2016, 12:22:12 am**

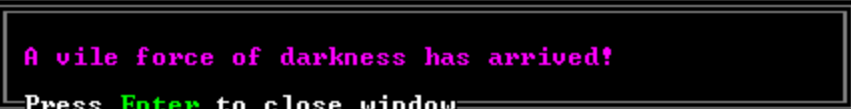
I SWEAR IM STILL WORKING ON THE FORT LIFE IS BUSY!

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **MoonyTheHuman** on **June 29, 2016, 01:14:37 am**

I'd like to try at a turn again.

5th of hematite

uh oh!



gobobibos!

but my death trap isnt done yet...

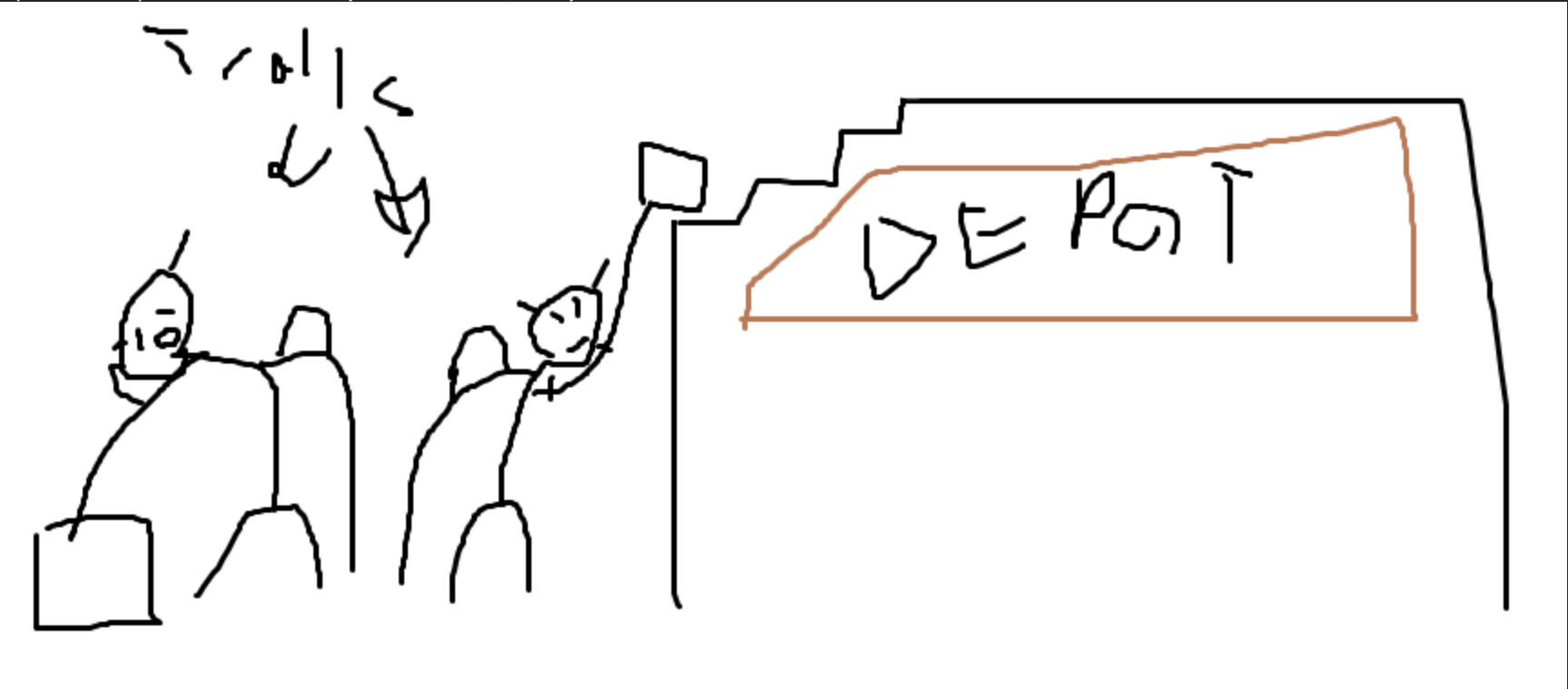
7th of hematite

i desided to let them trickle in using the drawbridge as a stopper

10th of hematite

HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE TO DESTROY A BUILDING!  
ARE THEY DISASEBLING IT PeCSE BY PEACE?

Spoiler: stupid carefull trolls (click to show/hide)



their dead now though

they distroyed the gem art outside D:<

so much for stratagy,  
shofet and the eye staber have run out on their own, time for a heroic charge?

deus and the grave robber joined the battle!

11th of hematite

after the melee after the charge only shofet is ~~down~~(but not dead yet) dead beated to death while uncounious

Spoiler: and for extra fun (click to show/hide)



The Forgotten Beast Shedim has come! A huge humanoid composed of snow. It has a long, swinging trunk and it undulates rhythmically.

Press **Enter** to close window



hes stuck though

12th of hemitite

the sige is alomost over, two more trolls to go

we only had one casualty

[Spoiler: victory \(click to show/hide\)](#)



OOC: sorry im going so slow, i have had the save for two months. I should be able to do a lot more next week (ill have lots of breaks at work) so i may be able to finish

Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **uber pye** on **July 11, 2016, 03:56:36 pm**

16th of hemitite

human traders have arrived

i hope they have something good

17th of hemitite

a human diplomat too?

i hope he's not as annoying as the one from the mountan home

oh and the murchant went crazy after seeing the goblin horde post-eyestaber so he distroyed his wagon.

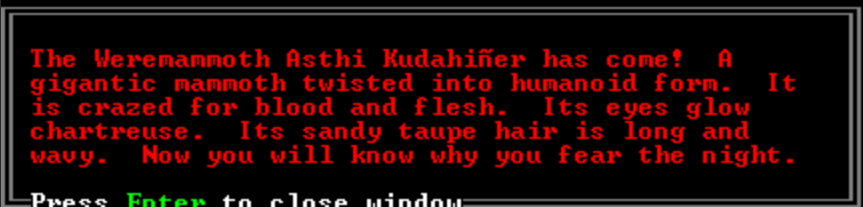
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



but hay, free stuff!!!

19th of hematite

IT RETURNS!!!!



20th of hematite

he is now locked outside

but the trade caravan guard are still here and are just relaxing inside with the diplomat

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Title: **Re: Icehold, the Dwarven Prison: Overseers desperately needed!**  
Post by: **Taupe** on **July 25, 2016, 02:46:02 pm**

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Oh no not this again...